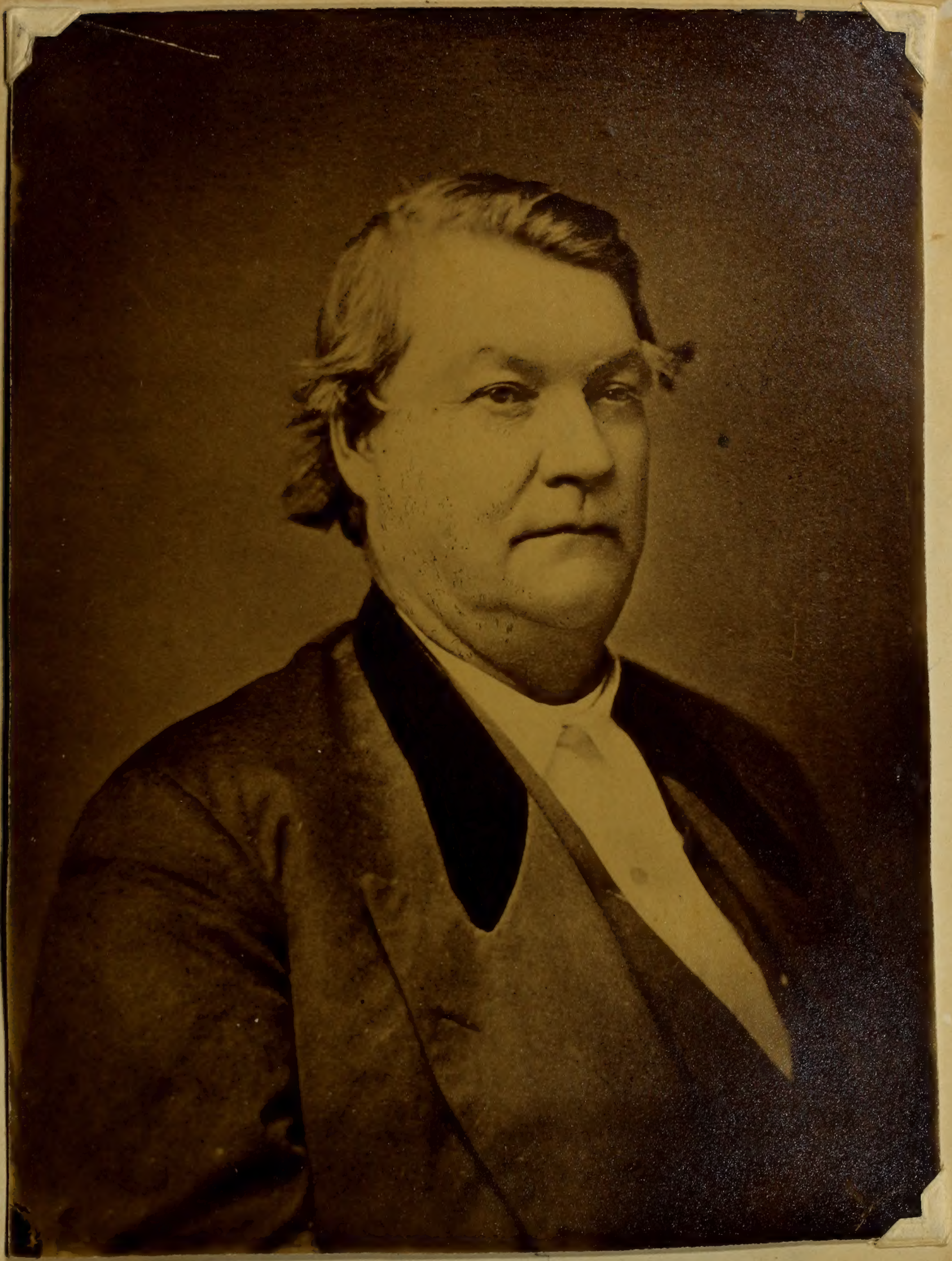
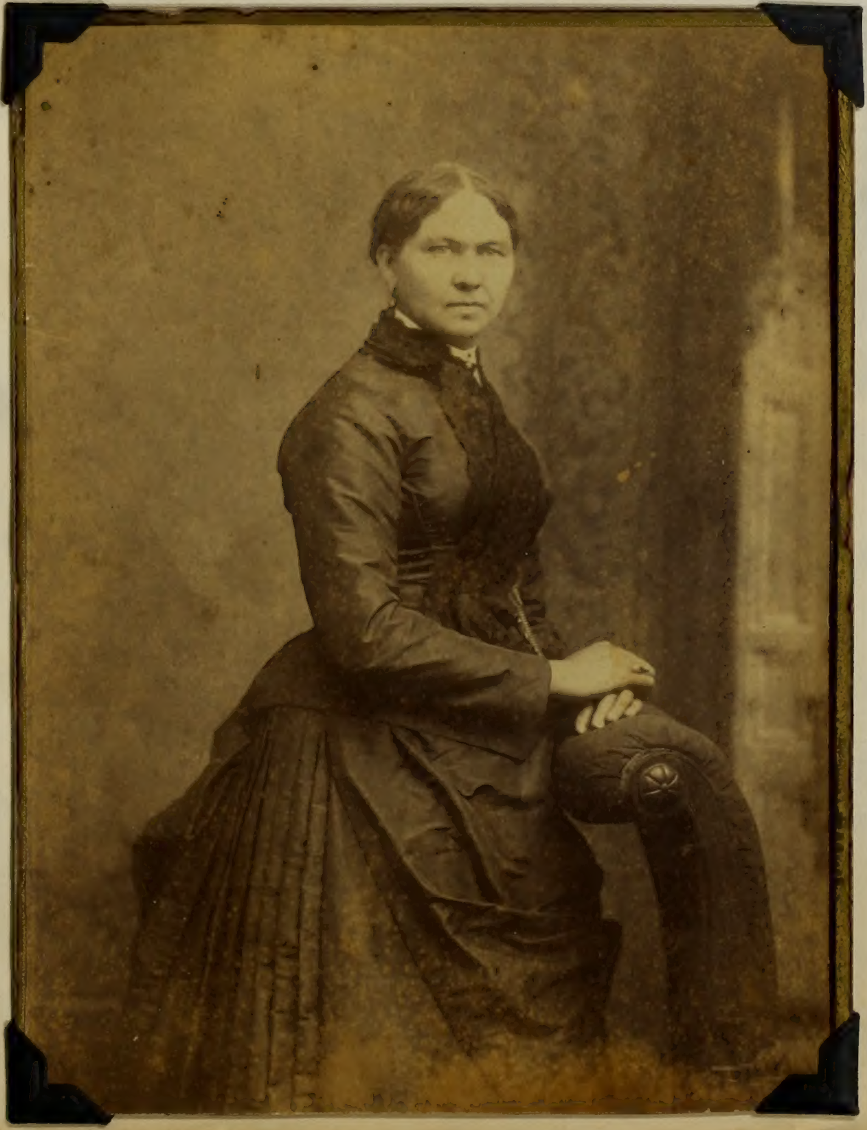
MY GRANDFATHER JOSEPH GILMER.

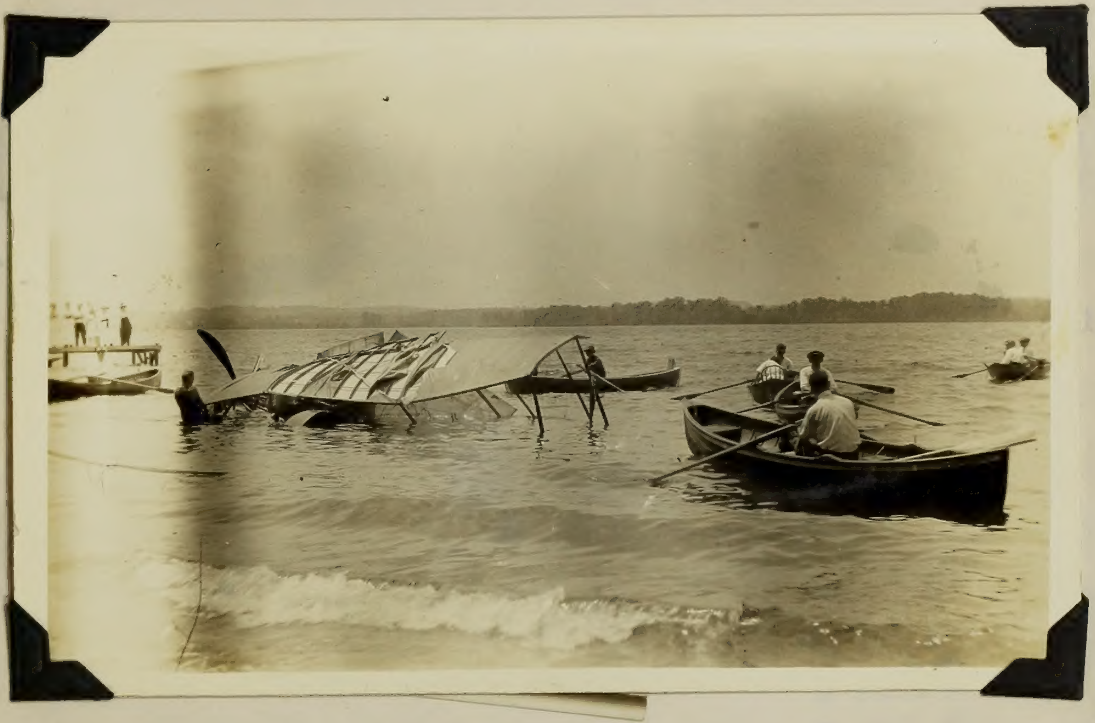


My Grandfather, Joseph C. Gilmer, traces his ancestry back to John and Janet Gilmore who came from the north of Ireland to America. The first date I can find is of the marriage on May 1st.1804, of Robert Gilmore, the third in line of descent, and Nancy Smith. Of their ten children the youngest son, Joseph is our next ancestor, he being my Grandfather. He married Mary Ann Rose and to them were born five children, but only one, Robert, my father lived to be more than five years of age. Grandmother died while my father was still quite young.

Joseph Gilmer was born in Mercer Co. Pennsylvania and became well known as as an oil operator and oil well ~~dr~~ contractor, Grandfather for some reason changed the name to Gilmer. His two sons by a later marriage always spelled their names Gilmore as did their mother, but my father kept his~~zfath~~ father's spelling of the name. I, of course, like all romantic young people always longed to spell my name Gilmore. My Grandfather I, never knew or heard much about, it seems to me. Later in life he married Adelia A, Stackpole.



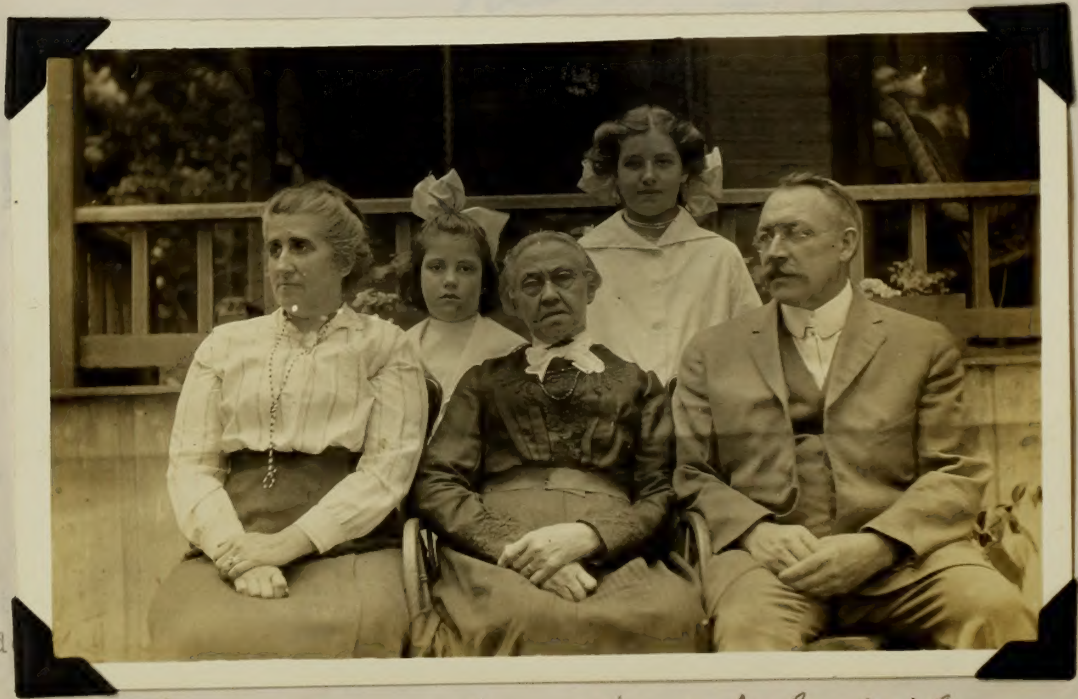
There are twenty-two yards of silk in her wedding dress. She was all her life a seamstress,working in large Department Stores as alteraation lady. Two sons were born to them. Gerry,who lived all his adult life in Sacramento California and Joseph C. who lived all his life in or near Oil City and was in the oil business .They both married unusually lovley women. I met Uncle Joe's wife Gertrude in 1914,when we visited the family at their summer home on Connaught Lake in Western Penn. Their family consisted of three girls: Margarette,Josephene and Frances. It was here that I saw my first Airplane crash.On Sunday morning the Airplane with one passenger aboard plunged into the Lake.



Our son John was then just past two years of age and enjoyed the water very much. One day when I went down to the Lake to see how my child was doing I found the children just ready to start to the "Bergh" ,a little town at the other end of the Lake and they asked me to go with them.I am not too brave on water, I fear,but did not like to refuse so got in the boat. That boat leaked so much that it took two boys of about thirteen,to bail it out and they had to work like beavers at that. I was glad when we got across and overjoyed when we got back home. In looking about Aunt Gertrude and I found a bathing suit which was too big for John but we pinned it up and took him down to the Lake and His father took a picture of him.

John Gilmer Moore. June 1914

Below is a picture of the family.



The old

Aunt Gertrude
Grand-mother
J. C. Gilmore
Frances
Josephine

Father's older half-brother visited our home in Arkansas City Kans. in about 1890 as near as I can remember. He wanted to grind the coffee one morning for breakfast. We gave him the coffee mill. It was a small square box with a drawer in the front and the cogs and the crank on top. "How does this thing work?" he asked as he turned it up side down and scattered the ground coffee and the beans all over the floor. We had the laugh on him.

Having known no other Grandmother, my father's step-mother is Grandmother to me. Grandmother's brother Henry Stackpole who lived near us in Arkansas City for several years ,told me about my Grandfather. He was a tall man --not fleshy but tall and big. My father was neither as tall nor as large as he. They were both it seems, indifferent to the comfort and feelings of those near them. He said my Grandfather would sit at perfect ease in a buggy, leaving little room for a companion. Uncle Henry, as we called him was a rover. He was converted to Christianity in Johannesburg East Africa while working in the gold mines. He was a faithful Christian. Every Sunday when he ate dinner with us ,and he usually did, he would pull me to the Piano to play and sing:"I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go."and I feel sure he never got all the way through without the tears rolling down his face. He used to tell me about his step-mother. His mother died when he was born . His step-mother had one of the first melodians put on the market. She could not play it but liked to pretend she could. When some one asked her to play she would say;"O,I only play for my own amazement or she would say "I just know a few anecdotes I learned myself." When I wrote him many years later to tell him I was going to be married, he sent me some money to get something I wanted. I used it to get a watch fob for my future husband He wore it for years and after his deathh I had it made into a lavaliere and wore it on a beautiful chain which my husband's Aunt sent to me. Uncle Henry was a Civil War soldier and lived in Oakland Cal. for many years. How he loved to buy water melons and stand around and laugh at me while I ate them! One thing about Uncle Henry I have always regreted.He came to see us as we were planning to build a room onto our house.He was a carpenter,so just staid on to help. He had eye trouble and needed medecine dropped in it every so often. No one seemed to think about it and it hurt his feelings. I would not do it as often as I ~~as~~ as I should because he was a little enamored of me . Not in any way obnocious, but still true. I have had eye trouble now and can appreciate how he felt.He died in 1931.

My Grandfather was a Civil War soldier having organized Co. A of the Reg. Pa. Vol. Cal. in 1862. ~~and served with it in Virginia~~ He was made senior Major of the Regiment and served with it in Virginia where he was in command for some time at Fairfax Court House. He was later dishonorably discharged. I hate to write that down but it is the only stain i know of on the name of Gilmore. Of course I knew nothing about it for years. Not in fact until father failed to get a pension for Grandmother. He always thought he could get a pension for any "Surviving widow". Aword I never say, but will write it down. He could not get one for her so I asked my mother if it were women that was the trouble and she said she did not know but supposed it was. I have searched the New Testament over but find no place where Jesus condemns yielding to the passions of the moment, but he does condemn with withering scorn the studied sins of the heart ---such as "Those who devour widow's houses and for a pretence make long prayers." And those who outwardly seem beautiful but inwardly are full of evil and all uncleanness." I know I am running the risk of being misunderstood, but what I am trying to say is that we condone sins of the spirit--the inner thoughts and desires of the heart and are unforgiving toward those who break ,or are found to have broken the so called "Moral law". I do not intend to minimize My Grandfather's sins nor to question the authority who refused to give himan honorable discharge from the service of his country, but ~~to~~ do plead for a more just centure of the sins of the inner man--greed,pride,heardness of heart and the selfishness

Joseph/Gilmer, the paternal grandfather of Joseph C. Gilmer, Frances E. and Clara C. Gilmer was dishonorably discharged from the army in the Civil War. The following report throws considerable light on this event.

Report of Robert Johnstone, Lieut.-Col. Commanding Cavalry Brigade at Fairfax Court House, March 3, 1863

Sir: By order of Col. R. B. Price I directed on the night of the 1st inst. a reconnoissance to go in the direction of Aldie. The officer who commanded this reconnoissance was Major Joseph Gilmer, of the 18th Penn. Cavalry. He had 200 men. The orders to him were to proceed carefully and send back couriers through the night with information whether they saw any enemy or not. This last order was disobeyed. They were not to cross Cub Run until daylight, and then try and gain all information possible by flankers and small detached scouting parties.

Major Gilmer went to Middleburg, and while returning the vedettes of the First Vermont Cavalry noticed a part of his advance and prepared to skirmish. The advance fell back toward Aldie. Major Gilmer, instead of throwing out a party to reconnoitre, turning off with nearly the whole of his command in the direction of Groveton to gain Centreville. The horses returned exhousted from being run at full speed for miles. A few of Major Gilmer's men left the command and went along the Little River turnpike toward the Vermont detachment. They reported that the men seen were a part of scouting party under Major Gilmer, and that no enemy were in Aldie. Captain Huntoon then entered the town and halted to have the horses fed near a mill. Immediately beyond was a rising ground that hid the guerrillas. While the horses were unbridled and feeding the surprise occured. As both the officers have been captured, and as the detachment was not under my command, and is not attached to this brigade, I have no neans of receiving any official or exact report from them, nor is there any one belonging to that detachment here. All men belonging to this detachment seem to have fought well; the enemy did not pursue them; they fell back in good order.

Major Gilmer, when he returned, was unable to make a report to Lieut. Col. (John S.) Krepps, who, during the time I was confined from sickness, had charge of the camp.

I order Major Gilmer under arrest early this morning, and have sent to Col. R. B. Price charges of which the annexed is a copy.

Major Gilmer lost by one man belonging to the Fifth New York Cavalry, who was mortally wounded by the enemy and afterwards robbed. He was away from the command and on this side of Aldie, his horse having given out. The enemy seem to have been concealed along the line of march and murdered this man when returning, without provocation.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

OR, XXV, I, 41-42

Notes on Dishonerable Discharge of Maj. Joseph C. Gilmer

(J. G. MOORE, Nov. 8, 1960)

The accompnying letter is self explanatory. It was originally copied from a book on Mosby's Rangers by ______ Williamson. The discharge was dated July 23, 1863. The letter is to be found in the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion in the correspondence section of the Volume covering operations of this period. I believe that Major Gilmer was the first officer dismissed or disgraced as the result of Mosby's activities.

Background information on his dismissal was obtained from "History of the Eighteenth Regiment of Cavalry, Penna. Vol. ( ) 1862-65, Compiled and Edited by the Publications Committee of the Regimental Association (New York, 1909).

This regimental hisotry supresses the events described in Johnstone's letter, however it does give valuable background information on the condition of the regiment. It was organized in the Fall of 1862, and mustered in as a regiment on December 31, 1862, after sabers were issued on Christmas day. Revolvers were issued on April 1st, and some time earlier the regiment had been issued "Merril" carbines. Capt. Thomas J. Grier commented in his "Itinerary of Service" "June 21st - 'Burnside' carbine issued to the regiment. This is a poor weapon, but superior to the "Merrill," which we now discard."

The Colonel first appointed, Timothy M. Bryan, had graduated from West Point in 1853, and had been Lt. Colonel of the 12th Mass. Inf. until he resigned on Oct. 7, 1982 to accept appointment with the 18th Penn. However illness prevented him from assuming command until May 3, 1863. The Lt. Colonel James Gowen was discharged Mar. 1, 1863 - the day of the debacle - no other information about him was given.

In summary the condition of the regiment on Mar. 1st, was as follows: They had been in the field just two months, and the lack of a colonel and the discharge of the Lt. Colonel suggets that they had no officer competient to supervise the training of the officers and men. Nothing in Major Gilmer's experience or training fitted him for such a role. The men were poorly armed -the caution that Johnstone enjoined in his orders suggests that they were only armed with sabers, as was true for a portion of the time that the 18th Penn. was at Fairfax. The Confederates on the other hand were veterans, and Mosby's men were armned with revolvers (two for each man, if they could secure them). Sabers were not a disadvantabe in a classic cavalry combat with masses of opposing horsemen rushing at each other, but the cavalry fights in the Civil War were usually between small grounds on narrow roads between "rail" fences. There revolvers gave a decisive advantage.

With this background, Major Gilmer's failure to investigate the Force threating to cut his line of retreat is understandable. He did not have a signle element of confidence - his troops were poorly trained, inferior in arms, and he had many reasons to doubt his own competence to fight a battle.

According to Homer Lea (The Valor of Ignorance, Hapers, N. Y., 1942) page 240-241) 12 Cav. officers were discharged with dishonor, 330 for incapacity, 394 without stated reasons, in addition to over 3,000 resignations. ~~Lea felt~~

Lea felt that in many cases, that resignations were prompted by a desire to avoid court-marshall and discharge, which is undoubtedly the case. (See John Beatty, "Memiors of a Volunteer," for the resignation of Col. Marrow of 3rd Ohio Inf.)

According to Williamson, Lt. Col Johnstone resigned after an amusing episode in a few months ~~x~~or weeks. Mosby raided Fairfax and captured an important officer; as Mosby was leaving the town, Johnstone in his night-shirt challanged his party from the window of the house where he was living. When the Confederates broke into the house, he fled by the back door, and avoided capture by hiding in the well of the outdoor latrine. The ridicule this brought on forced him to resign. For myself, it would appear that this demonstrated that he was quick thinking and resourceful, even though such a hiding place, it must be admitted, has great disadvantages.

Fundamentally, Major Gilmer's discharge was the result of a policy that brought raw regiments under inexperienced officers into active operations, while veteran regiments under experienced needed replacements. He was called upon to accept responsibility that he was not fitted to assume by experience and ~~xraxing~~training.

Mosby Memior of John S. Mosby — Memiors of Col John S. Mosby
Edited by Chas Wells Russell
Preface by Virgil Carrington Jones

page 156 Indiana Univ Press 1959

. . . So it was determined in Washington to put a stop to what were called our depredations, and an expedition was sent against us into Loudoun. Middleburg, a village, was supposed to be our hdqts, and it was thourgh taht by 157 surrounding it at night the marauders could be caught. The complaints against us did not recognize the fact that there ~~xx~~are two equal rights in a war. . . ,

A Major Gilmer was sent with 200 men in expectation of extirpating my gang - as they called us. ~~Mx~~He might have done more if he had taken less whiskey along. But the wea was cold! Before daybreaik he had invested the town and made his hqs in the hotel where he had learned that I slept. I had never been in the village except to pass through. The orders were to arrest every man that could be found, and when his searching parties reported to him, they had a lot of old men whom they had pulled out of bed. Gilmer pretended to think these were the parties that had captured his pickets and patrols and stampeded his camps. If so, when he saw the old cripples on crutches, he ought to 158 have been ashamed. He made free use of his bottle and ordered a soldier to drill the old men and make them ark time just to keep warm. As he had made a night march of twenty-five miles, he concluded to carry them prisoners to his camp as prizes of war. So each graybeard had to ride double with atrooper. There were also a number of colored women whom he invited, or who asked, to go with him. They had children, but the major was a good-natured man. So each woman was mounted behind a trooper - and the trooper took he bay in his arms. With such encumbrances, sabers and pistols would be of little use, if an attack was made. When they started, the column looked more like a procession of Canterbury Pilgrims.

News came to me that the enemy were at Middleburg, so, with seventeen men, I started that way, hoping to catch some stragglers. . . .(captured prisoners) 160

. . . Now comes the funniest part of the story. Major Gilmer had left camp abt midn. The next morning a squadron of the First Vermont Cav, which was in camp a few miles away fm him, was sent up the pike on Gilmer's track. Major Gilmer did not know they were coming. When he got a mile below Aldie, he ~~a~~saw a body of cav 161 coming to meet him. He though they were my men who had cut him off fm his camp. He happened to be at the point were the historic Braddock road, along which young George Washington marched to the Monongahela, crossed the turnpike. As Major Gilmer was in search of us, it is hard to see why he was seized with a panic when he thought he saw us. He made no effort to find out whether the force in front was friend or foe, but wheeled and turned off at full speed fm the pike. He seemed to think the chances were all against him. There had been a snow and a thaw and his horses sank to their knees in mud at every ~~step~~jump. But the panic grew, the farther he went, and he soon saw that he had to leave some of his horses sticking in the road. He concluded now that he would do like the mariner in a storm -jettison his cargo. So the old men were dropped first; next the negro women, and the troopers were told to leave the babies in the arms of their mothers. The Braddock road had seen one such wreck and retreat a hundred years before.

I had not gone far before I met the old men coming back, and they told me of their ludicrous adventure and tanked me for their rescue. They did not know that the Vermont cav was entitled to all the glory for getting up the stampede, 161 and that they owed me nothing. ~~in the hurry~~ . . .Major Gilmer was tried for cowardice and drunkenness and was dismissed fm the army. Col Johnstone, who put him under arrest when he got back, said in his rpt, "The horses returned exhausted fm being run at full speed for miles." They were running fm the Vermont cav.

which kills the soul and mars the life of those who suffer because of the presents of these things in the hearts of men.Since the things of spirit are by far the most important of all,then the evil which is so persistent in enteringthe mindshould be stubbornly controlled by the help of Divine Love.God is Love--the strongest force in the world. "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city."

Grandmother Adelia A. Stackpole Gilmore

was a large stately,dignified,independent woman. Maybe a little austere but very kindly. The first time I saw her was when she visited us in1878 as near as I can calculate and it must have been soon after Grandfather's death for that ~~for that~~ occurred in 1878. Between that time and her next visit,which was in the spring of 1887 she had been keeping house for her younger son, Joseph in Leadville Colo. I remember being fascinated by her interest in our cooking. When my mother put some beans to soak one night to have for dinner the next day she was astonished. She had to soak them for two nights and a day and then cook them most of the second day and still they were not too soft. It took a long time to boil water. At the time of her second visit we had ,I remember,just gotten two sets of books--the works of Sir Walter Scott and those of Charles Dickens. These were the first of quite a large Library which my father accumulated through the years he lived. We have some two hundred of them yet and I have had to part with a great many. Grandmother could not sleep and sat up late into the night reading these books by the light of a small coal-oil lamp. Lights were poor in those days. Some years later we had a lamp of which we were proud. It hung from the ceiling and had long crystal pendents all the way around the supporting framework. They were just as much work to keep clean however. One of our friends who was calling one day sat under the lamp and when she arose one of the pendents struck her on the head. She said some words about such a lamps,but her greatest indignation was toward the people who said when such a thing happened; "O, it did not hurt the lamp at all." "They did not care anything about me." she remarked.

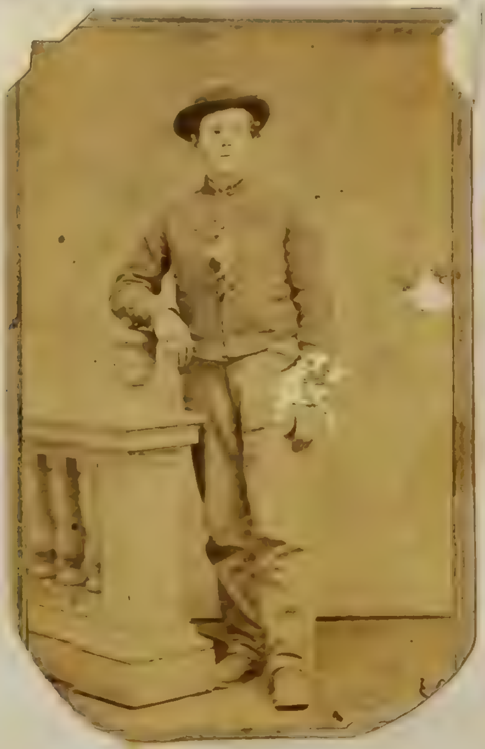
I was young when Grandmother sat up and read so late,as I could not understand why anyone could not sleep. I found out not too many years later! Lying awake at night is both a challenge and an education. A challenge to one to endure and stay cheerful. Something of educational value,for one has time to think and remember. For about sixteen years I never went to sleep inside of two hours and sometimes lay awake all night until about five o'clock in the morning and that for four nights in succession. Not being able to sleep at all in the day wore me down almost beyond endurence. About this time,somewhere along the line I learned this little verse

> "It's always dreary weather,in country-side or town
> When you wake and find the corners of yyour mouth turneddown.
> Ther's always joy a plenty,to fill life's brimming cup
> If you only keep the corners of your mouth turned up!"

I always caught at anything I thought would help-----I had to be. Many werethe days when I could not think of enduring until night. All I could think and pray for was the strength to last until noon. That seemed possible and really was all I could use at one time. It really does seem hard to be ill while young and there are so many things one wants to do and learn, but now that I am an old lady I find just as many things of interest to do, as when young. One day during Grandmother's visit she made a dress for me and when I came down stairs I told my mother I was tired of being Grandmother's "idol." My brothers never forgot to tease me about that. Grandmother nursed my father through a bad attack of typhoid fever which he contracted in 1862 soon after he enlisted in the Civil War. She was only five years older than he. She was always loyal to him and interested in him and his family as long as she lived. On her last visit to us ,which was in 1911she made my wedding dress. She was then seventy-five years of age. I remember this distinctly because she came on a pass and had to go to Lincoln Nebraska,down to Kansas City Missouriand back to Arkansas City,Kansas. She,very ~~precise~~ precise in every way would not go to bed on the train,but sat in a chair all that long way which I figure took five nights, and she seventy-five years of age. My wedding dress was lovley,madeof satin-backed crepe and with self trim and lace yoke and sleeves.. When I tried it on she would say "What do you tink when you tinks nuddings" We were married on Wed. evening and she and my father and mother came up to Winfield to see us and her pleasure at seeing the nice silver and beautiful linens which had been handed down through many generations of Moores, is still a great pleasure to me to remember. We met her again when we visited the J.C. Gilmore family at Connaught Lake in 1914. She did not like ca. "Campin out" as she called it ,but came out to stay for the time we were there. Their home was in Oil City Penn. It was at about this time that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated, and of course the First World War followed immediately.

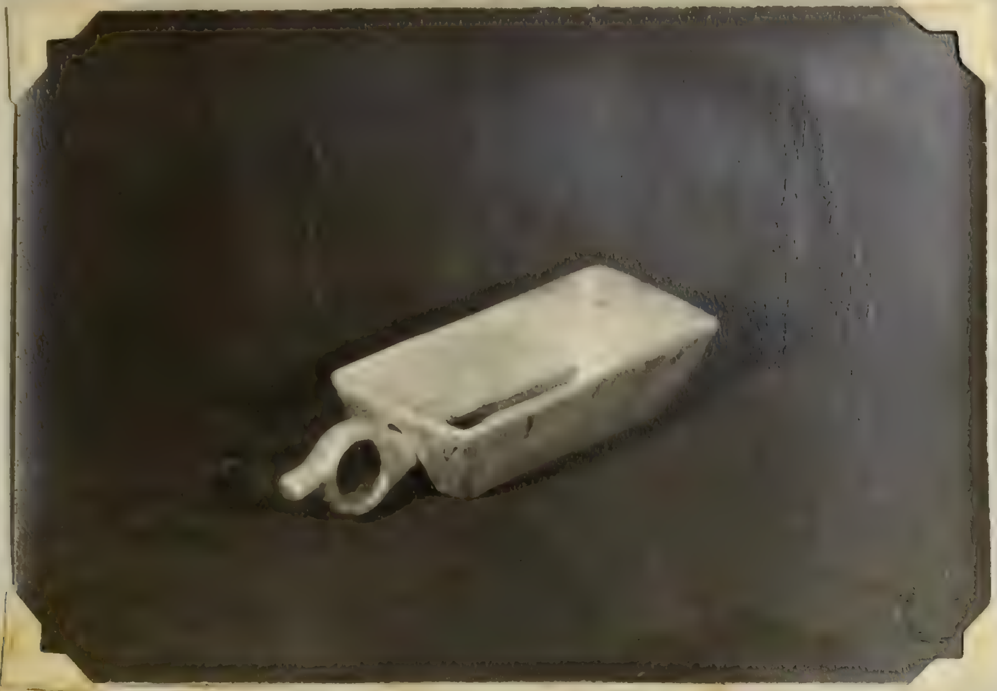
ROBERT ALFRED GILMER

My father was born March First 1845. in Mercer County Pennsylvania. He attended the common schools of Penn. and as a young man ,or boy rather, he helped his father in and around the oil wells on Oil Creek.Oil was first struck on Aug. 29th. 1859, whereTitusville now stands. Meadville,Titusville and Oil City were familiar names to me while still quite young. When my younger sister was ready for College my father wanted her to go to Allegheny College in Meadville where he had so longed to go. We finally had to take a secret ballot to determine where she should go. I was the only alien for I voted for Kansas University , but was overruled two to one for both father and mother voted for Southwestern College at Winfield. Kansas, some fourteen miles away. When the Civil War broke out my father enlisted in Company C. 127th. Reg. Pa. Vol. Inf. and was discharged nine monthslaterbecause of an attack of typhoid fever contracted while serving under Burnside. He spent the winter of 1863 and 64 at school in Titusville In the spring of 1864 he reenlistedin Company B. 12th.Pa Reg. Vol. Cal. and served until the close of the War.and was mustered out in July 1865 at Philadelpha .



During his last service he was taken prisoner and transported to Richmond Virginia,from Dec. until Feb. 14th. 1865. There were so many "Yankie' in the Libby prison that he with many others was taken to an old tobacco warehouse,called Pemberton prison. In this prison was a man who was very clever with his knife . From the stove wood,which was Virginia pine he

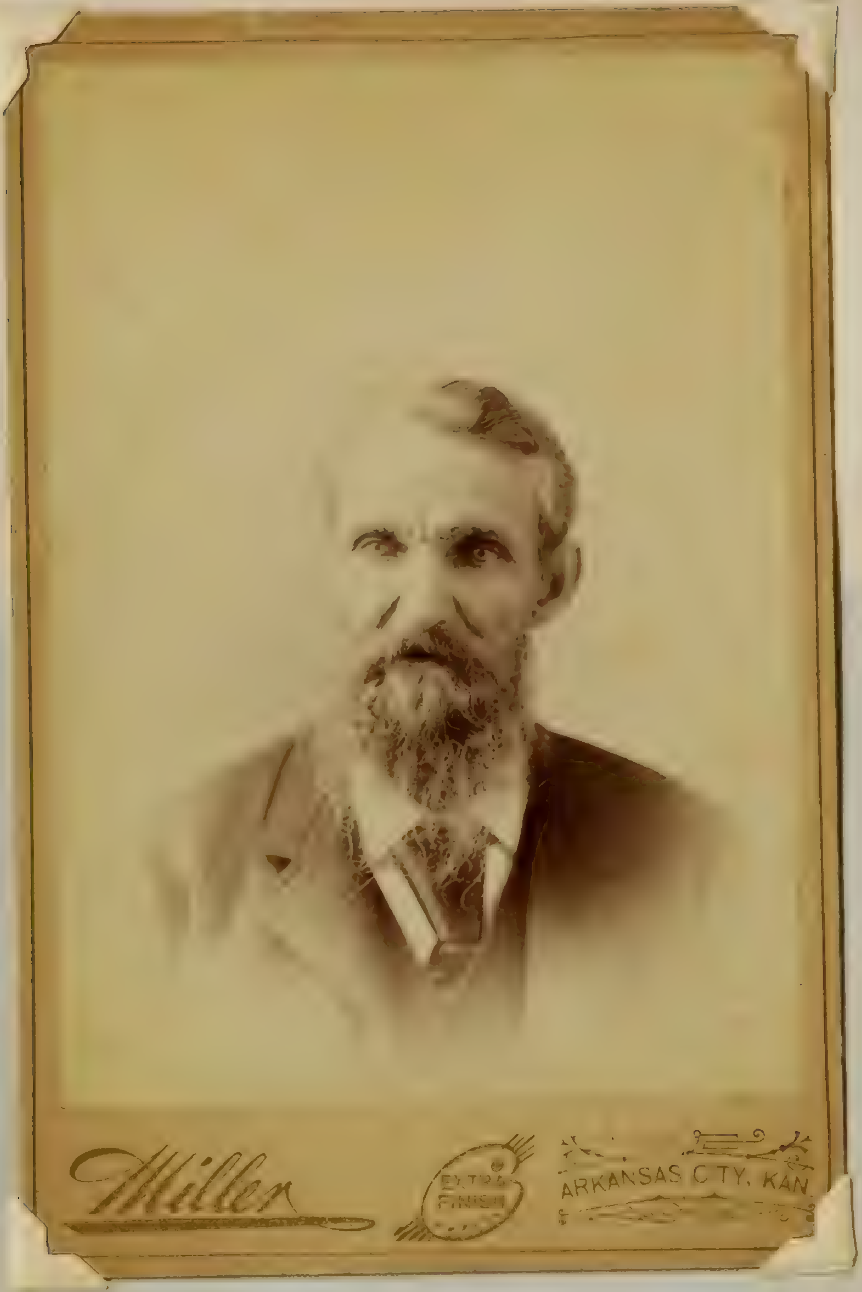
OULD Carve carve out what my father called "A Tray".



He said he traded a piece of cornbread about as big as his three fingers for it to eat the soup in which they cooked in prison but nothing to hold it was provided. This is one of the family's prize possessions and I sincerely hope my grandchildren and their descendants will treasure it for its historical value as well as for ztz sentimental reasons.

After returning home in 1865 he was engaged with his father in the coal business until 1867. He then went to Lee County Iowa where he taught school in Iowa and Missouri. About this time he began contemplating going West, for he had the urge which made Horas Greely write "Go West young man go West." Land could be taken up for a Homestead orboughttonly a few dollars an acre. I have in my possession now two Land Grants. One signed by Pres. James Buchanan and the other by A. Lincoln. These I prize highly too. It was at about this time that he fell in love with Miss Nora Ellen Robb, the second daughter of Hamilton Dick Robb and Emmaline Rose Robb who was a native of Vincennes Iowa.

MY GRANDFATHER, HAMILTON DICK ROBB.



CAME FROM Pitsburg Penn. to Lee County Iowa in about 1845. ~~Mrs Robb~~ Grandmother died a few years later, leaving five children. Grandfather wanted to go to California , so found homes where ever he could ,for them and left. I do not understand why my Grandfathers did not consider my feelings when they ordered their lives so long ago,but they did not. He "bound out" his oldest son Louis C. Robb ,who must have been about twelve years of age, Mary the next was taken by a family by the name of Cochran. Nora E. the second daughter ~~was~~ ~~made her home with her~~ [illegible] made her home with her mother's sister Lucinda Rose. John A. the younger son was handed around from one to another and went into the Army as a Drummer boy, when the Civil War came on. Emma, the youngest was adopted by a Family whose name was Lowden. She not only was the prettiest but also had a pleasanter life, as far as I can judge, than any of the other children. A few years ago I saw an advertisement which pictured a man opening his pay envelope and hands of every size were reaching our to get some of the contents. I feel that way at this stage ib my story. So many hands reach out to gain attention. Shall I tell the story of Grandfather's older son Louis, or wait and tell of those who came into my life later on. Think I will take the latter course except to insert a clippin g------

The Louis C. Robb family,

LOUIS C. ROBB .

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

THE LATE LOUIS C. ROBB.

Sketch of the Life of a Worthy Citizen of Vincennes Who Died Recently.

From the Keokuk Gate City:

Vincennes. Iowa, Feb. 5.—At the home of Dr. George L. Sargent in Azen, Mo., on February 2nd, occurred the death of one of Vincennes' most esteemed citizens in the person of Louis C. Robb. Mr Robb went to Missouri some weeks ago to visit relatives and while there was stricken with pneumonia which lasted three weeks and was more than his constitution could stand and nature spoke gently the language that said there must be an end to the suffering that had been so patiently borne. Thus the grim monster proved the most soothing balm to a patient sufferer. He was conscious to the end, not a struggle, not a murmur, simply a transition from a world of misery and woe to a haven of bliss. At 5 a. m. on February 2nd, he answered the Master's call. "Well done thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of thy Lord," and the Angel of Peace bore his spirit across the dark river to its better home beyond.

Louis C. Robb was born near Pittsburg, Penn., Oct. 16, 1840 and at the time of his death was aged sixty two years, four months and sixteen days. He came with his parents to Iowa in 1845 where he since resided. Mr. Robb was married April 17th 1862 to Ruth Berry of this place and to this union were born six children, viz., Mrs. Dr. Geo. L. Sargent, Azen, Mo., Dr. Frank C. Robb, Farmington, Ill., Dr. J. C. Robb, Ceres, Oklahoma; Mrs. Earnest Sargent, Ed E. and Effie W. Bobb of Vincennes. All members of the family were present at the funeral except J. C. Robb, which occurred at the Prairie View cemetery at 2 p. m. on February 3d, at Azen, Mo., conducted by Rev. James McKiernan of Farmington and was under the auspices of the Odd Fellow and G. A. R. Mr. Robb was joined to the Methodist faith by infant baptism and in early boyhood was united to the Baptist church. He was a faithful Sunday School worker, has been teacher of the Bible class and church chorister for the past twenty-five years, was secretary of the Des Moines Township Sabbath School Association for ten years and held the offices of justice of peace, assessor and township clerk, each for several terms. "Come and help us" was his watchword for the promotion of everything that might prove of benefit to the community and the betterment of the rising generation.

During the Civil war Mr. Robb ser[illegible] his country [illegible] iant Seventh Misso[illegible] Volunteers, and was corporal of [illegible]. At Lone Jack, Mo., he was wounded by a gun shot from which he never fully recovered. He had been an Odd Fellow over forty years and was a charter member of Amber Lodge, I. O. O. F. at this place, also a charter member of George H. Emerson Post, G. A. R. and a valued member of both societies. In his death the family have lost a kind and loving father, and the state an honored and loyal citizen, while the community joins in extending sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the mother and children in this sad hour of their bereavement.

d what had become of his two
idments to the sundry civil and
ultural appropriation bills em-
ing the statehood bill, which had
reported by his committee. Mr.
ridge characteried the action of
Quay as an extraordinary proced-
Mr. Quay dryly replied that there
nothing unusual about it. There
no answer to Mr. Quay's question,
at 4:10 o'clock the senate, no mo-
of Mr. Cullom, went into executive
on, and at 4:50 adjourned until
nesday.

the senate Wednesday, Feb. 4,
tor Hanna introduced a bill grant-
pensions and bounties to all ex-
es who were freed by the procla-
on of President Lincoln during the
of the rebellion. It provides that
ons over 50 years of age and less
60, male or female, shall receive
sh bounty of $100 and monthly pen-
s of $8.00; persons between 60 and
ears of age, a bounty of $300 and a
sion of $12.00 per month, and per-
s over 70 years of age a bounty of
sion of $12.00 per month, and per-
and a pension of $15.00 per month.
bill also provides for the payment
he bounty and pension to a relative
may be charged with the care of
laves.

iscussion of the statehood bill in
senate Thursday, Feb. 5, turned on
question of polygamy. A number of
ators who heretofore have taken no
in the debate participated in the
ussion. Senator Morgan introduced
solution asking the secretary of
navy to supply the senate copies
ny correspondence that may have
irred between the naval officers of
United States and persons on shore
Colombia during the recent stay of
erican vessels in Colombian waters.

he session of the senate Friday,
. 6, was largely devoted to the dis-
sion of the isthmian canal, Mr.
rgan speaking. While he was speak-
Mr. Cullom interrupted him, was
tained by the chair, and the senate
at into executive session. A confer-
e was agreed to on the general staff
, and Messrs. Cockrell, Quarles and
aker were appointed conferees. The
owing bills were passed: Authoriz-
the construction of a bridge across
Missouri river, between the city of
amberlain, in Brule county, and Ly-
n county, North Dakota; Senate bill
ending the revised statutes so as to
ovide for the detail of retired officers
the army and navy to assist in mil-
ry instruction in schools; senate
l authorizing the president to rein-
ate Alexander G. Pendleton, Jr., as a
det in the United States Military
ademy; house bill authorizing the
onstruction of a bridge across Bogue
hitto, Louisiana; senate bill incor-
orating in the District of Columbia
e American Academy in Rome (the
oject of the bill is to establish and
aintain an institution to promote the
udy and practice of the fine arts);
enate bill authorizing the Memphis,
elena & Louisiana Railway company
construct a bridge across the St.
rancis river, Arkansas; the house
mendments to the bill to expedite
rials in cases under the Sherman anti-
rust law were added to; a senate bill
as passed appropriating $350,000 for
he construction of lighthouse and fog-
[illegible] tation in Alaskan waters; a
[illegible] Mr. Stewart wa
dopted authori[illegible] the committee on
ndian affairs "to investigate and re-
ort upon such matters affecting the
ndian or the Indian service as the
ommittee shall consider expedient.
fter Mr. Kean had spoken a short
ime in opposition to the statehood bill,
he senate adjourned out of respect to
he memory of the late Representative
Moody of North Carolina, who died
Thursday.

ITRIC ACID KILLS FOUR

esults of the Fire in Milwaukee, Where Firemen Die From Inhaling Poisonous Odors.

Milwaukee, Feb. 5.—Four firemen are

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Mary was the second of Grandfather's children. She was taken by a family by the name of Cochran . The most distressing of her memories in old age was of the day her father left her alone at the crossroads where he was to meet the Cochrans. They came for her ,but Oh! how can people bring little children into the world and leave them like that! She had a comfortable home I gsther from reports. Mr.Cochran was very careful of her reading and required her to review each book she read to him. Of course she had to work hard, but every one had to work in those days. She was old enough to remember her mother and O how heart-breaking was her longing for her mother. My mother too, especially the last few months of her life,spoke of her longing to see her mother. I, now know how they both felt. If I could only sit down now in my mother's presence and feel the deep sweet peace whichh prevaded her being! That of cource is impossible but I do have the lovley memory of my joy and thankfulness in waiting on her for the fourteen years she lived with us. My Aunt Mary was a very unusual woman. She had a keen mind,and a loving heart. She was one of these rare persons who could really forget self in love and admiration for another. She loved my mother with such adoration that it made me tremble. My heart really bowed down in admiration ofher. She could repeat all of Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness" after she had raised nine children having known nothing but poverty and hard work. Her HUSBAND Frank L. Peek,whom she married in Lee County Iowa in 1865,was a blacksmith --and a good one,and beside was a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher,and for some time a Justice of the Peace. He had a keen sense of justice and a very blunt way of expressing his decesions. No tricky schemes got by him regardless of the standing of the schemer.He loved music and it was always a surprise to me to learn how much he loved Bach's music, even his Two and Three Part Inventions" and his Fuguee too, only I never got one of those so I coulc play it intelligently. For a number of years four of his boys worked with him in his Blacksmith Shop.

His son Frank M. Peek told me not long ago that he would when he was young and had horses, take his father to his preaching appointments and that his father preached more often on the text "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life", than on any other subject. He died in 1912. William, the oldest of their children I never knew very well. He left home in 1888, the year his youngest sister was born, and spent his life in the gold mines of Colorado, at Cripple Creek and Victor, and died in 194 .Francis Marian Peek their second son was born in June 1869. Frank married Miss Ada McComas, one of ~~thstlovable~~ the most loveable women I have ever known. She was beautiful, kindly, energetic and thrifty. A real Christian lady. She taught adult classes in Sunday School in both the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches in Arkansas City Kansas for many years. One son was born to them, Milton LeRoy. He made a name for himself in the Advertizing Business on "The Ladies Home Journal" and lives in Philadelphia. Ada holds a high place in my memory for the things she taught me and the pleasure her sterling worth and sense of humor gave me. I attended their wedding while young enough to find every little thing beyond the ordinary, very funny. That night as Frank and Ada followed the minister down the stairs one of Ada's little nephews whispered to his brother "O look Frank's coat tails are almost as long as the preachers". Ada took me in hand and kept after me until I got the only Certificate I ever received. It was for Bible Study adu Sundayy ~~Schl~~ School Methods. Ada died in Sept. 1944. He was on the Police Force in Arkansas City Kans. for years and Chief of Police many more years. He and his wife Maude went to Fowler Kansas many years ago for the benefit of his health. He used to declare that he knew when his mother was sick no matter where he was; for he always felt bad himself. He said it never failed. They lived in Fowler for a long time after he retired from his work in our cousin Dr. J. B. Robb's Drug store. After Maude's death in 1941, he then went into War service, being an expert Finger printer. He worked with the F. B. I, and at Arkansas City brought a

B. H. Peek

and brought a German spy to justice. This spy had taken the name of a dead American soldier and Charlie got all the information necessary and found him at a Night Club outside Arkansas City. Later he was shot in the leg in Arizona while in line of duty. All this after he was seventy years of age. He died in Laramie Wyoming in 1947 I think. His family have always wanted him to write of his experiences,but he never did. He was a grand person.

Louis S was the next son. He must have been born in1874 for he was about six months younger than I. He was a Blacksmith for years and left Arkansa City years ago and I do not know of his whereabouts.

John A. the fifth son was also a Blacksmith for years. He later married and lived in Nowata Okla. There he was stricken with the dreadful disease which turns the body into stone,while the patient lives on in great pain and distress. Doctors from all over the East came to see him but none could then help him. He left a wife , ason Charles and a daughter Alice.

Myrtle, the eldest daughter of Aunt Mary and Uncle Frank Peek, began working for a Lawyer, Mr H.S. Hines,while still a young girl . She left his Office to go out to Bakersfield California tobe married to Mr. Frank Mitchell. They moved to SanFrancisco after the disasterous earthquake and fire which occured on April 18th, 1906. They bought up all the used furniture they could find,especially tables and chairs and took them to SanFrancisco and took [illegible] up in business. Myrtle, always a lover of law soon went to work for one of the best Lawyers in SanFrancisco. She worked for him for years and at his death went to another Lawyer and worked for him until he died. I laughed at her in 1941 when I visited them,telling her she killed one off and went to work for another until she killed him off. She said she met Major Bowes,the man who did so much for amateurs in music over the Radio, every morning as she went to work. I had not seen her in years ,so was shocked at the state of her health,but delighted at the way she was meeting her difficulties. Most of my pleasure and satisfaction came ffom.rea;izing how very much she had grown to be like her dear mother, in her patience and cheerfulness under difficulties. At this writing Myrtle is able to take short walks.

Walter was the sixth son and the lovliest of them all. He had,I think finer qualities of heart and an insite into the spiritual,which marked him out among other boys of his age. He belonged to a class of boys I had in the Junior League in the Methodist Church in Arkansas City for a good many years . More of that later.One of my memories of him is seeing him and my sister Clara walking around the house on Sunday afternoons reading. He with his arm around her and round and round the house they would go. I never quite knew why they did it but they both seemed to enjoy it a lot. He joined the Navy later and has not been back in years.

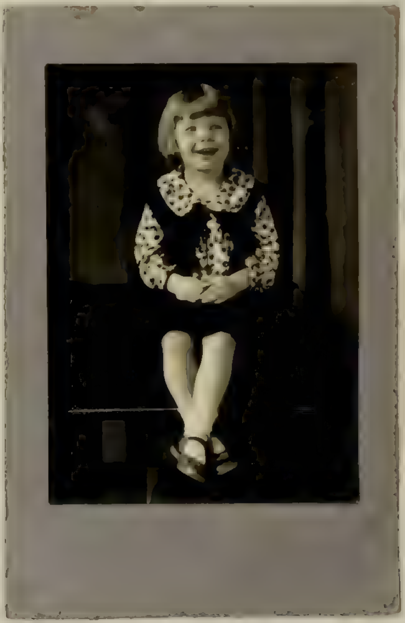
Grace, next to the youngest of Aunt Mary's children had, as did her mother before her,very bad eye sight.She wore glasses with very thick lenses andstill had little sight.Another of our cousins, Uncle Louis Robb's second daughter Esther, had to wear a very thick lense and in the center of each an extra small lense. Grace married Clyde Moore. To them was born one little girl in 1927, whom they called Betty Grace. She lived only seven weeks. I never in my life saw so beautiful little cjild. When Mr Parman the undertaker had her dressed it was nearly morning and he called his partner up and said:"Come down, I have the most beautiful sight to show you,which you ever saw. When the other gentleman came they both stood and cried. They were both fathers. A few years later Grace and Clyde adopted a little girl whom they called Jean Mary. She was two years of age when they took her and is now married and living in Long Beach, California. Grace also lives in Long Beach since the death of Clyde, which occured February 18th 1936. In spite of all my efforts I always thought Grace came nearer to being a Christian than I did. She had a friend who was a very earnest Christian who did a lot of worring because Grace went to dances with her husband. I could not feel as this friend did about it as I think everyone must decide for himself what is right to do under the circumstances in which he finds himself. One day when I was visiting Grace in her home we were at this friend's home for dinner and she brought the subject up again and appealed to me to stand behind her ideas on the subject . I could not so said;" Well , I think it is not as important what one decides to do as it is how he is in his heart." That statement effected her husband greatly as it did Clyde when Grace repeated it to him. That was the way I felt about it. The picture below is of

Jean Mary

soon after Clyde and Grace adopted her.

Emmaline Rose Peek was the youngest of Aunt Mary's children. She was born in Sept. of 1888.-- the year her oldest brother left for the West and the year my twin brother died. She married Robert Gilbert a a few years afer his death in 1935 she was married to Mr. Edwin B. Richards, and stil lives in Arkansas City. About all of her family depend on her for help when sickness or calamity befalls them.

must decide for himself what is right to do under the circumstances in which he must decide for himself what is right to do under the circumstances in which he find himself.One day while visiting Grace in her home,we were invited by her friend to dinner. At the dinner table this friend brought up the subject again and appealed to me to stand behind her in this matter. I could not do that so said:" Well, I have never been abke ti lay as much stress on what one does as on what he is in his heart.". That statement effected her husvand greatly, as it did Clyde when Grace repeated it to him.

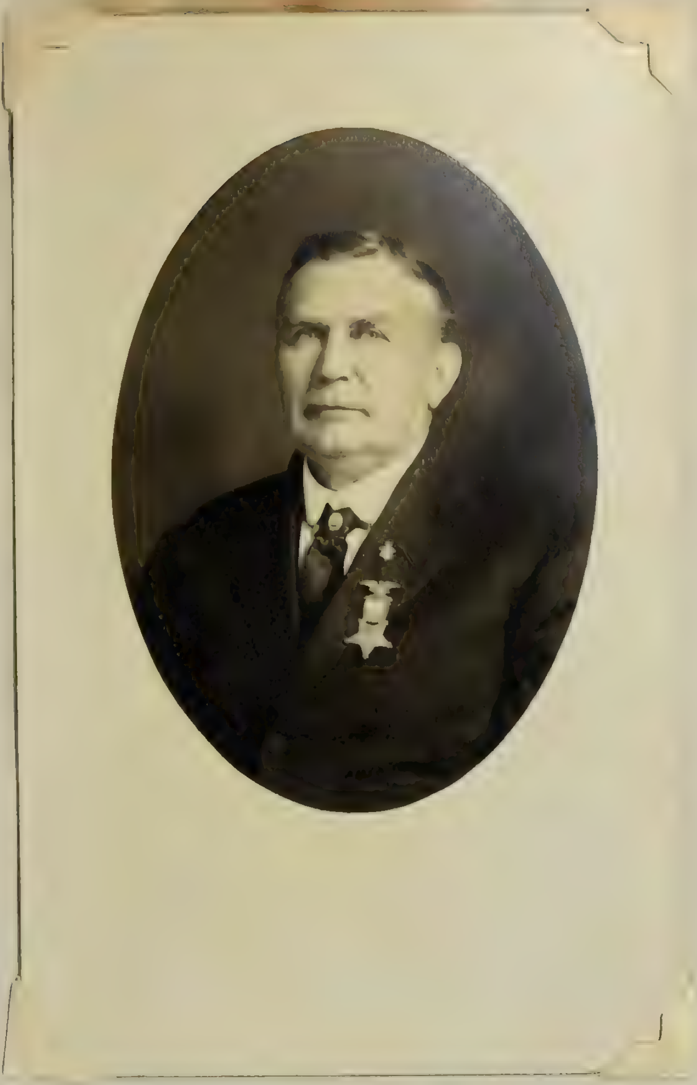


Jean Mary

as she looked about the time they adopted her.

Emalyn Rose Peck was the youngest of Aunt Mary's children and was born in Sept. of 1888, the year her eldest brother left for the Gold mines of Colorado, and the year my twin brother Frank, died. While young she married Robert Gilbert and a few years after his death was married to Mr Edwin B. Richards, a fine gentleman. They still live in Arkansas City Almost all of her family depend on her when sickness or calamity befalls them.More of her later.

John A. Robb



Note the G. A. R. badge. The Grand Army of the Republic was organized in the winter of 1865--66 by Dr. B. T. Stevens and Rev. W. J. Randolph, the Surgeon and the Chaplin of the 14th Illinois Infantry , at Decator Ill. April 6th. 1866. The first encampment was held at Indianapolis Nov. 20, 1866. Its head quarters were in the State House, Boston Mass. The uniform is dark blue, with black slouch hat. The badge is a bronz star hung from a red ribbon flag; on the star in relief are a soldier and a sailor clasping hands in front of a figure of liberty, with two freed men in the foreground,the United States flag on the sides. The last encampment, the 83rd. was held in Indianapolis Aug. 31st. 1949.

The Commander in Chief, Theodore A. Penland 100

Friday Morn., Sept. 2, 19[illegible]

—Associated Press Wirephoto

THIS IS THE END—Theodore A. Penland, 100, Vancouver, Wash., fondles the gavel which he used to close the last encampment at Indianapolis of the Grand Army of the Republic.

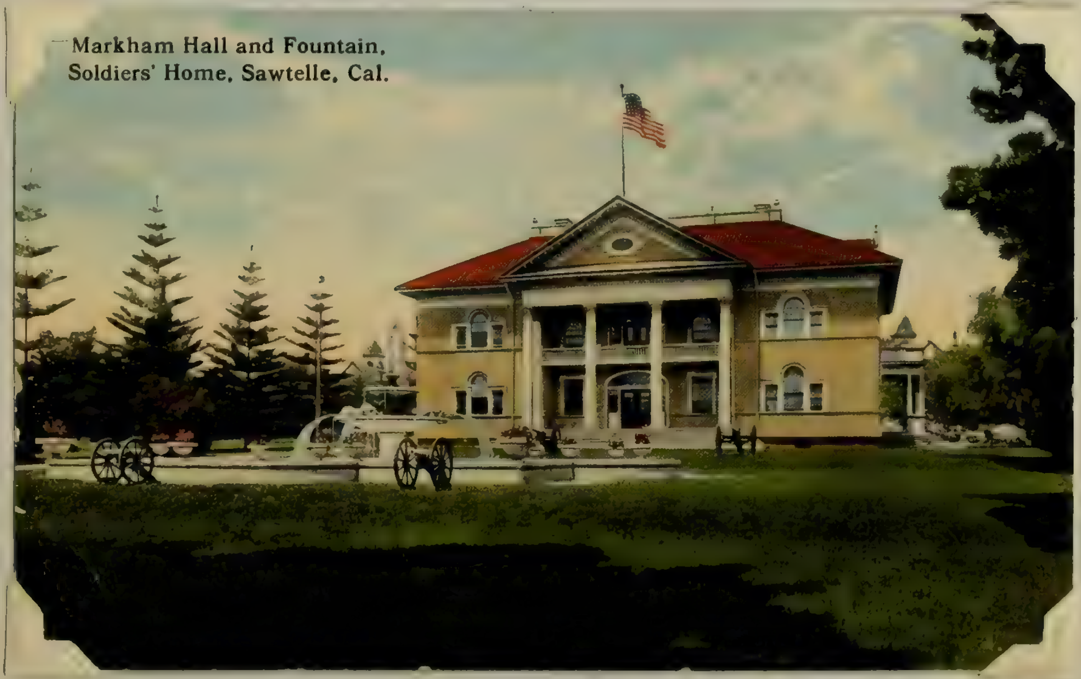
of Vancouver Washington pounded the gavel and said in a week voice: "I close the final business of the Grand Army of the Republic". Six other vetrans each more than 100 years of age slumped noticably . So closes another epoc in history. It is really sad to one who has been accustomed all his life to seeing the Old Soldiers march and counter march every year at least on Decoration Day, to realize that no more will that pleasure be possible. It is too easy for us who live at ease to forget the price which was paid for such luxury.

Having at least touched on the life of each of Aunt Mary's family I will now turn to John A. Robb the younger son of Grandfather Robb. John, or Johnnie as he was often called, was handed around from one to another and went into the Civil War as a drummer boy at the age of fourteen years.It would take a book to tell of his passions, punishments, sufferings and privations.

He was an old man when I met him in California in 1913, and he told me his life story. It made my blood run cold. At one time he was living with a relative who whipped him so hard that his shirt stuch to his back until he could not lift his arms to eat. Uncle John vowed to kell him, but was prevented by another relative. After his service in the War,he went to California and into the Gold Mines. He might have been very r ich for his friends begged him to buy lots in San Francisco, he told me, but he would notand one cannot blame him, for iff you have seen the raw land in that area you would have to decide against it. The lots were then selling for a few dollars each in what is now down town San Francisco. One night when he walked into a Theatre in San Francisco he received an ovation the audience thought he was President McKinley. He had some right to look like Pres. Mc Kinley for Mc Kinley's Grandmother was a sister to Great Uncle Jeff Rose.

When my mother made her firstxxxxxx visit to California to stay some time with Clara, my sister, and family she met this brother for the first time if 48 years. She wrote to him at the

National Soldiers Home. Sawtelle, California.



This is the Library and a very good picture. I distinctly remember the cannon all about.

When he received her letter he immediately took the train for Pasadena where the family were. He did not know her son-in-law's name but did know he was an Prof in the Pasadena College. He says the best way to find out what one wants to know is to ask a newsboy. the newsboy directed him to the Washington Street Car, which took him out to the College. On the Bus he got into conversation with a young man who was a student at this College. He told the young man that he was looking for a"needle in a haystack". The young man said;"We'll find her". Uncle Johnnie said "Did you say 'we' ". "Yes" replied the y.m. They first went to the President of the College. He told them that Dr. White and his family were at his home for dinner the night before and he learned that Mrs White's mother who was with them was from Kansas, so with that knowledge they hunted up the White home,but found no one there. Axxxighxxxx However a neighbor told them that the family often took a lunch and all went up to where they were building a new house. Uncle John was pretty well chausted by this time as he had a bad heart, soyoung man rushed up to where they were building, with the news. They went home a quickly as possible and the meeting between these two old people was very touching indeed. A brother and sister meeting after 48 years! She made a number of other visits later and they both always looked foreward to seeing each other. When he was an old man he worked and thought until he could call to mind and write all the words of a song his mothersang to him. He was six years old when she died. He was married at least twice but neither had given him much pleasure so far as I could learn. Possibly he did not put much into his married life, I dod not know

He lived at his father's home often. Grandfather Robb married a Mrs Carlock in Bakersfield Cal. He loved his step mother and she evidently loved him for she wanted no one to care for her in her last illness but Johnnie. Another of Uncle John's stories was his experience with his fatr many,many years after he had left them to go to California. Grandfather went to the City where he was to visit him. It was San Francisco I presume, After dinner at the Hotel where he was living, they went up to his room. Uncle John said he followed his father into the room, closed and locked the door behind him put the key in his pocket and told his father in no uncertain turms what he thought of his actions regarding his helpless little children. Told him of his own sorrows and of the trials and hardships of all the others. He told me that at times he thought he wouldbe compelled to call a Doctor before he got through. Of course it is true that one must reap what he sows, but as far as Uncle John is concerned I do not see that it benefitted him at all. He was a loveable old man and did he love my mother! He was converted to Christianity late in life and was a devoted Christian. He died in January of 1928, leaving no children.

The next in line of Grandfather Robb's family is my mother, Nora Ellen Robb, but it will take a volume to tell the half of what I want to tell about her, I will turn to Emmaline Robb the youngest of them all and the prettiest, at least while young. Aunt Emma, as we always called her was two years old when her mother died. She was adopted by a family whose name was Lowden. I know little of her childhood except that from all I can remember of reports, she had a very comfortable ,happy life and when she grew up she married Charles Agustus Rambo at Vincennes Iowa. They came to Kansas soon after my parents did and settled near Hackney, Southeast od Winfield Kansas. At first they lived in a log house of one room and a "Lean to" at the back. Travel was very difficult in those days and the first time I remember being there was when we went to see their first pair of twins---twin girls. I have often been told that Aunt Emma was at our home the day we twins were born, so suppose I should remember more than I do. Be that as it may I was wonderfully thrilled when I saw them. They were so little! One lay in one end of their home made cradle and one in the other. The two boys of the family, James Monroe and Ira Oren ,were a little younger than we in our family. "Roe" as we called him was about six months younger than brother Joe and Ira about that much younger than

I am. One of the little twins was not strong enough to endure the privations of pioneer life and so died in a few weeks. This must have been in 1878 or 79. We went back to the funeral and I can remember standing by th table on which stood thelittle homemade coffin and listening to the Minister's words. We were simple in those days, our lives were simple, our ways and our faith,were all simple. some one now might call us "Crude" but I do not think we were, not in the sense of manting in tact,or heart,or a love of the good and the beautiful. The two boys were taking whooping cough that day and we all took the disease as did the other little twin and after a week or two she died also. They are both buried in the Tannihill Cemetary Southwest of Winfield Kansas. The next in the family were twins---aboy and a girl,named Laura and Louie,born in 1884, I think.By this time Uncle Charlie had built his new house, which has burned I believe. One matter which empressed me at the time and has often come to mind since is the fact that as help to take care of the twins they had a Miss Sally Makepiece, who was a relative of William Makepiece Thackery. I remember her as a very refined cultured lady. Louie was always frail and died at about four years of age. I was always facinated as a child,watching them play. I could not understand a word they said,but they could send each other up and down the stairs with presicion and dispatch.

The last of the family were girls ; Gertrude,who was born about 1886 and Florence born I suppose in 1889. Uncle Charlie called Gertrude "Omega" for a long time, but a few years later had to apply the name to another little girl.

Uncle Charlie was a farmer all his life and was quite successful. They lived on the same farm for many years and attended the United Brethern near Hackney. After he was stricken with diabetes,they sold the farm and bought the large house on the West Fourteenth St. road where Dr. Hill lived afterward for a long time. When his diabetes caused gangrere to set in Uncle had to have his left leg removed. The picture I shall insert on the next page was taken in the garden of their ~~latz~~ last home.

Uncle Charlie and Aubt Emma Rambo

Uncle Charlie grew steadily although slowly worse until one leg had to be amputated. All seemed well for some months, then the other foot began to show infection. When it was ~~fin~~ at last removed he lived but a very short time. My father was very much moved when he learned the news, and I remember what he said at the time; "When this time comes we always wish we had done the things we think we will do but put them off." Uncle Charlie was a farmer all his life and was quite successful. He grew the largest rhubarb I ever saw. Some stalks were twelve inches long. Theyy lived on the old homestead until after he was stricken with diabetes and grangrene had set in. They then sold their farm near Hackney and bought the house on the West Fourteenth St. road ~~wherexDxx Kxx~~ near Winfield. Uncle Charlie always signed his name, except for business purposes , C.A.Goodapple and always put a hat on the G . He was an excellent penman and most of his children inherited this gift. He wrote every week in his last years for a local news paper in Winfield Kans. He usually wrote on the news of his neighborhood and any amusing incident he knew. He was as I remember now, and thought nothing of at the time, very patient and uncomplaining in all his sufferings, and always glad to see his friends and relatives.

James Monroe, whom we called "Roe" was the oldest of this family, He married Minnie Steward of near Hackney, in 1897 or near that time.

Three girls were born to them. Helen in 1900, when they lived next door to us in Arkansas City Kansas. Lucile was born two or three years later in Winfield , and Jessie who was born about 1907 in Wichita. I always enjoyed Minnie, She had a good sense of humor and always enjoyed life.It is sad that she could not have lived to raise her girls, but she died in 1912, the year our son John was brorn. Several years later Roe married Olive Gebhardt who still lives at Helen's home near San Antonio Texas. The family lived in Dallas for some years and then in SanAntonio for many years.

Roe

worked at Kelley Field,finishing Air Planes for years in fact until he retired in 1936. He died in Mt. Enterprise Texas in 1947 as near as I can remember. He was a good father and a faithful friend. My brother Joe ,in the last few years before he passed away often expressed the desire to see "Old Roe" as he expressed it, but never did.

Lucile married Otis Dwyer of Cambridge Kansas. Three children , all girls came to them. Evalyn, Lavonda Gleam and Dorothy. All are married now and have children of their own. Lucile is a beautiful girl with a little stoop to her shoulders which reminds me of her mother. She had the most wonderful auburn hair when young. They tell me that her hair is now grey.She must be very attractive them. She is planning and cutting the uphosstery for Airplanes at San Barnadeno California.

The third of Roe's girls, Jessie is married and lives at Mt.Enterprise Texas .

Ira Oran , the second of Aunt Emma's sons whom we called "Orrie", which now sounds strange, is now both a Doctor and a Lawyer and lives in Yale Oklahoma. He has one son, I.O.Jr. but his wife Hattie has three dauters who live in or near Yale. He and I being near in age had lots of fun as we grew up. He lived at our home and attended High School. Knowing he was not at that time very much of a student,at least not like Clara , I asked him not long ago when I met him for the first time in about twenty years, if he found it hard to concentrate when he started to school again at a Chiopractic College in Wichita. He just looked at me,drew a long ~~breat~~ breath and said;"I had a heck of a time." He has made good in both professions so I "Take off my hat" to him knowing he really worked.

Laura Belle is the next of the family and the onkly of two pairs of twins who lived to grow up. She worked for years for Lawyer Guy in WinfieldKan. and did some very good work in painting landscapes and flowers. She married Isaac Boren of Winfield and two boys were born to them--Marrion and Clifford. Isaac died in 1948 and Laura and her two sons still live in SanDiego California. They were both in Salvation Army work in Washington, Oregon and SanDiego. She told me when she visited me in 1949 that the S. A. bonnets are made in England and cost $25:00 , but they last a long time she said.I have always admired the work of the Salvation Army very greatly.

Helen

the oldest of Roe's three girls lived with us one winter, 1919 I think it was and attended a Commercial College in Winfiedd which was organized by Mrs Daltomn in the basement of the Baptist Church in Winfield, and grew into a good sized institution. Mr L.C.Tune , who is now Supt. of the State Training School ,for the mentally retarded,was one of its first teachers. During World War 11 Helen was chosen from among 1200 Assistants at Kelley Field San Antonio to be Secretary to the Superendant . She has always been so very appreciateive of what we did for her.Really to the point of embarrassment to me,for I do not feel that I was as kind as I should have been. I did not really want to take her as I had a sick mother and a boy who had just gotten over a bad sick spell. We thought my mother had t.b. and I trembled at the thought of another to be responsible for. Helen married Paul Darling Smith and two children were born to them. Edna and James. Later they adopted a boy-- Gene, who is now seventeen years of age.

Gertrude, the next of the family,maried Henry Belden of Winfield and four children were born to them. Neta the oldest married an Indian, which was "Agrief of mind" to her parents. He is a brother to Henry Roe Cloud who was the head of an Indian Institute in Wichita Kansas for years. He died a few years ago after doing a splendid work for young Indians in Southern Kansas and Oklahoma. His wife Mrs Henry Roe Cloud was chosen"Mother of the Year" in 1950. I have heard her speak at least twice. Once before the Adult Sunday School class at the First Presbyterian Church and again at a meeting of the Presbyterial at Macpherson. Mamie Frank and Byrness are Gertrudes other children. They all lifve in or near Cdeder Ridge Colorado/. Gertrude wrote me the most beautiful description of the Mountains about her home, which I have ever read.Its evening haze,its morning glory, the vast purple distances and its rugged grandure. How she loved it all!. She would ,had she had the training,surely have been a world traveler and writer. She died at Ceder Ridge on Nov. 27th 1948 .

Florence V. ,the youngest of Aunt Emma's children has never married as of 1950, and is thinking of retireig.
I have not seen her since 1936.

Please turn this page

Azen Missouri in 1904 at the home of Dr. George L. Sargent. He had gone there to visit his eldest daughter Jessie Sargent and was there stricken with pneumonia and after three weeks of illness which he bore as he had all the sufferings of his 64 years, with uncomplaining~~xxxx~~ patience. He was a faithful Sunday School worker and had taught the adult class and was Choir director for 25 years. His son Dr. Frank C Robb married Miss Nellie Garverick on June 13th. ~~xxxx~~ 1896. I have visited her a number of times since Dr. Frank Robb passed away and she has told me of how beautifully the Dr. and his father sang"Whispering Hope". I heard it just the other day over the Radio and thought of them. Their six children were; Dr. Frank C Robb, Jessie Sargent, Esther sargent, Ed E. and Effie Hines.

Aunt Ruth died in Arkansas City on January 18th. 1918.

Uncle Louis Robb's youngest son Dr. J.C.Robb came up from Oklahoma the day of his father's funeral and spent the time withus. So passed away another gallant,faithful, unsung hero who only did his duty in his place in life.

Louis C. Robb.

After at least mentioning all of Aunt Mary's children I reread what I had written and am thoroughly disgusted with the mistakes I make when I think I am I am doing the typing all right. Well, I must needs go on with my story ! The reader, if any, may stop at any time but I can not.In looking back I find that I have not kept my promise to myself and my story ,in that I went on and told of the life of each of them when I had said I would not,so will now return to my Uncle Louis C, Robb.

Louis C Robb was born in Western Pensylvania, the son of Hamilton Dick Robb and Emmaline (Rose) Robb;their eldest son born in 1845. When his mother died in Vincennes Iowa where the family then lived,Grandfather Robb wanted to go to California,"The land of gold and sunshine. He "bound out" his son Louis to a neighbor,which looks to nme now like a cruel thing to do. Louis went part of the way with his father when he left and begged to be taken along, but his father would not take him. On April 17th 1862 he was marred to Ruth Berry who was also of Vincennes Iowa. During the Civil War he served his country as one of the gallant Seventh Misscuri Volenteers. At Lone Jack Missouri he was wounded by a gun shot,from which he never fully recovered. He was of a mild lovable disposition . I was him only once and that was when he visited us in Arkansas City Kansas,somewhere in the 1890ies, I should think. I loved him very much. He had never ~~seen~~ ~~seenmechanicalz~~ seen mechanical fire equipment and would get up and run much faster and farther than he should have when he heard the sirens, in order to see them at work. He was very ferail looking and not at all strong. One day when Aunt Emma was at our home too. he asked her what Church she belonged to and she said "United Brethern". He hesitated a moment and then asked;"Do they wash feet ?" meaning of coourse those who observ that cermony. She looked up with a twinkle in her eye,she had them often then, and replied; "Yes, at least once in t two weeks." I have very pleasant memories of his visit. He died in

Azen Missouri in 1904 at the home of Dr. George L. Sargent. He had gone there to visit his eldest daughter Jessie Sargent and was there stricken with pneumonia and after three weeks of illness whuich he bore as he had all the sufferings of his 62 years, he died. He was a faithful Sunday School worker being teacher of the Adult Bible Class and Chyrch chorister for twenty five years, secretary of the Des Moins Twonship Sabbath School Assosiation for ten years, and also held the offices of justice of the peace, assessor and township clerk each for several years. His son Frank C. Robb married Miss Nellie Garverick on June 18th. 1896. I have had many lovley visits with her in Denver where they made their home for many years, and she has told me how beautifully the Dr. and his father sang "Whispering Hope". It is one of the songs which never grow old. I heard it just the other day over the Radio and thought of them.

Their six children were: Jessie Sargent, Dr. Frank C. Robb, Esther Sargent, Ed E. and Effie Hines, and Dr. J.C.Robb.

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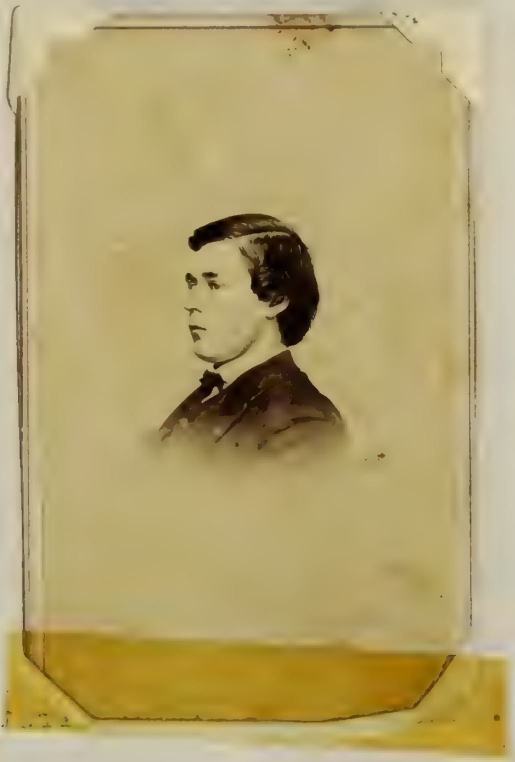
It has not been possible to insert this story earlier as the others all tied in together, so I am placing it last of my Grandfather Robb's children, which should have been first.That does not however detract from the beauty nor from the usefullness of his life.

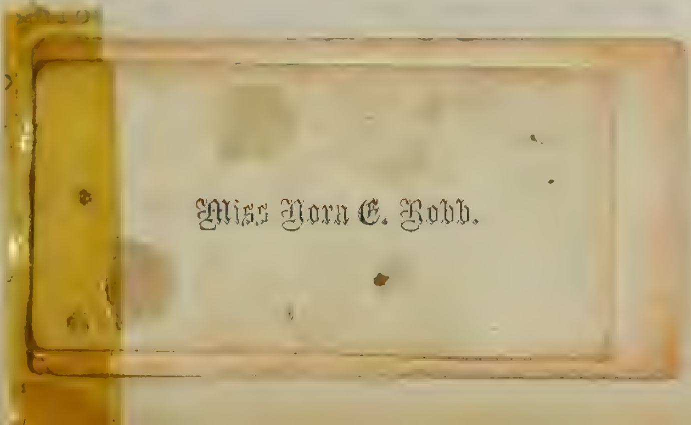
Having disposed of my other relatives ,I will now return to my father and mother. After the Civil War my father spent a few years with his father in the coal business in Pesylvania then evidently felt the urge which made Horace Greely say: "Go west young man go West." Accordingly he went to Lee County Iowa and taught school in Iowa and Missouri for a time. Here he fell in love with Nora Ellen Robb the second kaughter of Hamilton Lick Robb and Emmaline Rose Robb.

The picture of him ~~ix~~ below is as a young man



I have a picture of my mother but it is a daguerreotype and can - not be inserted here.

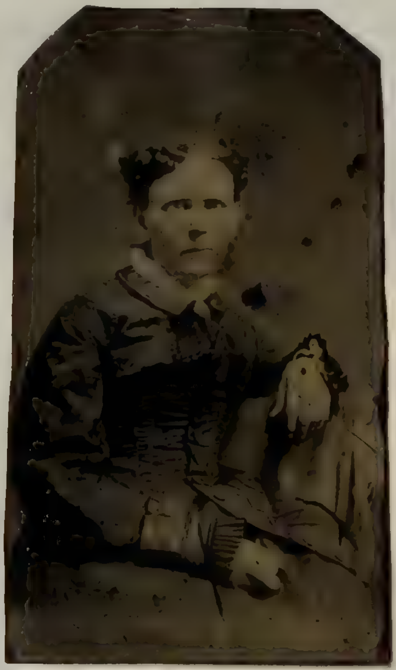
They were married on April 14th. 1869



Miss Nora E. Robb.

at Vincennes Iowa as my father left soon afterward for Kansas. My mother was teaching at the time an finished out her school before preparintg to follow him. She had another Aunt beside the onewho took her when she was small. This Aunt was

Ellen Rose Sample



whose husband was kelled during the Civil War. Great Aunt Ellen was a courageous woman. She bore her grief uncomplainingly and always tried to keep a cheerful countanence for the sake of her little girl, Rose. She had one of the first sewing machines to be put on the market and supported herself and her little girl by making the white shirts with a pleated bosom, which were very popular among the men of that day. When my mother began getting things ready for her trip her Aunt Ellen began to get ready too. My mother asked her if she were going too and she said "Indeed I am, did you think I would let you go out there alone."?My father had come to Cottonwood Falls where a cousin Aaron Watson lived and had bought a claim in Butler County, where he had gotten the semblence of a house ready. The other day I read a letter of his written to my mother at this time in which he begged her not to be too disapointed in her home and warning her it was not very attractive. I am sure it was not for I can remember the pioneer houses of a little later date. The nearest Rail Road was at Burlingame Kans, my father also warned her not to bring too much luggage. I cannot imagine how my mother could have endured the hrdships and sufferings of those days but for the kindness and care of Great Aunt Ellen. There was little land under cultivation at that time,no vegetables, and little but corn to eat.The land was not even surveyed when they came down to Southestern Kansas.

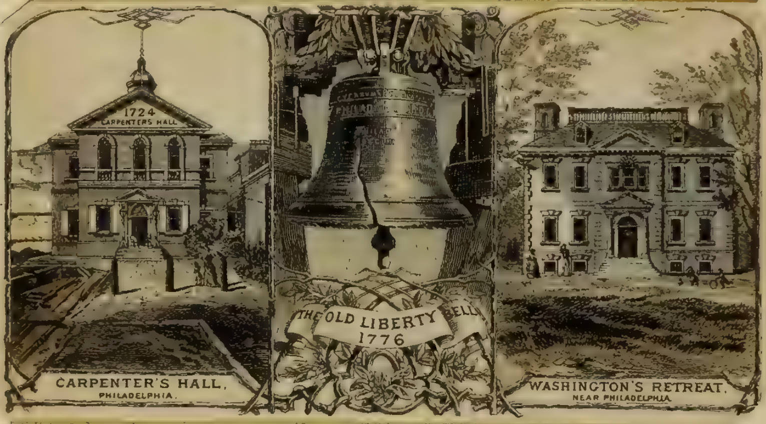
Forur children were born to them. Joseph Carlyle, who was born on January 8th. 1870, on Muddy Creek in Butler County. I thought for years,many years, that there is no place now called "Muddy Creek" but to my surprise a few years ago I heard some one say the name. It was a distinct pleasure to learn there is for it had always been like a dream to me. Of course their oldest son would be named Joseph after his ancestors ,the name Carlyle was given in honor of a Doctor who was a wonderful friend to my mother when she was young and never strong. He gave her the first New Testament she ever owned for learning the first Chapter of Matthew. He forgot just how it started when he told her to commit it. She struggled, without much success through the"begats" and "The son of" until he came againand told her he did not expect her to learn all of that.

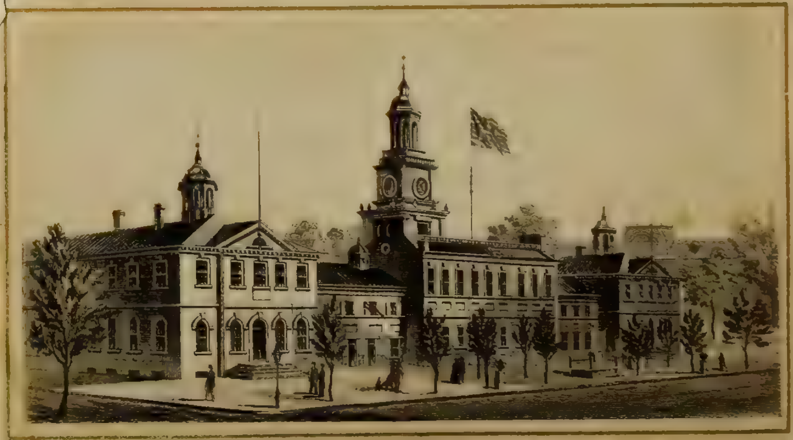
My family woved south soon, and found nothing where Winfield now stands and my father helped to build the second residence in Arkansas City. They lived on a claim however. At one time my mother was the only white woman in the Arkansas River Valley from Arkansas City to Derbe, which was then called ElPaso .

My father was ,possibly about this time, the first Justice of the Peace in Creswell Township.He got a lot of pleasure years later in telling the thigs some of the witneses said in the trials. The one room log house my father helped to build was placed in Paris Park as a show place but the terrible flood which struck the Walnut Valley is 1923 washed it away .

The family moved to Sumner County later and it was there that we twins were born on Nov. 9th. 1873. Our names were; Francis Alfreed and Frances Emalyn. They called us Frank and Fannie. My mother once said that she could lie awake nights to hate walnut furniiture-- that is the way I felt about Fannie, but I was called that until I was married and that was not until I was half past thirty-seven years of age.

Clara Madge,the youngest of the family was born May 13. 1876 She was a Centntenial girl'.


1724
CARPENTERS HALL
CARPENTER'S HALL,
PHILADELPHIA.
THE OLD LIBERTY BELL
1776
WASHINGTON'S RETREAT,
NEAR PHILADELPHIA.


INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA 1876.

Some where alone the line between the birth of my brother Joe and we twain, Great Aunt Ellen married a man by the name of Doane. The folks did not want her to marry him so in speaking of him they called him "Old Doane". Joe in his lisping way called him "Ole Misser Doanee ," which was somewhat of a rebuke to them. This left my mother alone on the nights when my father was compelled to be away, as when he took what he had to sell to Wichita some fifty miles away and he could not possibly make the trip in less than two days and at that would often be late into the second night getting back. Years later she told me about these nights, She was she said no more afraid of the Indians who roamed the country then, than she was of some of the men who lived alone on near by claims. She was afraid to stay in the house, so carried Joe who was almost four years old, and walk the yard until late into the night, just before we twins were born. At this time too she said she wanted water mellon so bad that one day as they drove along the road , she saw one which had been run over by a wagon wheel. She tried to crawl down over the fron wheel of the wagon to get some and my father had to fairly hold her to keep her from doing it.

Of course we went to school as soon as we were old enough and one of the first days I shall never forget. I have a peculiar temidity--was born with it and it still gets me into trouble. On one of these first days I wanted to "Go out" as we said then and lacked the courage to ask if I might go. We always had to line up at the front of the room for recitation. I had delaued too long and nature would not be denied. I felt a hot stream hit my leg and soon a small rivulet slithered down the school room flour. What made it all the more humiliating was that when all went out for recess and the teacher, I

I do not remember her name, picked up her long skirts, held they high and took the longest step possible over that little stream on the floor. I do not think any one ever spoke to me about the incident,for which I was thankful for my humiliation was already complete

At this same school one of the girls whom I did not know well wanted me to go home with her and stay all night. Knowing my mother never did allow me to go any where and stay all night, kept telling her that I could not. But one day she told me that shehad asked my mother if I could come and she had said I might. I did not know how to refuse, so with a great deal of temerity went. I do not remember distinctly any thing about their home. Its poverty did not distress me as we all knew whar poverty and privation were, but we were never unhappy. Just as it was getting toward evening we were playing in the yard when I saw my big brother coming on a horse after me. Was I ever glad to climb on that bhorse!. I do not think my mother ~~was~~ felt superior in any way toward any one, but in a new country it is really strange what a conglomeration of people one finds.

In this same school a year or towo later was a boy. I do not think I thought much about him but my brothers did so they loved to say - O yes his name was Bunch, and they would say"Ple ase bush may I have a Bucnch".

Since I have written in my "Memories of a Pioneer in Kansas" much about my family at this time-- aboutthe prairie fires, the grasshoppers, the sunflowers , the bitter water, the sorghum molasses and Christmas,to xsay nothing of the ague and the drouth--- I will now confine myself more to the intimate life of the family. O,I forgot about Guelph and the"Shoofly Road" and one other thing The first date I remember is 1881.

I remember that date because we children jumped up and down in the yard and yelled;"And the world to an end shall come in eighteen hundred and eighty one." It is connected in my mind with Mrs Shipley's poem but am not sure as to that.

One great pleasure which is connected with this time and later,was hearing the Scripture read every day,and hearing my father offer up our thanks to God. They were never too busy,and they were always busy and hurried but not too much so to take a few minutes for this sacred duty.

We used Arbuckle coffee at this time and in each package was a small card with the picture on it andz of some world famous personand a few words about his work. The first one I remembe ber,andaz about the only one I do remember was a picture of Sir Henry M. /Stanley in his sun hat and the garb of an explorer. So it was from him that I first learned of David Livingstone , one of the most noted of all explorers and Missionaries. My heart is always deeply stirred when I read of his his sufferings, his privations and his dogged determination to penetrate as far as possible into the depth of that "Dark Continent". A thing which he did for he died at Ujiji in May of 1873. When I first studied missions,the w question arose in our class ,whether Livingstone were a Missionary in the true sense of the word. No one asks that question now.

One story about Sir Henry M. Stanley intriged me greatly. One day when he was on his treck in search of David Livingstone he was taking data on all manner of subjects,such as weather, forests, rivers , moisture----everythingand keeping it in a little black book. One morning he was sitting in front of his tent writing in this little black book. He began to feel a sense of uneasiness among the natives about him and looking up saw the stormy looks and flashing eyes of those about him and was a little alarmed. By signs and grunts they made him understand that the book he was using was "Black Magic", and demanded that he burn it. He, wishing to save his memorandum and yet keep peace among them asked for a little time and hurried into his tent and picked up a small volume of Shakspere's works which resembled the other book took that out to them to burn and all was quiet again. He said he hated to sacrifice poor Shakspere but was glad every thing was amicably settled.

It is time now to move my family from Sumner County to a farm Southeast of Arkansas City. When we sold the farm we were living on,evedently the woman who must live there had not seen the house, not the inside at any rate, for when she came to the door and took one look around she leaned against the door jam and burst into tears. I shall never forget my feelings as I stood looking at her. I could not understand what was wrong . It had been a good home to me. "Where ignorance is bliss what folly to be wise." We loaded our few possessions on two wagons, I think, and traveled to our new home which was not much better than the one we left. It was in what we laughingly called "Egypt". Albert Denton's mother owned a number of farms down there and so we became acquainted with him even before he and Joe were classmates in school. Of course they did not live there but in ArkansasCity. One day he was in the garden when my mother was working there. He said that "A woman could not hit the broad side of a Dutch barn". My wother dared him to let her throw a tomato at him. He consented and she threw and hit him right beside the mouth. If one knows Albert Denton he knows that Albert got as much fun out of that as we did. Albert and Joe graduated in the same class from High School in 1889 or 90, and are both past eighty years of age.

There are only a few stories I want to tell of our life in Egypt . "Egypt" is not far from the Stony Point school southeast of Arkansas City.

Frank and I were inseperable during his short life. He was very clever at making play things. We of course had nothing to play with except what we made. He could take a cigar box,saw two sewing thread spools in two, whittle out two axles from a small piece of wood,put the wheels he had made from spools on them and attach them to the cogar box and Behold! we had a wagon. We tied a string to the front of it and we were "As proud as Punch". A neighbor told us of hearing Frank trying to get a calf to his feed. A calf is a close runner -up to a mule for stubbernness. Frank had a rope around this claf and was trying to make him go to his feeding boxand was having a real struggle when this neighbor heard him saying to the calf"You might get ahead of some people,but you can't get ahead of me."

One day down there I'll never forget. Our parents had gone to town. Joe was with us however. I was running down the road among the trees which hid the house from view,when I saw some Indians comming. I made double quick time getting back to the house. There ~~were~~ was a man and two women in this group and one woman had a papoose strapped on her back. They came and looked in at the window--aahabit Indians had at that time and a very frightening one it was. They then came to the door but not offer to come in. I was not feeling very well, more than likely had ague. They asked if I were ill and when Joe nodded his head they looked genuenily sorry. I can still feel the kindness in their eyes. They were "Blanket Indians". I think by that time--1884- Indian men wore some kind of trouser and am sure the women wore full skirts, but they still wore blankets even in hot weather.

Some of the Indian blankets, most of them in fact,were beautiful All of them were of virgin wool and hand woven in original designs. One may see them yet,for the Indian is one race who has kept up his old tribal handicraft. Things made by the skell of the human hand are the most beautiful. I have seen many many Indians all of my life living as I did on the edge of the "Indian Territory",which is now Oklahoma, and "No-man's Land" which formed the Oklahoma Panhandle. I have seen many, many Indians but have never been disturbed by one of them.

Anoth incident stands out in my mind. It was of an evening or rather a morning,when my mother told us at the breakfast table ----and let me interrupt myself long enough to say that no matter how poor we were or how little we had to eat ,my mother always had something white on the table,if it was nothing but the piece of a sheet. At this breakfast she told us shehad gone to a wedding the night before. I was astonished! It was the first time I realized that people went places at night while I was asleep! She said a young firl came through the pasture to ask her if she and my father could come oould come over and help her with her wedding. She did not know what to do, where to stand, how to hold each other's hands and worst of all the Bridegroom did not know what to dowith the ring. She was Ellen Catherine Brown who lived at head ofthe cayon which opened its great mouth at our pasture gate. She was married that night July 29th. 1884. They started their married life on Mr Bossi's farm, Which is still known as "The Bossi' home place. Mr Joseph C.Bossi died ten years later.(I regret missing his name) Mrs Bossi helped organize the first Sunday School at Stony Point and was always an earnest worker in Church and S. S.

It is almost time for me to move my family to a farm north west of Riverside Cemetery at Arkansas City, but before I do let me tell two stories of our life down in"Egypt". My father bought a span of horses while we were living there . One of them was balky--a balky horse is worse than a mule. Our horse (I forget his name) balked one morning as the men were hauling water to the garden to use with disinfectant. The road led through woods and he balked just out of sight of the house. My father had read of a cure for this extremely annoying habit and thought he would try it. Therefore he got down from the wagon,unhitched the other horse, hureined this one and tied him securely to a tree on either side of the road. At night when he came in from work,he took the other horse out and h hitched both up and told them to pull out. The balky horse would not move,so he took the other one back and gave the poor balky one on food and no water. The next morning he tried again with the same result.Poor Frank had a bad time of it trying to sleep that night. Several times the next morning the horse made strange noises and Frank ran down to see if anything were wrong as we were afraid he might get entangled with his harness and be hurt. After a few such trips Frank hid in the bushes to see what he did and found that he would paw the neck yoke and then look up the road with ears erect and eyes shining. He liked company and we like him. He was a beautiful bayand very lovable. He would not budge at noon of that day and even the next morning he stood his ground,but at noon he gave in and pulled the load out. My father had to feed him as carefully for a few meals,but he never balked again. He stopped once before they got to the garden with a load of some kind. My father said to Frank; "Go and get the rope"

While Frank was gone my father decided to try him once more, and when he spoke the horse moved right out and never as long as we owned him which was a good many years did he ever stop. Frank always insisted that that horse knew what "rope" was. Frank thought he was smart enough for anything.

I will confine myself to one other story. I may "Long for the flesh pots of Egypt" and come back but I think not. Thissmall farm was West of the cemetry. I write that fact down first because it has never seemed to be true. Very few times in my life have I been "Turned around" as to directions. But all my life I have been compelled to think carefully when I start to tell directions out there. Once in Ithica New York I was "Turned around". Not on Geneva St. where Clara first lived, but on the Cornell campus I was. We lived for a time when we first moved to this farm, at the Home of Rev. Kitch. He never seemed like a preacher to me. He was too austere, too unsympathetic,hard . His life was hard I suppose, All life was then. He sent his little daughter up stairs to bed one night when I was visiting her years later, for the unforgivable crime of laughing too loud. They were not living on the farm when we moved there,so let us have three rooms of the house while we were in the throws of building one. They had a grown son, a girl but little older than I and a boy of about four years. Mollie,the girl, I knew intimately until her death in 1924. She had many talents but was baffeled in all her ~~egxxxx~~ efforts to make use of them. She was clever in wood work, had a great deal of talent for painting,(I still have a plate which she baked and painted. It is beautiful.) She was a wonderful penman.She,every year she taught in the ElDorado schools, wrote the names and decorated the diplomas of the graduates. Mollie baffles me as I try to tell of her. She went to Southwestern College in Winfield, by her own efforts,and to Manhattan State, but could not stay in either because of difficulties she could not overcome. She fell in love with a fine young man who lived in their community but had gone to Washington to make a home. He came bach expecting to take her back as his bride, but her parents would not concent to it at all. She felt that since her parents were so aged she could not go without their concent, This was a sad blow to her It was a hurt so deep that she never recovered from it. Years later her mother wanted her to get married, even insisted upon it, but Mollie told me "One cannot just say;'Fall too, I'm going to get married' It means much more than that to me. I cannot marry any body.It is all over with me." And it was. Her father died while she was still a young woman and she had her mother to support. She taught school for several years at Douglass Kans. and for a long time at El Dorado and died with the deep respect of the whole community. She was an earnest Christian ,and given to moralizing, It may be that is where I got my tendency. Once she told me that she gaged her progress in selfcontrol by her temper.If when she milked old cow and the old cow switched her tail around in her face,she was able to get a little less mad than she had the last time,she felt she was making some progress. But the night the old cow kicked the bucket over ,she was not are she had any selfcontrol or worse yet any religion left.

The last time my mother visited them in El Dorado, Mollie gve her a beautiful silver tea-ball,in the form of a tiny tea-pot hung on a silver hook which sprung from a small silver bowl large enough to contain the drops which might

might ~~fil~~ fall from the pot. Itis charming and I treasure it both for her sake because of my mother's love for it.

Mollie had some peculiarities of pride or an inferiority cimplex -- maybe both. I'm not much given toanalyzing people,but I found it hard ~~to~~ in later life to entertain her in my home, as she some way felt she was not in my class. It might have been because I was happily married and ~~this~~ she had been denied this stabilizing influnce. She was a wonderful woman and did a great deal of good in the world. During 1884--86 when we lived with or near them ,her little brother Sammie died. He took sick about three o'clock in the afternoon and died before morning.

That may have been the reason for "Auntie Kitch's" meloncholy,for she never read any thing and all summer long just sat in the yard and did absolutely nothing.

The Kitch's older son died too within these two years. A few months later the older daughter's husband died also. All this seemed to effect us very little at the time. Of ~~co~~ course it was all sad but when we went out to play we forgot it. The older daughter Dora was really quite the opposite of Mollie,for she was full of fun and always saw the funny side of everything. I do not know how she did it when she looked at her fahter,but he seemed to give her little pause. She was really a chaming woman altnough very unattractive in face and figure.

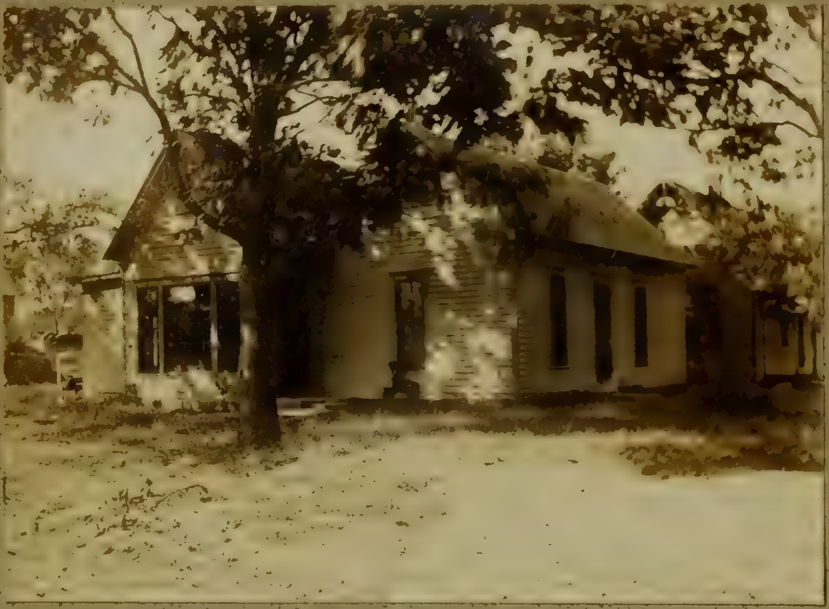
It was at this time--1885 I think that we had a terrible blizzard on Jan. 8th. Joe always said that all the bad weather came when he came. It is nearly true too,for very often a storm will arise in or near the first week in January. The cold was so severe that the chickens froze to death while running toward the house. The wind blew the snow under their feathers and they died in a few moments with their mouths full of ice. My mother ran out ,gathered them up,dressed them and kept them frozen until we ate them. We kept as warm as we could. We seldom knew what it was to have our feet warm except in bed.

We went to the Jack Oak school while living on the Kitch place. Joe walked in to Arkansas City to school. I fear we missed a good deal of school that winter for we had a long way to walk and the winter was severe. One morning Clara was sitting by the stove putting on her shoes and stockings when one of us went close to get hot water from the tea kettle and some of the water ran over onto Clara's leg. Of course we all wore long heavy underwear and by the time we could get her undressed and the underwear off the skin came off too. The flesh had cooked while held down by the heavy garments. It was a long time getting well. Mr George Ramage was the teacher that year and he was very good. We heard the Bible every day of course and it was here that I first learned of "They that go down into the sea in ships. Who do business in great waters."

As I have said we built a small house on our acreage and moved into it. On the Fourth of July we all went to a celebration --every one did. My mother was worn to the last degree by the work she always had and had made a suit of clothes for Frank and a dress for each of we girls. When we got to town my mother discovered that one of the sleeves to my dress was comming out , so we had to go to Aunt Mary's and sew my sleeve back in. We hd a fine ~~tim~~ time, although I do not think there was ever a time in my life when I really enjoyed large crowds. We came home tired, but not too tired to sit out and shoot off some fire-crackers. After we were all asleep I awoke with a fright and a scream for the roof was afire. It was made of tar paper and did not burn very fast so with the whole family working at the job we soon had it under control.

At this time land and City property began to rise suddenly in price. Aboom was on . My father sold these few acres for a very good priee and bought a small

Home in Arkasa City



It was more pleasant to live in than its appearance would indicate. we moved in a few days before Christmas 1886 and gave it up in the fall of 1914. Some days were sad but most were glad,some were anxious ,but most were serene. Joe brought his bride home here;here his first child was born, and here too each of we girls were married, Clara in 1908 and I in 1911.

Our father went into the Real Estate and Insurance business immediately and made money fast and furiously while the "boom" lasted and lost it all when the depression of 1893 came, which was one of the worst this country has ever seen. It caught him with debts which took years of sacrifice for him to pay.

His first office was on North Summit /St. somewhere No. of Central Ave. ,on the west side . The next one was on the corner of First St. and Fifth Ave. He was here for many many years and is the location most older citizens remember . The next was on Fifth Qve. East, in the first block and the last was over Harry Long's Drug Store on Summitt at Fifth Ave.

My father! My heart quails before the thought of trying to write of him. He was always kind although silent. I do not remember that he ever whipped the boys and me only once a little. He had a stern way about him and when he spoke we sat up and took notice. He loved his children with a deep unselfish love. He would have given every thing he had for us to have an education. He did. I was his great dissapointment because I could not go to school. He said sometimes, however that I had the best mind of any of his children.

I never understood my father nor have I been able to understnad my only son, who is mentally like him. I was a great distress to me for years-- this inability to understand my father. It felt like a great wall to me; not able to climb over, I was never able to get around,for that was useless, nor to dig under for that was impossible. So in distress I traveled on and on. During his last illness I felt I understood him much better.

He was brilliant in mind and read continually when not at his work; was well informed on all matters of currnt interest and an able historian. He could not talk fluently and when he told a story or a matter of interest it took him so long to select his words that one lost the thread of his message.

In his day women did not work--outside their homes--and the thought of his girls working was intolerable to him. In Clara's last year at College,the last semester in fact, he found it impossible to pay her tuition. She went back to College in the face of these difficulties and wrote back in a day or two saying she had found a place where she could work for her board and room. Our mail always came to his office . When he came home to lunch on the day he got ~~his~~ this letter,he said nothing, ate what he could and handed the letter to mother. When she got far enough to learn the news she looked up at him and said in a shaking voice:"Well it won't hurt her." My father gave one wild scream,I have never heard one like it, and threw himself on the floor. Mother was soon down over him with her arms around him. That was the most trying time I have ever seen him pass through.

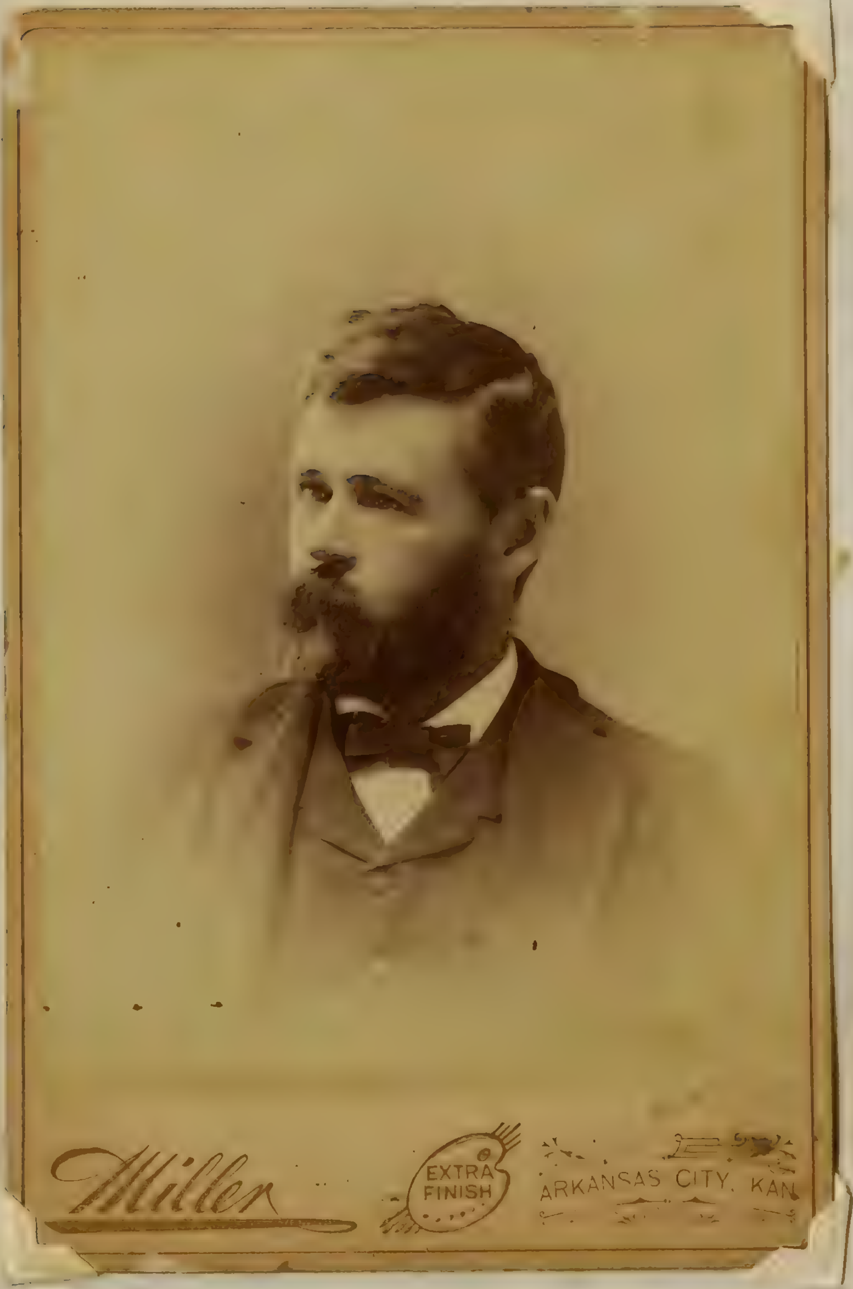
My father was a good business man and provided as well for his family as he could,but he always kept his money in his own hands. I was the seamstress of the family and always must go down ,when any of us was to have anything new, get the amount of money I thought I needed and return all change I had left. He would however insist that I get good goodsfor our dresses. He never wanted to pay much for decoration/. I learned to be glad for this as I came to realize that when goods are of the best one does not need much adornment. In fact it often detracts from the beauty of the dress. Having to go each time and ask for the money was a great trial to me as I was of a rather proud and independent nature, and hated to ask for anything especially money . All this grew more acute after I was old enough to be earning something for myself,and still had to be dependent.

It is extremely hard for one who is ill to realize that it is the illness which makes him different and helpless. At least that is the way I felt. I was a woman, and then some beofe I knew any one ever got up in the morning feeling well. I never had so how could I know that others did not live under the same handicaps .When I got older I got a few music pupils and t taught. My father,if he knew I had any money would borrow it and never did pay it back. He was hard up himself and did not realize I needed any thing. These experencies gave me a~~s~~ "money complex" which still clings to me.My husband was ~~as~~ so generous that I had no trouble along that line while he lived.

Aftet getting settled in our new home we lost no time getting started into Sunday School and Church,as we had never lived where it was possible for us to go. Naturally we went to the Methodist Church as our parents had joined this Church in the early days when a Rev. Hurbert came into the community in which we lived preaching the Gospel. The Methodist Ch's certainly ~~has~~ have been wonderful pioneers in taking the Gospel to isolated places. All honor to them! "Father Herbert" as my parents called him was greatly disapointed because our parents would not have us baptized. They wanted us to choose for ourselves.

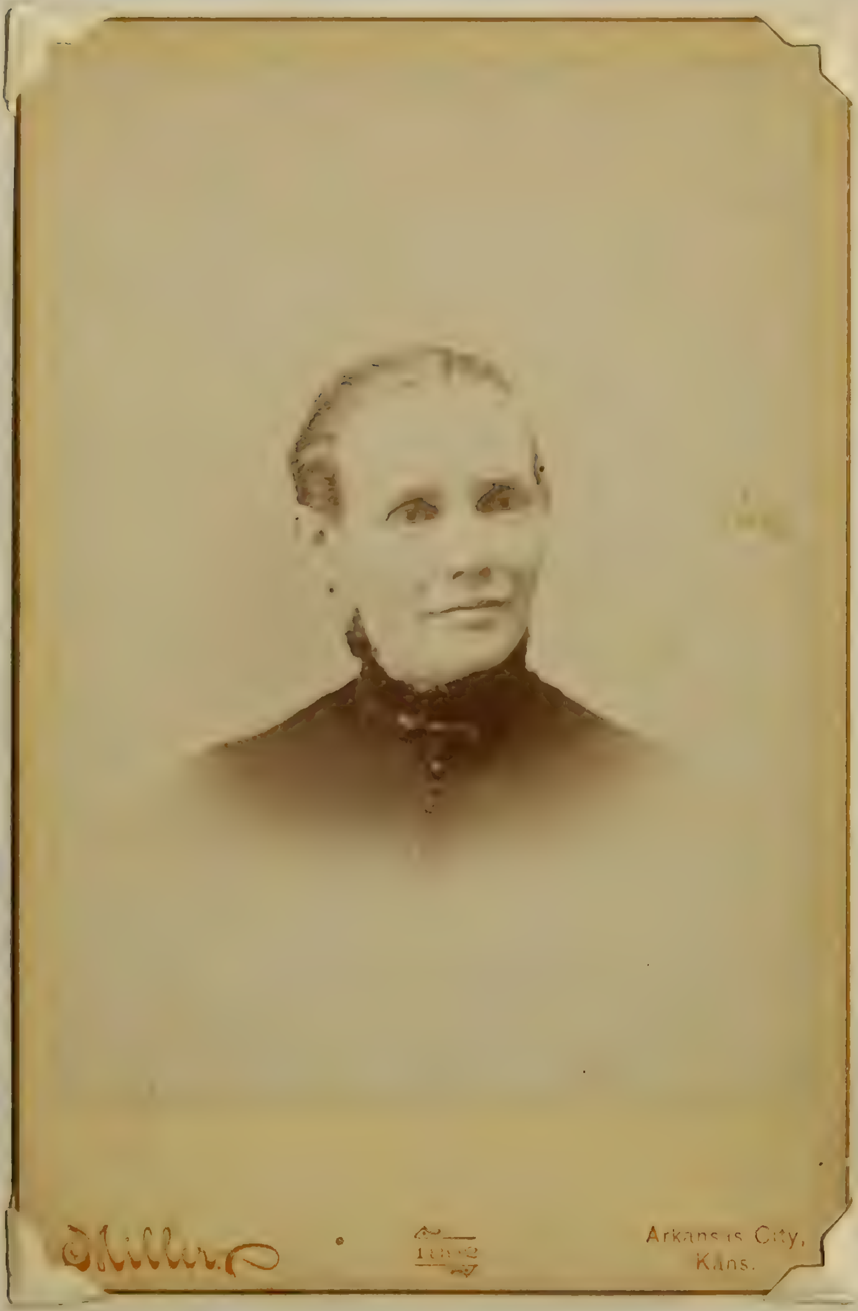
My father was the son of

Joseph C. and Mary Ann (Rose) Gilmer


Miller
EXTRA FINISH
ARKANSAS CITY, KAN.

My mother was the daughter of

Hamilton Dick and Emmaline(Rose) Robb.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yes they were cousins. Their mothers were sisters.It was some where near the time of which I write that I one day recognized the similarity in the names and began to sak questions and my father told me all about it. He felt bad about it for years, I think,because of my poor health. As I have said, being ill I could not understand that it was illness which made me to useless, so would despise myself for a coward and therefore irresponsible for the wellfare of the family. One day after a very hard sick spell I was reproaching myself for failure, when my father said "If any one is to blame it is youf father."

Years later I told a Dr. that the too close relationship of my parents was the reason for all my trials,but he just laughed and said;"Nothing to it" There is nothing the matter with Clara, she is as smart as greased lightning--- a little nearsighted is all!"He should know for he graduated from College the year following her and married one of her classmates -- Glenoril Dawson-- Yes it was Dr. H.L. Snyder.

I really did a great deal of worrying about it while young. My physical condition brought on severe mental depression ,so that for many years my greatest spiritual struggle was to overcome these depressing thoughts. Dr. Covert,who was my Dr. all these years helped me. He gave me a book to read on "Auto- Suggeston". It recommended one should say to self; " I am graceful(it nevemade me that) I am attractive and interesting etc etc. " That and the daily reading of the New Testament,which has I think more psychology in it than any other book I know ,carried me through to a happy and contented womanhood. I had also ~~aslo~~ a peculiar adherence to the thought that I would be all right. Night after night I went to bed with

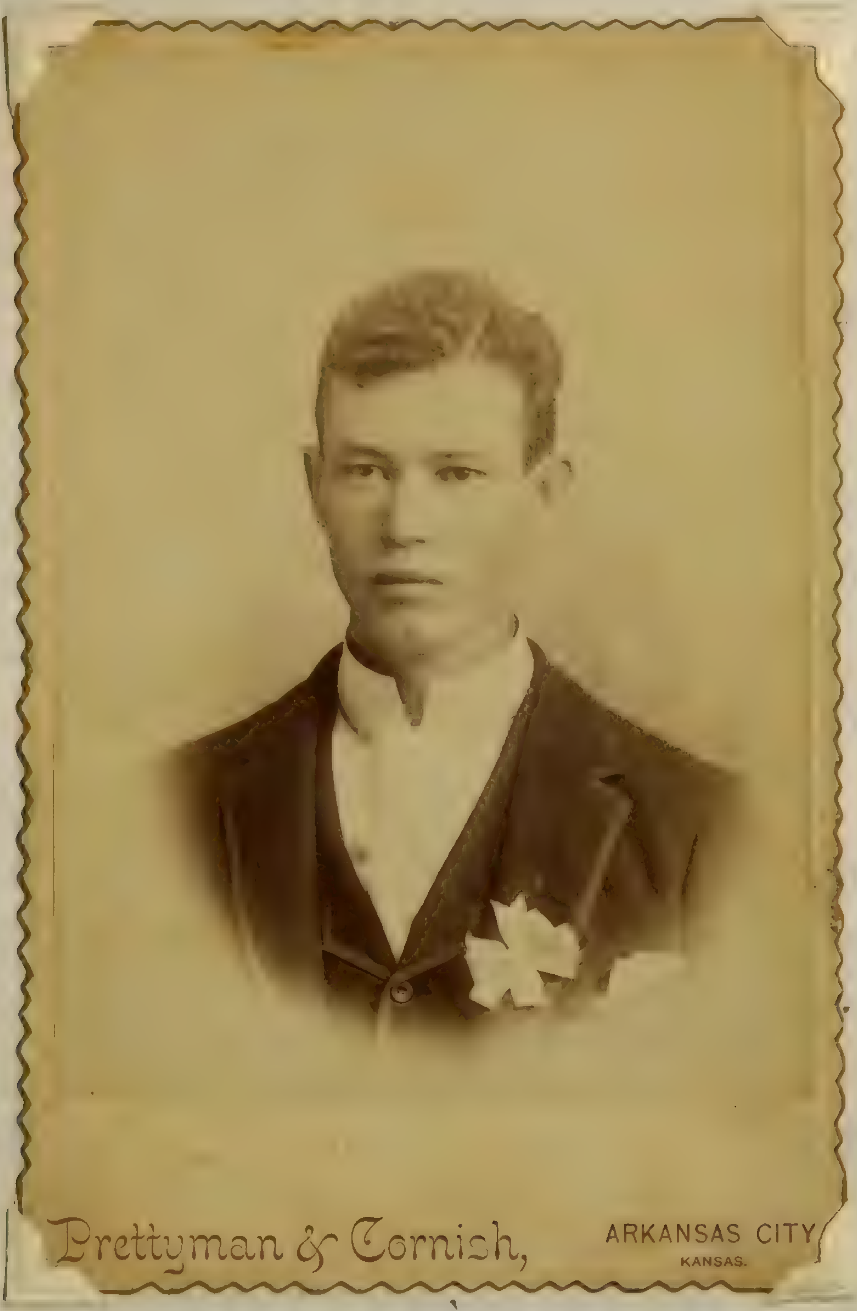
with the positive assurance that I would feel all right in the morning even if I were glad to have help to get into bed.

In this day of 1950, many turn to books on psycology and psychoanalyses , nut give me the good old Sermon on the Mount. It tells one to put others interest above ones own, how to pray, to fast, to give alms, to judge,to lay up treasure and how to build ones life on a firm foundation.

My Brother Joe is my next vitcim. This is the first picture I have of him and the reason he looks listless is that he was taking typhoid fever at the time. He was ill for a long time but not seriously sick .We sent him to "Auntie Kitches" for a month or two and he recovered in time for school. Joe was a good student ,as was Clara. He really had to work for all he learned but he never forgot what he learned. He used to get very irritated when the men at College would ask him to wofk their problems for them and would say "You are smart". He would say to us at home that there was not one of them who could not do better than he,if they put one half the effort he did. He and a friend Eugene Danley who went from Arkansas City to Southwestern College at the same time lived in what they called Gilbertown---a dead end street or the end of Bliss St. in Winfield, I do not now know which.They rented a house,, as did other young men and hired a cook and did all the other work themselves. such as waiting on tables ,buying the food and all that goes with living. This was in 1891and 92 I think.

All his young lifeand much later, Joe was given to a lot of melancholy. He was never unkind or short on temper but always sure there was no place for him,in the world. He admired the young women at College at a distance kniwing he could never attrack the attention of any of them. He had a lovely friend in College however. She was Miss Flo Frezell. He visited her one summer in her home and I remember the pleasure he had in telling us of her home, its furniture, its books, and its Art. He admired all these things so much but felt they could never be his,. Miss Frezell wrote him a letter ,I remember very well for he gave it to me to read. In it she said in part; "This life is a contest. The world is the arena and the Lions we have to fight are our temptations. We are never tempted beyond that we are able to bear, but God will with the temtation make a way of escape that we may be able to bear it."

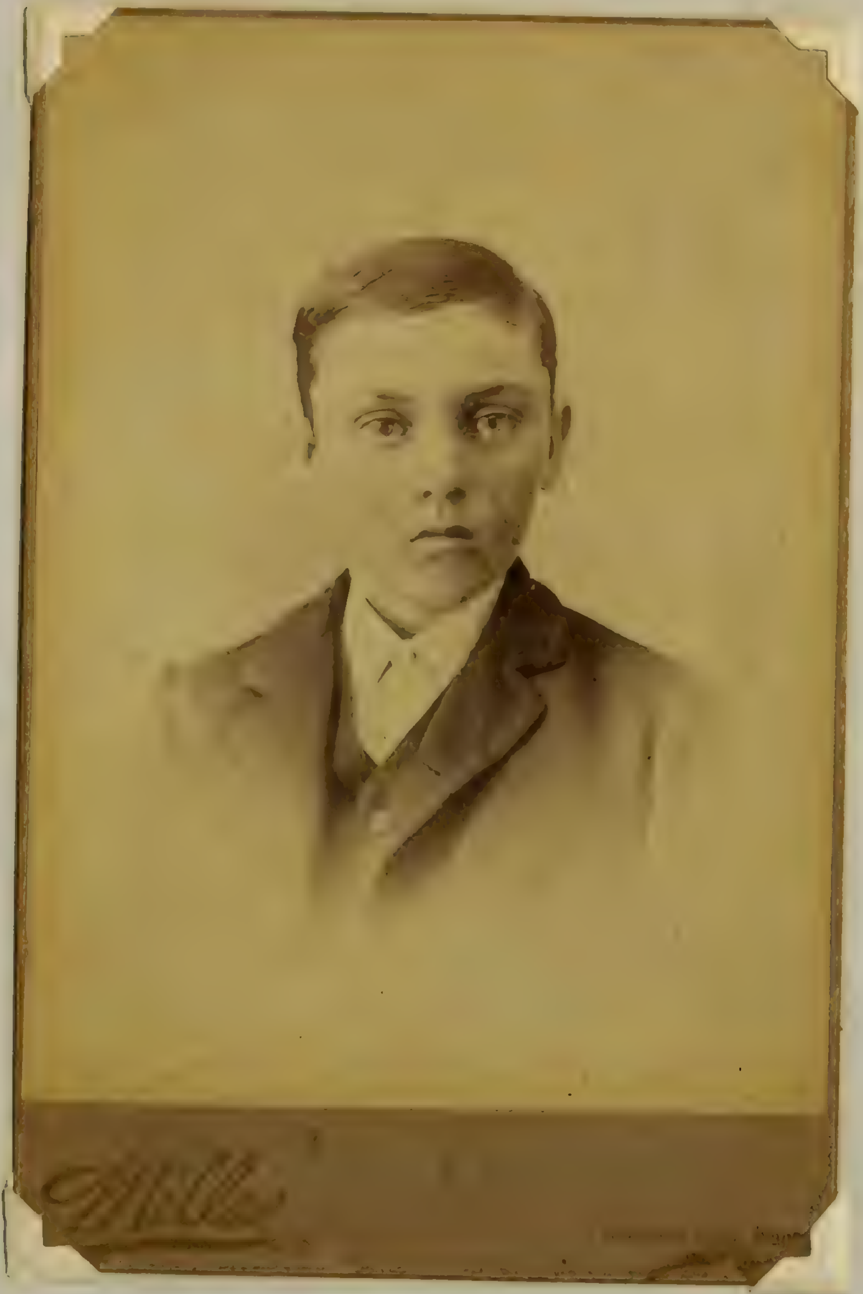
Joe graduated from High School in June 1890.



Their Class colors were pastel --pink and ~~blue~~ GREEN. The High School colors were purple. In his class were: Flora Hight and I think another girl and possible two,but I do not remember their names, Flora still lives in Arkansas City, Albert Denton, of whome I have written,Ed Hoyt a nephew of Rev. E.A. Hoyt who was for a good many years the Minister o at the Methodist Church in Arkansas City, and a Negro Fred West. Fred West was from a fine Negro family and was a splendid young man,as was his brother Freeman West. Freeman was the janitor for our two room school which was across the street from the old ramshackle building which housed the High School. They called it "Bed-bug Hall". One day a boy in our school refused to march when we took physical exercises . Our teacher sent for Freeman West while we stood in our places holding our breath. The boy sat holding to his seat and refusing to get up. Freeman came in,walked up the isle,sat down by the boy,put an arm around his shoulders and asked him to get up and march, The boy arose Freeman walked with him around the room once and out the door. I have often wondered if this teacher learned any lesson by Freeman's methods. Years later I met a son of Freeman's . He was a lovely child . Freeman did not live very long.

Our first great sorrow came in the second year of our life in Arkansas City. We all started to school the first week in September 1888, but at noon of the first day Clata said that her head ached. Mother told her she had better stay at home which she did. Her fever came up in the afternoon and she was never free from it until late November. At any rate she was just walking around the house at Christmas that year. She had typhoid fever.

On Saturday afternoon of that same week Frank took his school books into the "Parlor" as we called it then, and sat down on a small settee -or "Love seat" as we say now. I can see him yet as he ~~sat~~ looked as I passed the door and saw him. He had laid his head back against the back of the settee and was asleep with his books fallen around him, one across his knees an the others to one side. Some scenes in life one never forgets. and this is one I shall never forget. He had a temprature when he awoke and went to bed never to be up again.



How my mother lived through those days with two in bed with typhoid ;twwo in school, meals to get and washing to be done every day with her own hands, I will never know. This was the first week in September and he lived until the 23rd.of October. Just fifteen days before our fifteenth Birthday.

Clara was terribly ill at the time. When they called me to get up I took a foolish notion that if I lay perfectly still he would not die. They had to call me the second time before I gave up my idea. To see ones twin die is indeed a heart braking experience. I know every one loves a brother but I still insist that there is a closer bond between twins than between other brothers and sisters. It seems that one is a part of the other. What increased my agony, I think, was the fact that my parents for years never mentioned his name. I do not blame them in the least. We each react to our experiences according to our nature. No one can tell just how he will act under severe trial even when he thinks,in contemplation,that he will act act as others do.

They carried poor little Clara out so she could see him once more, but I do not think she remembered it for she was so very ill. Her fever was so high for the next few days that we were alarmed and fearful that we would lose her too. Joe was a great help in these trying days. He would take care of the sick and study during the early part of the night so that our mother could get a little rest. I think he was in the Tenth Grade in High School then.

In case of death in a family at that time it was customary for a few friends to come to ones home and spend the night. Not too quietly sometimes, but since Clara was so very ill and we did not approve of the custom any way, our Cousin Frank Peek came up and spent the night with us. We made a bed for him on a couch in the next room and all was quiet.
There were no undertakers in those days, not in our town at least. Friends made the funeral arraingments and provided the music,

We had a quartette from the Methodist Church. Miss Ashworth who soon afterward married Mr Willard Foster of Winfield, is the onlyname I recall but I remember distinctly some of the others. They sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." That was the first time I had heard it. It was beautiful. As I passed out the front door every thing went black before me for a few minutes but some one put an arm about me and I got into the front seat of the buggy. My mother reached out from the back seat and steadied me. Joe was driving. When we returned to the house after the burial in Riverside Cemetry, my mother was on the verge of collapse and some one tried to give her some whisky but she would have none of it.

The days and nights were long and lonely after these experiences and Clara's severe illness but added to the gloom. My mother, always courageous, stood up under it all and nursed Clara as carefully as she had before. When I went back to school the teacher said not a word to me but after she had called for order she marched back to where I sat with Trude Cusie and just stuck out her hand and shook hands with me still saying nothing.

Arthur Bly, one of Frank's school mates who lived a few blocks south of us used to tell me quite often how much he thought of Frank. He always said that Frank was the only boy he knew who was fit to die. A great lesson came my way through Arthur Bly. One day as I walked down the street I saw him coming and feeling I did not want to meet him, turned a corner so as to avoid the meeting. At home I rather pertly told the family about it. Joe looked up at me and said:" I have never seen any one yet that I was too good to speak to."

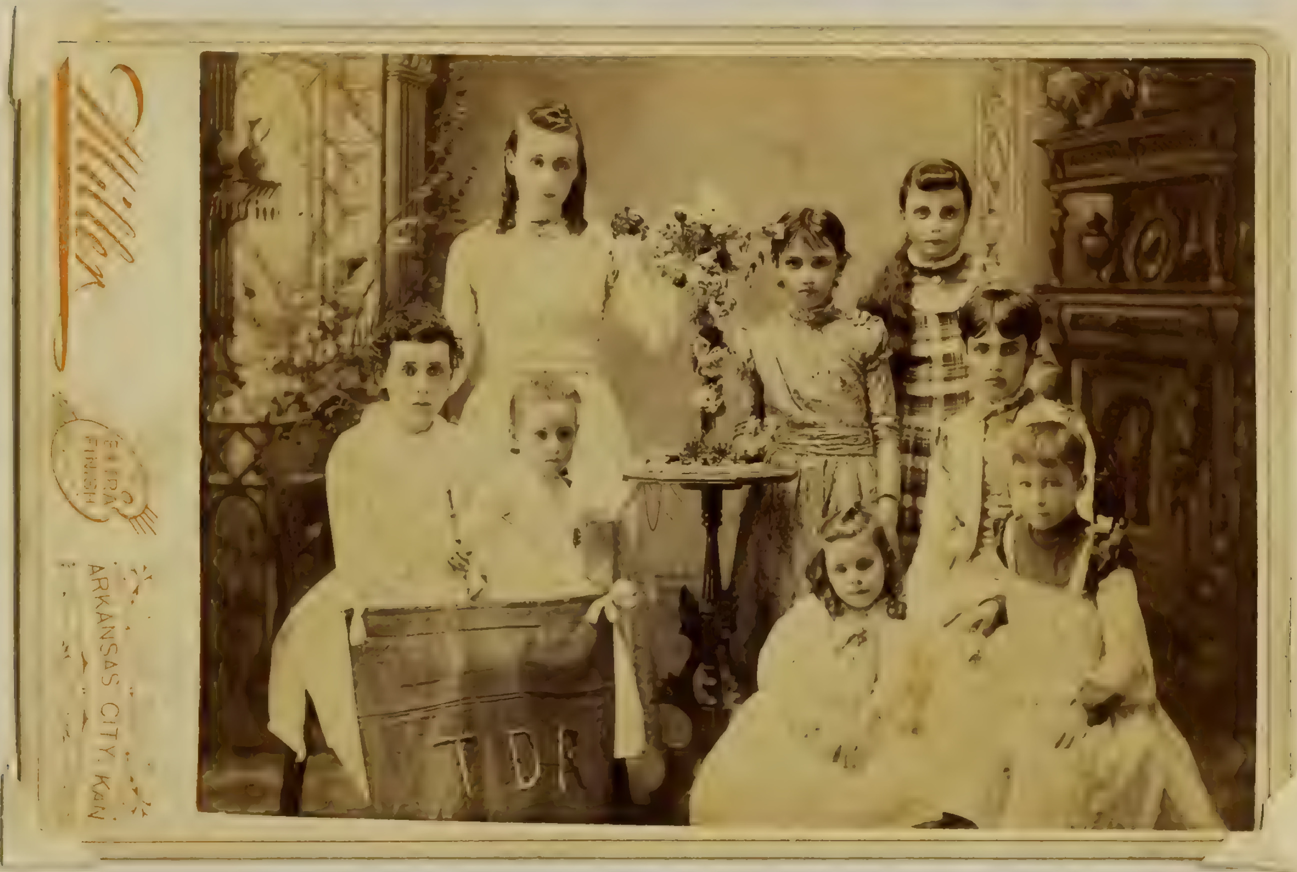
Frank and Dilly Brown had a boy and girl love affair between them that last summer he lived. She worked for

Mr L.A.Barron who was an early day business man ,and a fine gentleman, who lived only a few blocks from us. Dilly would come down to our house and they wouldsit in the buggy in the yard in the evening and always insisted that I stay with them. I had to sit in the bed of the buggy and let my feet hang outside. Dilly had moved away before Frank took sick so did not know of his sickness and death,but she said she cried all night when she heard it. Later when Clara was better she sent her the most beautiful picture cards I have ever seen.

On this day October 1st. 1950. I have a burning indignation in mt heart. Not because we are sending our finest young men to fight for the freedom of Korea; for that, it seems to me ,to me is a much wiser way than our former policy of letting Musoline overrun Ethopia nd and allowing Hitler to murder 6,000,000 Jews while we sat by and suddered. But what wounds me so deeply is to know that while we sacrifice our choice young men to bring freedom to oppressed peoples we deny real ffreedom to a large percent of our ownAmericans. How can we we demand justice for Korea and not even provide equal education and adaquate health care for12,663,518 (1940) of our people. A group which has a longer lineage of pure American stock than any other in our country.

On October 24th. 1950 I heard the United Nations Freedom Bell ring for the first time,dedicating the Nations of the World to Freedom for all mankind.

Life settled down to normal after our sad experiences . Clara was well but it took a long time for her to get the use of her legs. Girls did not say "Legs" in those days but said "limbs". Clara ,a born organizer gathered the neighbor children about her and formed a little society which she called "Try to do Right" society. T.D.R.



Seated are: Clara, Virgie Elgin, Jessie Torrence ,Sylvia Godfrey and Laura McComas . Standing are: Myself, Maude Elgin and Bell-----I do not remember her name, but do know that her mother could put on the neatest patch I ever saw. One must hunt to find it. I have read that "A hole is the accident of a day. But a patch is premeditated poverty," but I do not heartily agree. A patch, to me is a badge of thrift, and thriftisx to my mind is one we sorely need in our day.

The reason Clara looks as though she were frightened is that her eyesight was so poor that when the Photographer told her to lookin a certain direction, she made so much effort to do it that it was a strain .She had as you see, short curly hair. Her hair all fell out after the fever and left only a fringe around her face. It came in curly and was beautiful. I kept it in curls until she went away to College.

Virgie Elgin next to Clara and Maude Elgin ,the last but one,standing were our near neighbors for many years. Jessie Torrence was the daughter of a Doctor who lived next door to us. Sylvia Godfrey lived a few blocks north of us and Laura McComas was the sister of Ada Mc Comas who married our cousin Frank Peek some years later. The only one left is myself and I am telling much too much about her all the time. Note that we all wore long sleeves even in summer. It was a good many years before I began to wear short sleeves.

At sixteen I wore my dresses so long that I was compelled to hold my skirts up when walking on the street. At seventy I wore them almost to my knees. We also wore "corset covers and under skirts. One short, about to the knees and a long one with a full knee length flounce, which usually had tucks and incertion in it. This flounce was three yards around. Slips did not come into fashion until around 1909 I think. One - piece dresses became the rage at about the same time. Of course we all wore high topped shoes buttoned up one side. I always hated them for I liked to sit on the floor and theywere very painful.

Little Jessie Torrence, in the picture had a little pup and her mother said one day: "I'm going to cut its tail off". Jessie began to cry and sais: "O dont it will all unravel if you do."

You must hear of our Musical Instruments. We had bought a Melodion whild still living west of the Cemetry. Joe and I got so we could play a few things and enjoyed it a lot. We must have traded it in on an Organ,for the next thing I know we had an organ, an Accordion and a music box. A little later we got an Organette. An Organette looks like an organ and works like one but has rolles of music with long and short slots in it like a player piano. The expression is produced by swells worked by the knee. Joe was very good on the use of these swells. It was here that I learned to love " The Overture to the Poet and Peasant," "IlTravitore " and many other beautiful music. I still wanted to learn to play myself however. Of course I knew the mechanical was much more perfect than any thing I could ever do,but preferred mistakes to too much perfection. Joe should have had the lessons for he had more music in him than all the rest of us put together. But ouf father! Aman musician was beneath his contempt.

The 1950 Noble Peace Prize went to Dr. Ralph Bunch. He was the United Nations Moderator in Palestine who succeeded Count Bernadette after his assassination. Alfred Noble a swede, discovered dynamite and hated war , so he set aside money as a prize each year for the one who had done the most to promote Peace in the world. My hope is that the one who reads this in the year 2000 will not be surprised to know that a Negro could win such a prize. It astonished us in 1950.

Miss Maggie Plumb was my nearest girl friend during my school days, which were all too few, and for many years

after and I am still proud to call her my friend. We called her "Maggie" then . Later she became Margaret and now is "Meg". She was ten or eleven days older than I and was as tall at sixteen as she is now---about six feet. She and a younger sister lived with their Grandmother Cowles of Fifth St. in A. C. every winter and attended school. In the summer they all went back to Emporia , ot to Lang north of Emporia where they lived on a farm. One thing Maggie said that year impressed me. She said that when she was young she longed to be sixteen because all sixteen year old girls were beautiful and graceful.but she said: "Now I am sixteen and am just as awkard as ever." We were quite unafraid in what we undertook to do, it appears now. She wrote poetry ----one I remember was "Now and Then" It compared the "Then" to the "Now" as different as --
"The dry grass and that where the rain has been."
We sang a great deal and sometimes in public and had many good times together.

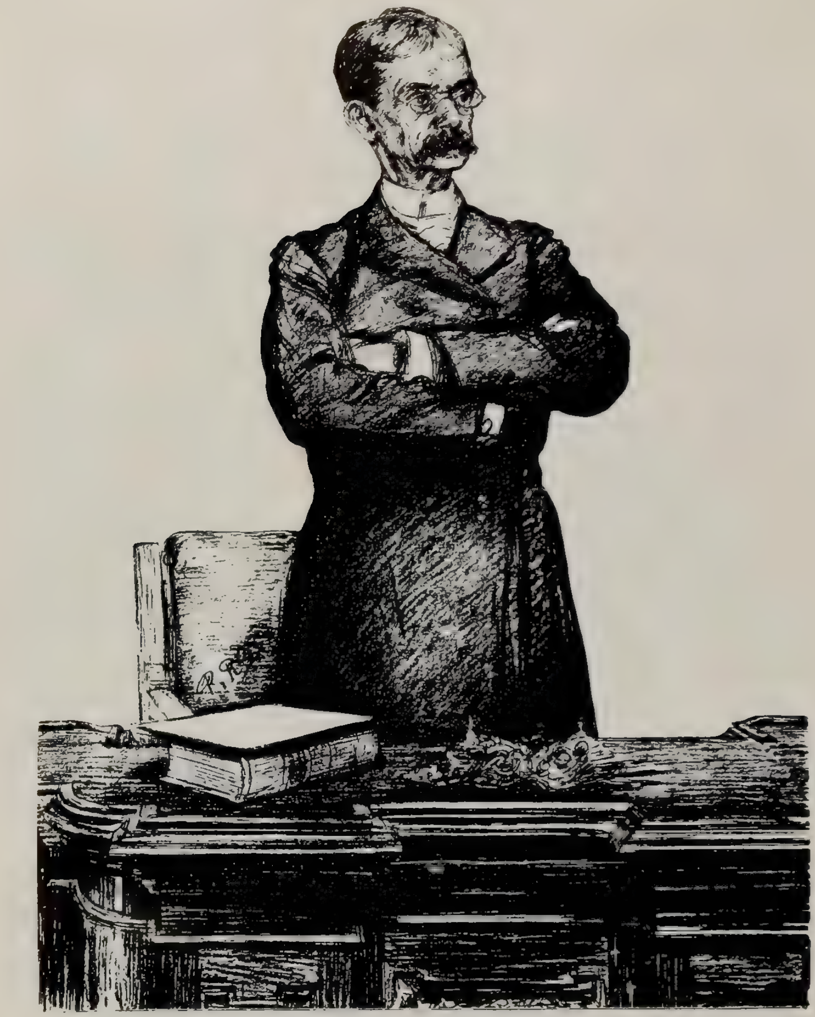
Their father was George Plumb, a brother of Preston B. Plumb of Emporia Kansas. Preston B. Plumb and John J. Ingalls werefamous Kansas Senators for a good many years. "They say" that Preston B.Plumb could preside over the Senate, read his mail and dictate a letter all at the same time.

One summer I went to visit the Plumbs on their farm. Mrs Plumb was not well so they had help in the kitchen but Maggie put up jelly almost every day I was there. We all came back to Arkansas City in time for school. We had to flag the train at Lang and it stopped only long enough to throw us on and started again immediately. The train swayed so much that we could hardly walk in. Some men in a lounge got up and gave us a seat. Grandmother Cowles just sat down with a jerk. Inez slid the full length of the bench she had started to sit down on. I fell at a young man's feet. After I picked myself up and found a seat he was standing in the isle outside the room laughingat me. Just as he was really enjoying himself at my embarressment the water from the water-cooler in the corner slopped out all over him. He ducked out of sight and I saw him no more. Meg is now Mrs Ed Mitchell and lives at Burdett Kansas with a daughter and Grandaughter.

Contemporary with Preston B. Plumb in the United States Senate was John J. Ingalls. also from Kansas, from 1873-- 1891. John J. Ingalls was a famous orator and lecturer. He was obe of the "Silver tounged " orators of that day. We had a number of very fine speakers then. Francis J Mc Connell's lecture was entitled "Acres of Dimonds" which he contended lay in our own door yard. Another, I cannot remember his name , lectured on "The Monitor and the Merrimac". That fairly lifted one out of his seat. He had the rare power to lift one up and carry him to the seen of action. We have not real orators now. the printed page has taken his place . WWe were hero worshipers I fear, but it is wonderful to hear such talent . Those were the things which the Chautauqua brought to us each year. We also heard famous Ministers -- as T. De Witt Talmage, Dr. De Mott and Sam Jones, I never enjoyed Sam Jones. I do not like vulgarity even if cloaked under the garb of religion.

I am not a stickler for the olden times, charming asthey seem to me now, for I am sure the printed page reaches many more people and therefore more are enlightened, while then we more or less depended on public speakers for our information.

The picture of JOhn J. Ingalls,taken from the Kansas Historical Quarterly August 1949 showes him to look as cadaverous as I have had him pictured in my mind fro years.



JOHN JAMES INGALLS

(1833-1900)

United States senator from Kansas, 1873-1891, and president *pro tempore* of the senate. This sketch, by Paul Renouard, was a full-page feature in *Harper's Weekly,* July 7, 1888, several weeks after the Ingalls-Voorhees debate.

I enjoyed hearing him talk,but as far as I am concerned he is more famous for his poem "Opportunity" than for anything else he did.

OPPORTUNITY

Master of human destinies am I !
Fame,love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields Iwalk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace-- soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake--if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and counquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!

That frightened me nearly to death.n

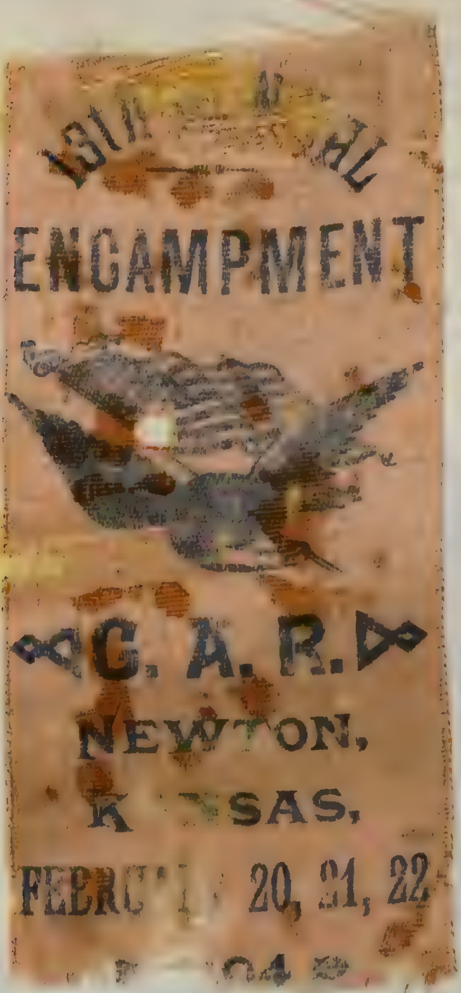
It is beautiful poetry I know and I admire it, but let me go along with Susan Coolidge when she says;

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
Ahope for ~~you~~ and a hope for you.

THEGRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

Held an Encampment every year at someCity in the United States . ~~and also~~ They also held local Reunions every year. The one at Arkansas City was held every fall in Riverside Park. Beside Senator Ingalls, whom we were always proud to have as a speaker, we had, Irecall Champ Clark of Missouri, and another I always liked to hear was Tim Mc Carthy. He had a great fund of wit and humor. He said General Grant would say in the midst of a battle, "Is Tim Mc Carthy here?" "Aye, aye sir," would come ~~say~~ the answer and General Grant would say "Let the battle go on." Many, many years later I met Tim Mc Carthey's daughter in Winfield She was Mrs Nora Sells whom every ome knew and loved.

The badge shown below is the one my father wore in 1894 when he attended at Newton Kansas.



It was at these Reunions too, that I first heard Negro Spirituals sung. The young firl who sang "Gimme that Ole' Time Religion shook her body and rolled hef eyes . When she sang"It makes Me love every body. It makes me love everybody"'(But I hate you) she would say would say over her shoulder, to the men sitting on the platform. Every one laughed uproariously. It made me sad as I felt that the Spirituals were not being sung in the spirit in which they had been written. Now the Spirituals are being recognized more and more as not only noble, but as something akin to majestic grandure. It was when the spirit of of Christianity entered Negro music that it was lifted to its high level. Far from his native land, dispised by those who demanded the last bit of his strength, feeling the sting of the lash, the pangs of separation from loved ones, who were sold on the auction block, the Negro seized upon Christianity as the compensation in this life to come , for the ills suffered in his present existence. It was more than compensation or escape. I was Survival.

The songs resulting from such a life and such a faith, were songs voicing all the cardinal virtues of Christianity:patience, forebearance,love, faith, and hope.

After two years in College and while the depression was still severe, our father bought a stock of Men's Furnishings at Blackwell Oklahoma,and Joe went down to take charge of it. They hired a young man with some experience along that line to help. While living in Blackwell he met and fell in love with Lottie Levina Jerome a native of Northern Michigan. Her parents were also pioneers in Kansas and she was living with her sister and family, Mr and Mrs J.D.Winfield ,their son and two daughters. They were married on April 14th. 1895.

I made, I recall, waists for Clara and myself of "wash silk". They had the first "Leg-O- mutton" sleeves I ever made. When I spred the pattern out it covered the width of our dinning table. Imagine gathering the width of a table into an armhole!

Another experience fixes "Leg' O mutton" sleves in my memory. One of Clara's school mates , who was always her rival for scholastic honors, died. His family lived in the country at the time and we went out to the Mt.Zion Church to the funeral.

There was a large crowd there as Ruie Villars was highly esteemed. The Church was full and we were shown to as pew alreadyfilled with people. I was jammed in beside a young boy. After a time I felt my big sleeve being pulled and glanced down to find my young boy trying to put his handkerchief into his breast pocket and stuffing my sleeve in too. We were both embarrassed.

The wedding was at the home of Mr and Mrs Winfield. Oklahoma had only been open for settlement two years and most all of the houses were made of undressed lumber "up and down" fashion, and of one or two rooms. Once while visiting in Blackwell I went to one of these little huts on some errand and a young girl open- the door. I still think she was the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. The cOntrast of her beauty and her surroundings was so great that it took my breath away.

The Winfield's lived in a two-story brick building , where they continued to live for many years. Thestore was a few doors north of the Winfield's home.

The business did not prove to be a success, Joe was in no way to blame, it simply was not a firm foundation financially. I think this had a great deal to do for years with his melancholy. A young person, if he feels responsibility,blames himself for any failure which comes his way.

I remember very distinctly some of the incidents of the orginaztion of the Epworth League in theMethodist Church in Arkansas City .Others are not as clear as I wish they were. Our dhapter as the 226th. therefore it must have been organized in 1889. We elected Dr. Stauffer as President. He was a young Dr. at the time and later married Miss Marlocher. He was a fine young man.There were not many there and the only one I can name is Mattie Ruby, her sister and her brother.

One of the families I became acquainted with while still quite young was the Mr. Wooldridge family . Mr Wooldridge was for a long long time the care taker of the Methodist Church. When I first knew them the second daughter Alma, was ill and developed t.b. All the older children had a name which began with"A." . Alice the oldest of the family married Lute Jones and I heard of her death only a few days ago. Alma was next and she died before I knew the family well. About the time of her death Mrs Wooldridge received a broken leg in an accident with a horse and buggy, so that all the years I knew her which was from 1889 until 1934, she was lame, very lame.

Alta was about my age and I knew her well. She married Aola Krebbs. One little daughter was born to them. Aola worked inFitch's music store when it was on the corner of Washington and Summit Streets and they lived at the back of the Store. She too developed t.b. and Aola carried the baby about with him as he waited on trade;changed the baby and looked after Alta as well and when he could. When he had to use both hands he set the baby on the counter and took her again as soon as possible.Alta grew steadily worse in those back rooms where not no sunshine ever came. We girls went to see her whenever possible and tried to keep up her faith and love for God. strong and firm. She was a willing learner and was often tedient when we called and taught us more than we taught her. The relentless disease never abated and she died one fall morning when we were around twenty,I think.

Alva, the next in age played with the neighbor children of course but especially with a little girl whose name was Blanche. One day in playing with a sling-shot the stone or whatever was in it struck Blanche in the eye and destroyed the sight. He and Blanche were married when they grew up and not long after the wedding

I learned that he was ill. I trembled knowing how the family had reacted to illness at about his age. The desease attack him in the throat and a few months before their baby was born, he passed away. All this time Mrs Wooldridge had born up bravely and they both attended to their regular duties and were really brave. Now, having lost twins and a little girl of three or four they had only the oldest girl Alice and two young boys, Clair and Harold.

Clair was a fine young man and engaged to a lovely girl in our Church when one Spring he too was ill and it was not long before all could see the same symptoms which had marked his sisters' illnesses. In the spring he too passed away. This was almost more than dear Mrs Wooldridge could stand. For a time we all feared her mind would give way,but after a time---and it is always time which coupled with Divine Love conquers ones trials. She came through,her own smiling confident self. Since Mr. Wooldridge was the care-taker fo the Church and so of course came early every Sunday evening; and since we lived so far from Church,Clara and I often stayed at the Church from Junior League which in the summer we held at five o'clock, until Epworth League at seven. Many a visit Mrs Wooldridge and I had in the back of that old Church. Her talks had a great influence on me, knowing so well how hard her life had been. It has been a surprise to me all my life ~~how~~ to seehow bravely those live whose lives are spent in poverty and hard work,and note their outlook on life and on the other hand how craven are some whose lives are spent in luxury and ease.

When I looked on her face for the last time many years later as she lay in her casket, my mind relived as in a flash, almost, the joys and sorrows of her life and how her staunch HEART met all its duties. All are gone now except Harold. I suppose he still lives.

An unusual "character" comes to mind in thinking of this period. He really looked like an idiot, but he was not. He knew a lot. He did have ~~[illegible]~~ epilepsy and had to be carried out of Church every so often. Poor thing! But he did however have some strange ways. One night when we were having a reception for a new minister, he had been sent out for some ice. He had it in a gunny-sack when he came back and came running up the center isle of the Church straight to the pulpit, holding it up with the water streaming down in a stream , and held it high up to the Minister who happened to be standing at the Pulpit ,and said:"Here is your ice". The Minister was surprised but simply said: "Take it into the side-room. ~~Al~~ Almost every Sunday morning after the morning Worship service had begun and all was quiet, he would he would jump up race around and find a Hymn book for the Minister and take it to him even if he had one. Or he ran into another room, came back with a cloth and ~~industrius~~ industriously dust the alter railing, or some other equally important thing to do which had already been dome.

He had a daughter just a shade less strange. One nightat an Ice Cream social one of the young men under a dare, asked her to eat Ice Cream with him. She was delighted and her mother is reported to have told her the next day thatif she could get him for her beau ,she could have thefront bed-room, andshe wouldfix it all up for her. At one time Mr Kirkpatrick befrended me after waiting a whole year with his information, too.The whole family were to be pitied.

One incident made a deep impression on me some where along the line. It was at a meeting of the Southwest Kansas Conferenceheld in Arkansas City. One member of the Conference had a mind of his own on some doctrinal point--I do notnow know what it was-- but do know that there was real disagreement with him. He was Rev Granville Lowther. He was called up for trial and they voted to dismiss him from the Conference. It was a cold wet spring and when he came outsideof the Church after the vote I happened to be outside and shall never forget the look of sorrow on his face as he sstood for a few minutes on the steps while the snow fell in scattered flakes on his long black overcoat. Sometimes in our zeal for words overules "the mild of human kindness " in our breasts. How sad is one who stands alone!

Amy Mc Intire

That name brings up magic memories to me. When I first heard the name I very foolishly took a violent dislike for the owner ofit. We were getting ready to organize an Intermediate League, and met one sunny afternoon to elect Officers and get started. When I called for nominations for President the first girl who arose called out happily "Amy Mc Intire". I had noticed a charming young girl whom I had never met, among the other girls and when I said "who is Amy Mc Intire?" this lovely girl smiled her never failingly beautiful smile and bowed her head. I was speechless and overpowered by the girl. From that day to this when she is not too young any more either, she has been my ideal of a Christian. Vivacious,charming, self-effacing, brilliantin mind and generous and loving of heart.

With some help and her own efforts she obtained a well rounded education--High School, College at Baker University at

Baldwin Kansas, and some graduate work at Northwestern. She taught for years in the Wichita schools and in the Wichita University. I think her most successful field of work was has been in public speaking. Her addresses were usually on Mission work or on Christian Ideals and Practices . She was really a charming speaker.

At one time while she was still in High School and teaching in our Junior League and old man, a really old gentleman became enamored of her and gave us a good deal of concern about the church, for one never knows what kind of notion one in his condition might do. His son was very sorry about the matter and saidhe would do all he could to keep track of him, so we all just watched and were as patient as possible with him. He would come in and sit in the back seat of the Church and mutted under his breath. We never knew what he said. One afternoon I frew very uneasy. I was teaching the the secret Society "The Ten Boys Fortnightly Club" and told Benton Swartz ,who knew all about him and was a friend of the family, that if he started toward the front of the Church , he was to fo too.

Amy was keeping company with one of our finest young men at the time ----Charlie Mahin. One sunday evening as they passed out of Church on their way home, this old gentleman ran out, grabbed Amy by the arm and tried to pull her away from him, but of course was not successful.

About this time I remembar one evening very vividly. The Executive Board of the Epworth League was meeting at the Minister's home and Charles Mahin was our President. We all felt sure he and Amy were engaged, so one of the young men who had a lot more nerve than I had, said out of a clear sky:"How does it feel to be engaged Charlie?" All the Mahins were very sober in appearance ,and I always thought looked like they were just ready to burst into tears. This was not true of course but only characteristic of them. Charlie sat in his chair for a few minutes without changing expression,then said:" Well, I used to think it would be such a wonderful thing to be twenty-one, but I found when I was twenty-one I felt much as I had always felt." I still think they werecwere engaged for they were married later when they were both through College, but Charlie spent many an xxx½ an anxious day and sleepless night between these two events,in fear that some one else would win her away from him.

Melvin was another of the Mahin boys I always liked very much. He even looked more like crying than Chalie did. These were four of the Mahin boys, Frank,Charles, Melvin and John. Their father wxzs was a broom maker and each of the older boys learned the trade. Frank when he was ready for College went to Baker University, Baldwin Kans. and set up a shop and put himself through College and pre-medical school by making brooms. Charles came along after High School and took over the shop duing the same thing except that he took Education. By the time he was through ready. He had intended to study medecine but found that he did not like it,but had so much success buying and selling broom-corn that he went into the wholesale business in Chicage and was very successful.

One Sunday evening long before Melvin went away, we girls were walking home after League in the evening and tlaking as girls will,and I remember saying: "I like all the Mahin boys but take them all around I believe I like Melvin the best I like him awful well." Just then a man's voice said :"You are not going to let me walk home all alone,are you?" I was so embarrassed that I made it worse by saying " No Melvin you can have any one of us you want". He lived even farther out than I did, and when we were alone I asked him if he heard what I had said. He said "no" and then oestered me all the rest of the way home to tell him what I had said , but I would not.

OneSunday Night he asked me after Church if he might walk along home with me and I told him, of course, that he might but that I had to take my cousin home. That was a long way but he was gallant enough to say that was all right, so we all walked down to my Aunt's and told Myrtle good-bye, as she was leaving for California to be married. On the way home we decided to walk across the trestle of the Frisco tracks--a ~~foolish~~ foolish thing to do as it was long. Just as we were about to step off onto the street he stumbled. I, pretending I had held him up said: "Yes where would you be now if it was'nt for me?" "In bed I guess" he growled down deep.

Another night we were walking home together and he was telling me of the trouble they were having over a woman their father had married after their mother died. The boys had paid for the home and did not want to part with it. I was walking along sistening and of course all my sympathy was with the boys, but was saying nothing. All at once he stopped dead in his tracks, caught me by one arm and shook me like a dog shakes a cat---not quite so hard and siad: " Well say you think it is all right." I was laughing so hard I could hardly speak, but did manage to get it across to him that I thought the boys were entirely right.

Pitjantzara, if the name of the Australian language which is the 10th language added to the list of those into which some part of the Bible has been translated and published in 1949, The list now totals 1118.

MUSIC

~~Onesgreatsthegreats --some thing went wrong with--~~

Something went wrong with my typwriter, I'm sorry. A lot of my mistakes can be to that cause. Not all, but it is poor.

One of the great lessons of my life was learned one evening from a little girl--- Agnes Hopped . She lived only a block from me, and we belonged to the same Music Club. Agnes was the oldest of quite a little family, all boys beside her. At one time while her father was the receiver for the Water-works and feeling was running high about the trouble the City was in, her parents left the children in her care thinking no one would bother their home. Rather late Agnes heard some men in the yard and in a few minutes the barn was afire.Agnes hearded the boys together and ran across the street , but was so frightened she lined them up and counted them several times before she was satisfied that she had them all.

Our Music Club met after school in the evening and we always went together, as it was late enough to be rather dark when we got out,if our programs were long. This evening we met at the home of Prof. Druley. Agnes had good eyes but could see nothing at night. When we were ready to go Mrs Druley wanted to turn on a light so we could see to go down stairs. Not thinking of her I said:" O,we can see alright", and she repeated the words after me. When we were alone I said;"Yes you can see". She looked up with her big brown sightless eyes and said "I can see with you." My heart gave a freat bound and a great ;onging took posession of me and I cried out "O,that I had that kind of faith in my Heavenly Father;then I could go down the stairs holding His hand,and so pass the newell post, on through the screen door held op en for me,be guided down the next few steps , out through the gate without mishap, down an encline where the walk stopped abruptly and so on toward my home and perhaps hear the ducks quack(or some other sign) to assure me I am near my Home!

Another lesson I lèarned was one day at my lesson I had a long passage and a strong note with my right fourth finger. The fourth is, of course weak tied down as it is by atendon to the third finger. When I played this passage Mr Druley was not pleased and with a good deal of asperity said: "Strike that last note harder.I know your finger is weak but strike harder".
My heart gave another great leap when I thought "That is right. "The Spirit helpeth our infermities " so even if our difficulties are natural ones ,one must use more force. In other words "strike harder".

The difficulties in my way in music were more than I could overcome and caused me many bitter tears. I told Mr Druly one day all I wished for was one of three things: I wished that I had enough talent so that it was not necessary to work so hard, enough money so it would not matter how long it took me; or health to make the other two less important. He just smiled. He said very little at any time.

At one time I was so discouraged ,after practicing four hours a day for a long time and he said absolutely nothing about how I was coming along , I was desperate enough to ask him. I said; "How am I doing any way?". He stood still a few moments and then said with afalling inflection,"Oh, very well." I tokd myself"ner again. I'll die before I ask him any thing again. One day he did break down however and when I played a Bach Fugetta , he said "play it again" when I had finished. [illegible] I did and he sat still for a few moments and then said "That is the best I ever heard any one play that." I almost fell off the piano stool.

One of the days I shall never forget was one when Mayme Chapman, who is now Mrs Mary B. Norton and still lives in Arkansas City after teaching music for thirty-five or forty yrs. there, Iula Daniels who is now Mrs Elmer Overholdt, and lives in Wichita, and I were asked to play a six-hand Strauss waltz at the High School Assembly. Our Minister's young son, who was a fine handsome chap sat about two rows in front of us and to my right. I was older by this time and thought I had passed the time of mourning because I was sure I could never have a child of my own, but the waves of sorrow came rolling over me againand the assurance was even more definate that I could not.

Music was my downfall also. Men.Money and Music makes a readble alliteration, but is not true in my case. Men never took much notice of me, but money and music did.

I never could play as others did, but the strange thing about it all is that at 77 years I can play with more ease than at any time in my life. Don't mistake me, I do not play well but do have surprising finger dexterity. It might be because I worked so hard and because every morning I would kneel at the piano stool before I began to practice and pray. Not for dexterity, or ability but simply that I be able to pay attention to detail.

My pleasure in music, at least the greatest pleasure I found was mental. It was the most profounddelight. delight to me to find how a Fugue or Cannon was written. I was studying Bach's 3part Invention No. 6 and said to Mr Druley how delightful it was and he said " Yes, there so many surprises on the way. One ~~Skoxx~~ Study was so delightful! I told Mr Druley how I had enjoyed working on it and he said: "Yes that is al- ~~xst almost a pretzzx~~ most a perfect composition . "

Through a mistake I failed to say what I had intended to say about Bach's Three Part Invention, so am returningto it. It is more than I can understnad, how the human mind can conceive of composing a simple theme into Three Parts, so as to keep the Theme heard all the time --First as alone with only one or two notes to accompany the thene ,all inthe Treble Clef, then have the same simple tune start in the middle of the key board, in another key, with two notes playing an accumpaniment using the left hand for the theme and the right for the harmony, and Third beginning the theme in the Treble Clef and continueing in thhe upper Base Clef with both hands playing the harmony at times. Butmore amazing is the fete of playing the theme with each hand playing the tune at thesame time ~~interentzz~~ intermittantly and still keep up the harmony. Often I was sure the combinations would be terrible but when I touched the keys , the most profound joy swept over me because the tones were beautiful. This may not bethe best way to enjoy music, for others donot then get the same pleasure.

For all the tears and anguish I have spent over music, and I know no one should do eitherone, I would not give up what little I know about it for any thing, for I can appreciate what others are doing, at least at some extent.

Mayme Chapman and I both loved to play duets, and spent a good deal of time practicing them and often imposed them on our friends.

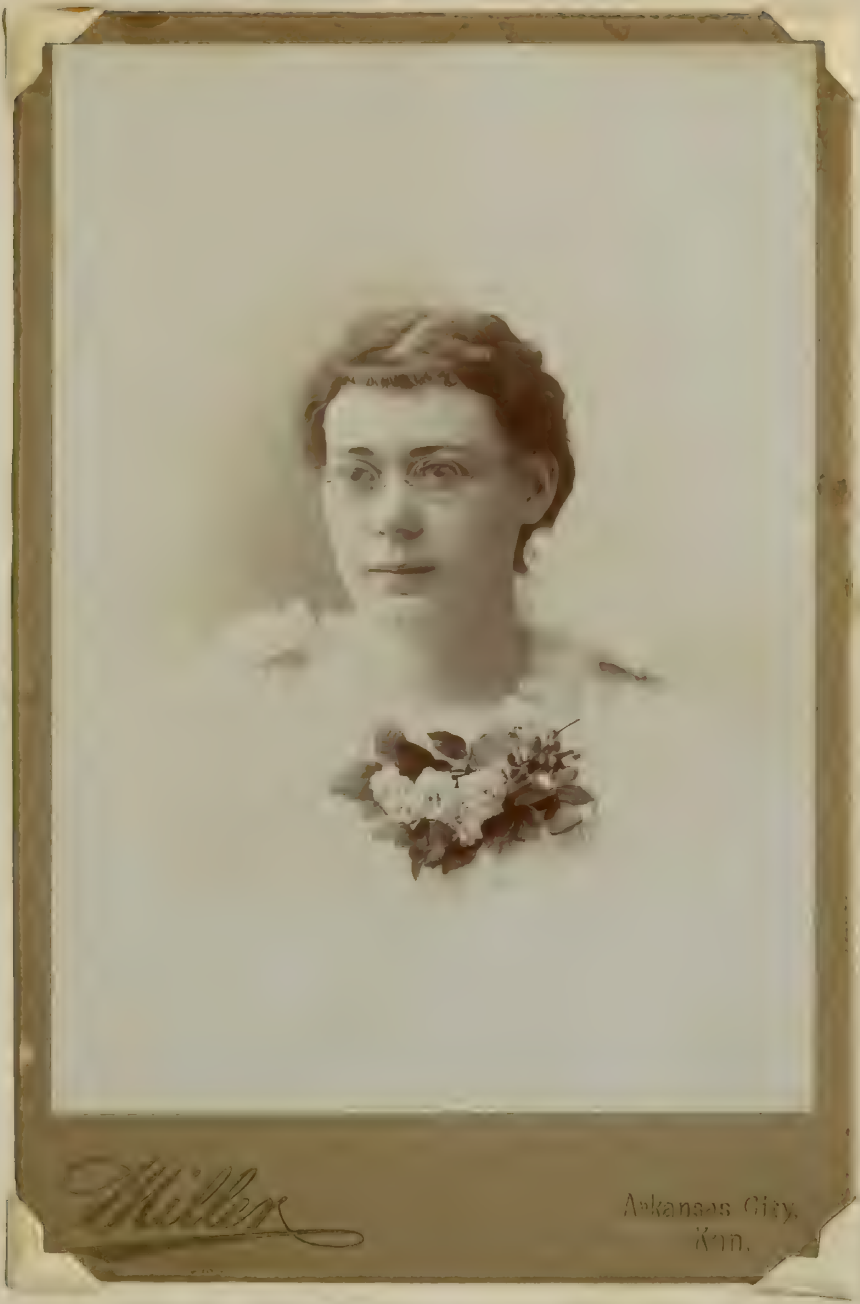
After Joe's experience in business , they moved back to Arkansas City and he soon went to work on a Rail Road in Carrolton ~~Monett~~ Mo. Lottie and her mother lived with us until after the baby was born. During that time we spent our afternoons sewing carpet rags, and while we worked one of the number would read "David Copperfield" aloud.

Their baby--- Carlyle Jerome, was born February 23rd, 1896. Carlyle is joe's middle name and Jerome was Lottie's maiden name. The year 1896 was rather an eventful year for our family. Clara graduated from High School that spring and about six weeks before Commencement she had erysipelelas in her face. Of course the baby was little too, and Lottie had "proud flesh" in her breasts, Joe had tonsilitis, and I had quissey. A neighbor came over to sit with Clara while mother got a little rest, and while there told Clara a long tale about a funeral at which the horses ran away with the hearse, threw the corpse out and broke things up generally. Poor Clara was beside herself when mother when mother got to her. Her fever was so high and the medicine so strong that it took all the hair off around her face. It was only six weeks before Commencement and she missed the final examinations, so tied for second place. Which was a dissapointment to her.

I made a dress for her and one for myself before I could speak a word.

Her dress for Commencement I did not get done until the very day she graduated.

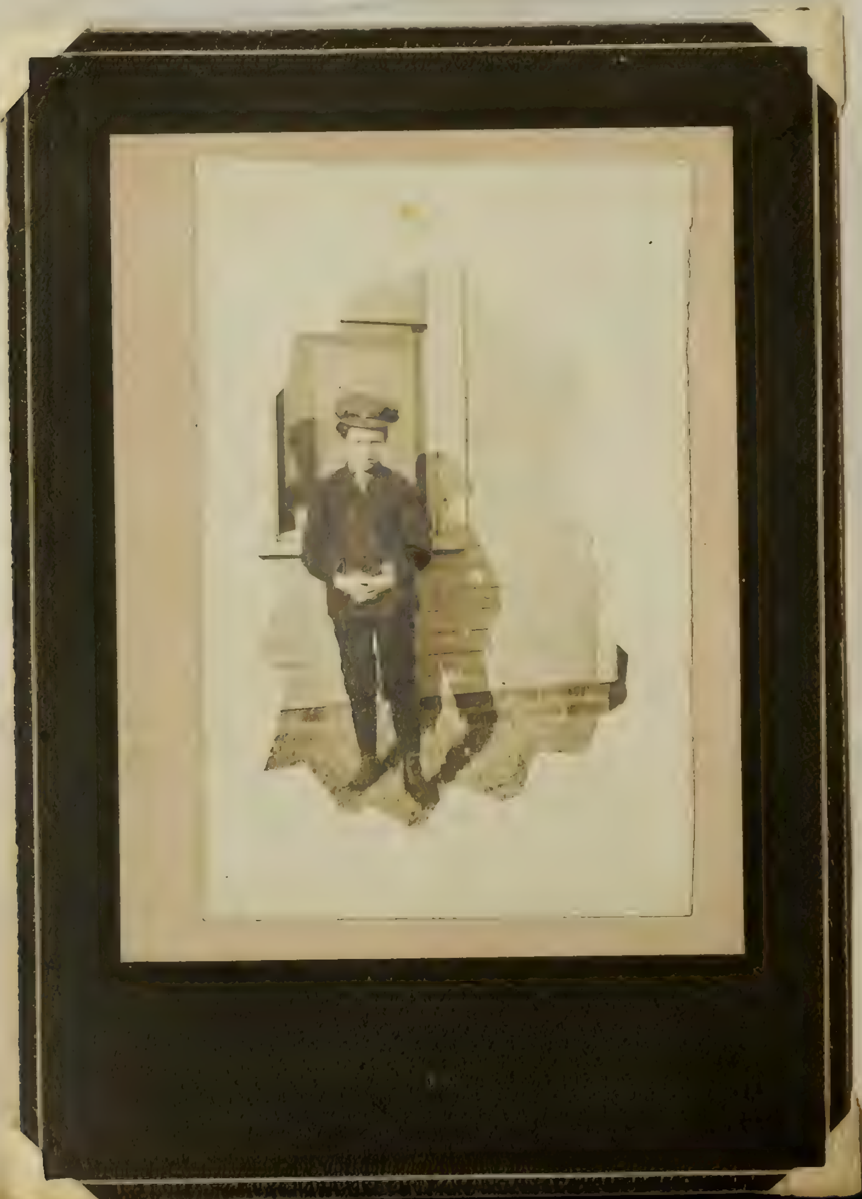
CLARA MADGE



but we all got there even to the baby. Carlyle was a handsome boy and a lovley child. He loved music so much and when he visited us as he grew older he wanted me to play for him at night, but he played so hard with Fred Daniels, who lived across the street that he would drop of to sleep as soon as I began to play. He would be so disgusted with himself the next morning because he went to sleep. In the winter

In the winter of 1904--05 he had rheumatic fever which left him with a "leaky heart" from which he never recovered. They were all up from Blackwell Okla. that Christmas and had , I think one of the very largest Trees I can remember and all were thankful he was with us. When they sent word that he was worse I went down, arriving about noon. He could walk around and Lottie told me had been waiting for me to come for he thought if I fixed something for him to eat he would like that. I fixed it just as he wanted but when he tasted it he could not eat it. Late that night after I had gone up stairs he very quietly stopped breathing.

The picture below was taken a week or two earlier.



CLARA

Clara was a very pretty girl and had a keen mind which I used to "ponderous"sometimes. She, when young showed a good deal of temper. The only time I ever saw my father lay a hand on her was one Sunday morning when she fell on the floor kicking and screaming because somethingdid not go to suit her. He picked her up in a hurry, and gave her a real spanking. I never saw her pull that stunt again. While still quite young she told me one day that she was going to conquor her temper and she did!

Clara was always studious and careful in all her work. She had however very poor eyesight. Most of the time in Grade andHigh School our parents did not want her touse her eyes except for her school work, so it was my job night after night to read to her. The book which stands out in my memory above the others is "The Wide Wide World." We almost shed tears every night over that. When but a little girl she could not distinguish our mother among a group of women in a room. People used to laugh at that. Not, I am sure ,to be rude but it was no doubt either emvarrassment or thoughtlessness.

When she was about fourteen years of age , an Optician came to Arkansas City one summer to visit Dr. Breacount,and set up his ~~equi~~ equipment in Dr.Breacount's Office and and fit glasses. Our parents took her to him . He found her eyes very bad, so bad in fact that he said she would have been blind by the time she was twenty, if still without help. She wore these glasses until she taught her first school and went to Dr. Dorsey in Wichita. Dr. Dorsey was the leading man in his line ofor many years .She always hung her glasses on the head of her bed after she got in bed and put them on ~~there~~

on before she got up in the morning.

While in High School she had trouble always at examination time. Even if she sat in the row of seats nearest the black-board she could not see the questions and when she got close to the board as shewas allowed to do, someone was sure to complain that he could not see. One of the girls was very kind and would copy thequestions for her and later the teachers would give her the original questions. I always watched on the street when we were together, and grab a finger or nudge her if we were meeting some one to whom she should speak . She could not recognize her best friend in passing. She memorized all the Hymns and stood and sang as lustily as any one wwhen she could not see a word.

After her marriage years later and she went to New York to live , she went to a very eminent specialist . In fact he had written several books on the subject. /The best he could do for her was a two-fifths vision. She was entirely blind for a few months before her death in 1935. She had a wonderful mind and tenacious stick-to-it-iveness. When she studies Greek in Southwestern College 1897 the Proffesor left the class with her when it was necessary for him to be gone at class time.

When she had been out of school for twenty years and had five children to care for, she would, if puzzled about some passage in the New Testament ; get out her New Testament in Greek and read it. Many years after she had graduated from College, which was in 1900", "The Class of Naughty Naught", The Dean of the College looked upp her grades and found that she would have made "The Order of the Mound", a scholastic honor Society organized many years later. She was one of finest most successful Christians I have ever known.

At about sixteen I had a "Boy friend", but it did not turn out to be much pleasure to me for he was-- well not bad but , but just not much good, not worth much I meant to say. I think now, in fact I know I did not care much for him but my great sorrow in the matter came from my faith in humanity being shaken. It is always a real shock to find that people are not all they seem to be.

I knewanother young man about this time who was a very fine person. His name was Walter Scott Pierce. He gave me a poem which he had copied for me . I have kept it all these years for its beauty.

WOMAN-HOOD.

Standing alone on the banks of the river,
  Where, as the poet says, child-hood's days flee,
Dreamily gazing far into the future,
  Lazily musing on things that shall be !
Slender and tall in your woman-hood's beauty,
  Fair as a flower, and pure as a dove,
Wistfully gazing away in the distance,
  Looking and longing for something to love !
Who would not love such a fair winsome creature,
  Bright with the glories of child-hood's fair days,
Dreaming of life as the fairest of pictures,
  Giving no heed to its long weary maze ?
Maiden, half woman, half child in your beauty,
  Keep your pure heart in this world's toil and strife,
Heed not the voice of the million who seek you;
  Keep mid'st the flowers that perfume this life.
Dreamy blue eyes looking out on the waters,
  Sweet rosy lips faintly stirred by a smile,
Tender heart dreaming of joys in the future,
  Tender soul, fair and unspotted by guile-
Oh ! may the sunbeams forever rest with you,
  Linger around you as brightly as now,
Chasing all [illegible], from your bosom,
  Keeping the storm-clouds afar from your brow.
Standing alone on the banks of the river,
  Watching your child-hood's days go with the stream;
May all the years of your woman-hood's glory,
  Pass just as brightly as that vanished dream.
                                        Cecil Lorraine.

At about this time also Clara and I began real work in the Junior Epworth League. She was a born organizer. The more the children gathered around her all asking questions at the same time, the better she liked it. We had some wonderful helpers of whom I shall tell you later. I began with a class of boys of from ten to thirteen years of age. We soon organized into a secret Society. We had classes for different age groups and had good teachers for each. One party comes to mind. It was an "All Fool's Day" party and one of the girls who helped made a cotton pie. The child who got the prize got the pie. One little girl got it and had the honor of cutting it while the others crowded about her. The children were delighted but some of the "pillars" of the Church were horrified because we had fooled little children. I tried to tell them that the children were happier than they would have been had it been a real pie, but they could not see it. Some of them made a great ado because I taught the boys that Jesus learned just like they learned, by effort. The good fathers thought I would ruin the boys faith, saying "He knew every thing", but I reminded them that "Though He were a Son yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." Don't get me wrong, they were very kind indeed to us and let us have our own way. So much so that when ~~another~~ " Another king arose who knew not Joseph" we or I should say I met my waterloo. This Minister did not like our methods,(Clara was away a College by this time) and soon told me that they needed another Leader. He stayed only a year but the Junior League was a dead League by that time. Things in this life come about in so strange a manner. A year or two later Clara and I drove to the Santa Fee Station to meet some guest who did not come but Rev. Woods stepped off the train instead . No one was there to meet him, so of course Clara and I asked him to let us take him to Mr Farley's where he was to visit. He got in the buggy with us but was so embarrassed that it was painful . When he got out at thehouse he was speachless with embarrassmest.

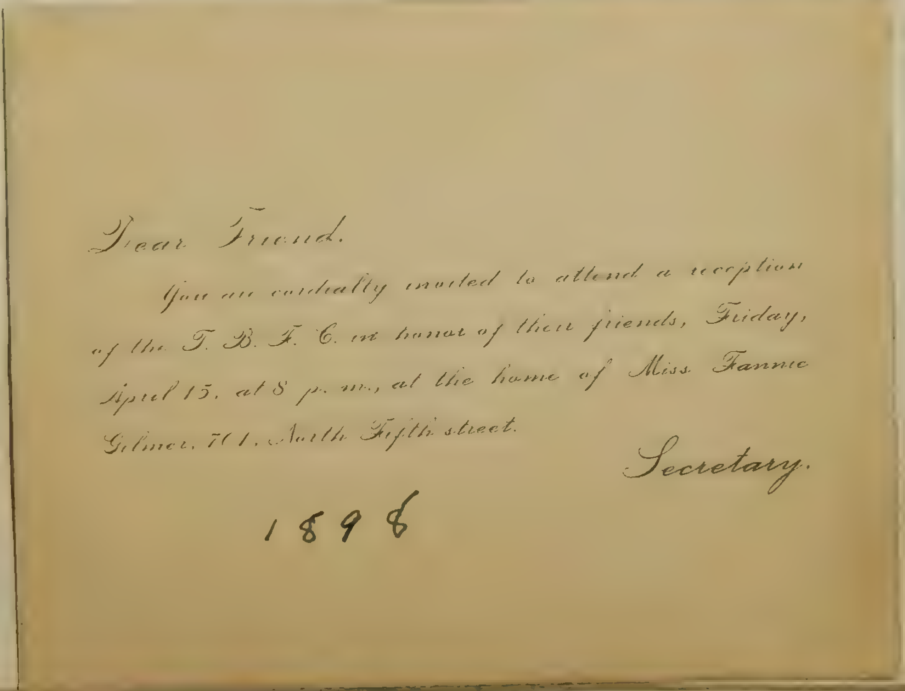
The secret society of which I spoke a moment ago was composed of the boys in my class in Junior League and one of the requirements was thet no boy could come to Club who had missed attendance at Class for three Sundays without a reason. We called ourselves "The T.B.F.C.". That was a real deep dark secret for a good many years. We limited our number to ten boys. They wereat first Benton Schwartz, who went into the ministry later and served the Y.M.C.A. abordship in foreign waters for a long time He came down from Syracuse New York to Ithica to see me when I was visiting Clara in Ithica, and of course it was a very great pleasure to see him.That was in 1910.

Foster and Charlie Sheldon who were brothers, come to mind next. Foster died in San Francisco early in this century and I do not where Charlie is now. My cousin Walter Peek was another. Jay Conway ,who was the son of the Supt. of the Arkansas City Schools . He was a very sensitive, highly intellectual and very quietand not at all strong. His mother died hen when he and his sister were still quite young. I held my breath when we asked him to come into our Club, but they let him come after they considered the matter for some time. He was very glad to come the boys were glad to have him. I, in my " my old maid" wisdom did not think his step-mother verykind. One day we were practicing a little song he was to sing at some little entertainment and she came over to the Church to see how he how he was doing. Of course under those circumstances he could not sing. When I looked around to see why he was not beginning he had tears in his eyes. I caught his hands and said ""O he does not have to sing if he does not want to". But she said "Yes he does", and caught him by his poor ear which already stood out too far from his head, andtold him to sing or go home and take his punninsment. He went home. I do not hide my feelings well, I fear, so she evidently knew how I felt and took occasion a day or two later to tell me that she did nothing but send him up stairs to learn the words. If I remember right he sang very nicely.

Then we had Robert Bowen, who was more of a "ladies man" if one can say that about a boy. He was I think a little older than the other boys. He sang Bass in our quartette composed of Foster Sheldon Denton Swartz , Robert Bowen and John Mahin. They sang quite often for little entertainments and once at the morning worship service, when they sang "It is well with My Soul." That has a good deal of chance for harmony and I was quite proud of them. One evening stands out in my memory in remembing Robert. I always treid to get the boys not to forget all their mother's teachings,like not wearing a hat in the house, and being sure to thank the hostess of the evening and other things of the kind. This evening at the Sheldon home as we were doing the last round of talking Robert was standing around with his cap on. I did not want to say any thing to him in public ,so just stood looking at him, He stopped , looked intently into my eyes and then light began to dawn in his and he turned away caught his cap off and went on talking. Do not think they were always "good",Sometimes I would despair of ever getting them to do any thing.

John Lahin was thehomely one. I often thought he was so homely that he was good locking, but he had a great love for music and for Art. I had ~~at that time~~ a pen sketch of the head of Paderewski at the time of which I write and O, how he loved and admired that! We would have different kinds of programs at our meetings. Once we had a debate on the question whether the United States should annex the Phillippine Islands. Four of the boys were to debate and John was thefirst speaker. When the subject was announded and his name called all in the most solemn and orderly manner (as was all business) he jumped to his feet, grabbed a lock of hair which always hung down over one eye, pulled it a little farther down and screamed--"Eight thousand ignorant souls"and could say no more. The boys were so disapointed because they thought they could not go on with the debate. He finally consented to try again --arose a little mosr slowly, pulled that lock of hair a little lower and fairly bellowed---"eight thousand ignorant souls-" -- and collpsed. Few times in my life have I had to struggle so hard to keep my composure, but not a boy even smiled, it was a tragic moment to them.

Some times we entertained our friends. Your invitation 15 below

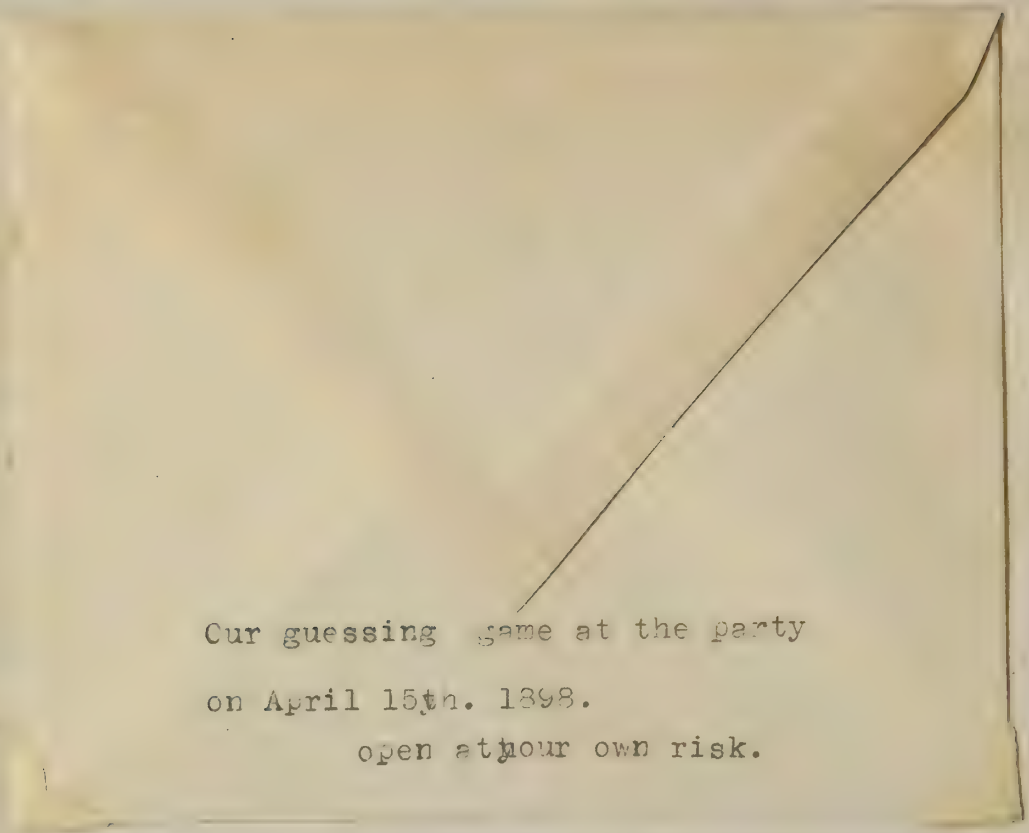


Dear Friend.

You are cordially invited to attend a reception of the T. B. F. C. in honor of their friends, Friday, April 15, at 8 p. m., at the home of Miss Fannie Gilmer, 701, North Fifth street.

Secretary.

1898



Our guessing game at the party

on April 15th. 1898.

open at your own risk.

The initials on the card are my father's . I kept his card.

There was a young instructor at High School then who loved boys and of course theboys loved him. He was always the first to be invited.

About this time the boys, or one fo them , conceived the idea of making a quilt. Each one had to get a yard of calico. The loudest and ugliest he could find. This was cut into large squares ad the boys would sew them together at their meetings. This was a profound secret. It is beyond my powers of description to give you an adiquate idea of these gangly boys trying to correll their long legs, thread their needles and push them down through the stiff material--- all sitting on the floor. They said they were going to give it to the one who got married first, but they gave it to Benton Swartz when he left to go to Allentown Penn. To live.

On one occasion I got too enthusiastic and my evil genius got the better of me and I told one of their girl friends about it and how much fun it was. At the next meeting Foster Sheldon arose very solmmnly, addressed the chair, which that evening happened to be Roy Worthington and said " Is not all we do here secret?". "Should it be kept secret?"? Of course I knew who the culpret was and arose as meekly as I could and confessed my sins. I did really feel very bad about it. Roy Worthington lived on a farm and he could tell the most dramatic stories about what the animals he worked with did. I would sit spellbound while he talked.

Ed Merriam, Fred Gould and Clyde Roseberry were the other boyss. Ed Merriam I felt had few advantages as compared to the otherboys, but he seemed to enjoy coming very much. Fred Gould was a United Presbyterian and it was quite a jolt for his folks to let him come, but we were delighed to have him. He still lives in Arkansas City and is a substantial business man there. Clyde Roseberry was the first Secretary we had and as is often the case with boys of his age, writing washard for him. He wrote with the book on his knees and had a habitof turning his toes in--pigeon-toed fashion. soon one boy would nudge another and point to Clyde's feet.

When any boy appeared at Club in a new suit with long trousers every other boy marched solomnly by and shook hands. with him. That usually occured on or about his fourteenty birthday.

As I look back at them now it seems to me they were unusually well behaved, for they took Parlamentary Rules seriously, always arising addressing the Chair and making any remark he thought proper.

A Floral Love Tale.

C The maiden's name and color of her hair?

C An adjective that best suited her and her brother's wagon.

His favorite sport in winter

His favorite musical instrument Trumpet

C The early hour at which he awakened his father during it.

What his father gave him in punishment.

7 What did this make the boy do? Balsam

The lover's name and what he wrote it with.

What candies did he ~~[illegible]~~ take to Mary.

C What ghastly + prickly did he offer her?

11. What did she say to him as he knelt before her?

12. What flower did she give him?

13 What flower did he try to cultivate

14 When he proposed to whom did she refer him?

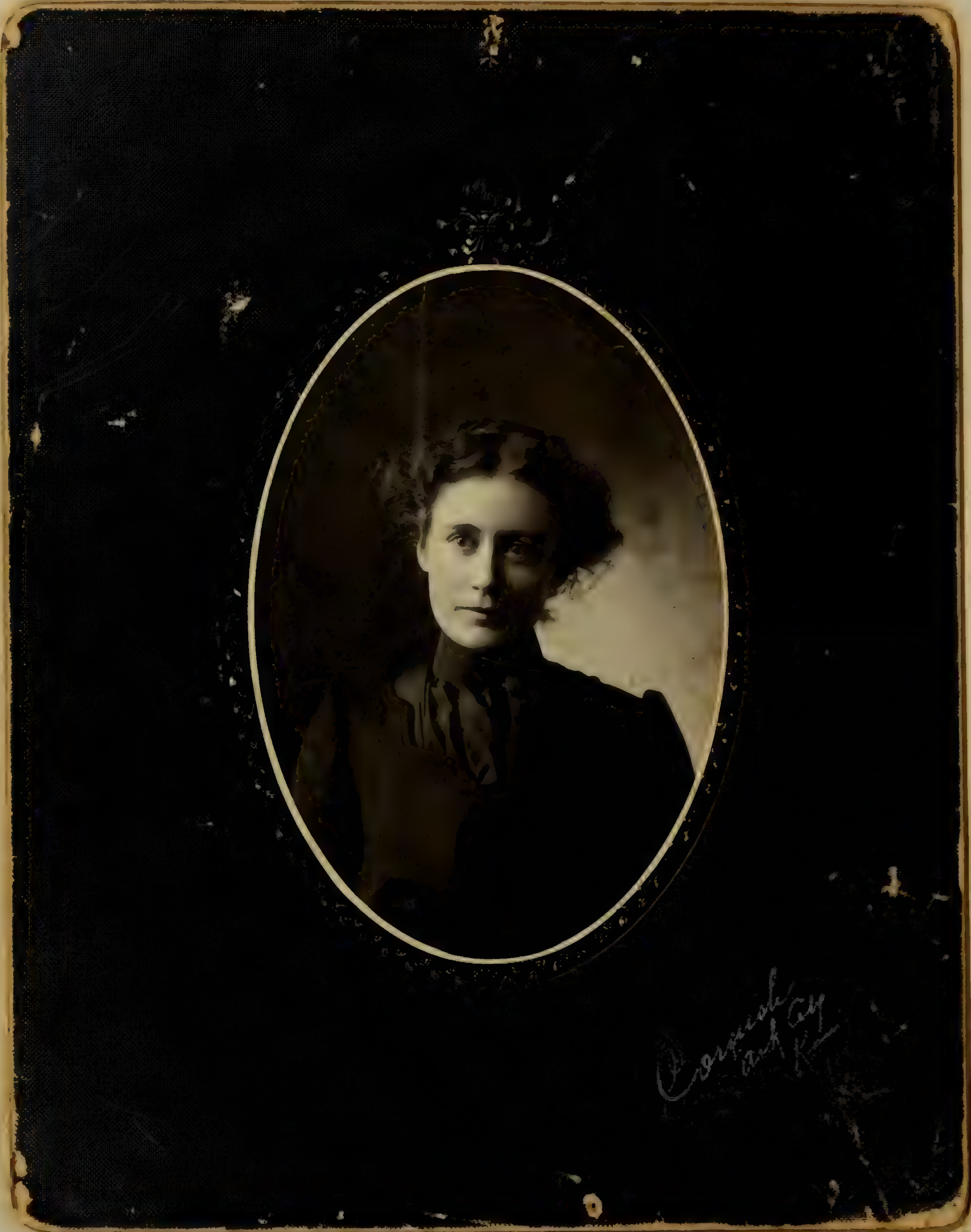
15 What minister married them.

Jack in the Pulpit

"T.B.F.C."

April 15th 1895.

Below is the picture I had made for each when we disbanded


Cornish
Ark City
Ka

One Christmas

I shall never forget, at least I hope I shall not, when one gets to a certain age he is never sure just what he will forget . This Christmas was that of 1897. My sister /Clara was at home from College and as is usual in such cases, she needed some sewing done. I had worked all day the day before Christmas ~~working~~ on these necesaary things and as evening came on she came rushing in and asked me to go down town with her to get our father's present. That was the very last thing I wanted to do, and begged off, but no reason or excuse I could muster had any effect on her. She was even in too much of a hurry to let me comb my hair, so since I have always been an easy mark for others, I went, just as I was. When we got to the buggy she ran around to the driver's seat, a thing she never did do as her eye sight was so very poor. I was indeed puzzeled, forgetting all about Christmas. She turned the old horse down Fifth St. . A thing we never did and she kept looking down the Avenue ~~as~~ very eagerly. We went on and when she got out at the Jewelrs I moved over into the driver's place. That suited her fine and we drove on back home. As we were crossing the alley between Fourth and Fifth Streets, one of the little Daniels girls said; "I know something, you are getting a new piano." I looked through the gathering darkness and there at our door was a van, My old piano , which I had prayed for and had gotten, was in the truck and Arthur Bly was playing a tune on it. This piano was an old square piano, and had been a great pleasure to me. As I have said I had prayed for one and it came. Not that I think that is a wise sort of prayer. In fact now I never pray that any thing shall be given or removed from my path, but only for the strength to meet whatever comes of joy or sorrow, trial or disapointment.

When we got to the house, I jumped out with little concern for my horse, I fear, ran in and took one look and then sat down and cried. A foolish thing to do? Tears can express joy fully as well as they can reveal sadness.

We had to rush around in order to get to our Church Christmas Tree which that year we had with presents on it for each child. We had I remember,found a family living out near the edge of town and who were very destitute. When we went to the house the mother was just returning with an arm load of wood from the timber. It was very great pleasure to us to invite the little children to our Christmas Tree. They did not come but we took our little presents to them later.

The new pianp was somewhat overshaddowed by these events, but I did tell some of my friends of my good fortune and one of the girls came home with us to see the piano. I really was nice. It is an Ad Adam Schaaf, finished in oak and has a very wonderful tone to this day July Fourth 1951. Of course I must play something on it. I was not very wise in my selection------ it was likely all I had that I could play, any how I chose to play Bach's Three Part Invention No. 6. That did not go over so big. My father said he wasashamed of me, and Blanche Hollenbeck did not like it at all. It is still, however my favorite of Bach's Inventions.

Christmas Day we spent with Joe's family in Blackwell Oklahoma, so it was some time before I had the pleasure of playing to my heart's content. This piano still sits in my son's living room and at least part of the tones are still full and beautiful.

Spanish --American War.

The next time we visited the family at Blackwell Oklahoma, was in Februaryto see, for the first, time, my brother Joe's second child and first daughter, Elenora, who was born Feb. 10th. 1898. I remember distinctly that the sinking of the battle-ship Maine" was the topic of excited comment all over the world.

Before Spring was over we were all saying:

Oh, dewey was the morning,upon the first of May,
And Dewey was the Admiral down in Manilla Bay.
And dewey were the Regents eyes
Them orbs of Royal blue,
And do we feel discouraged, I do not think we do."

It was the question of the annexation of the Philippines, which kept my boys of The Ten Boys Fortnightly Club busy as nailors trying to decide.

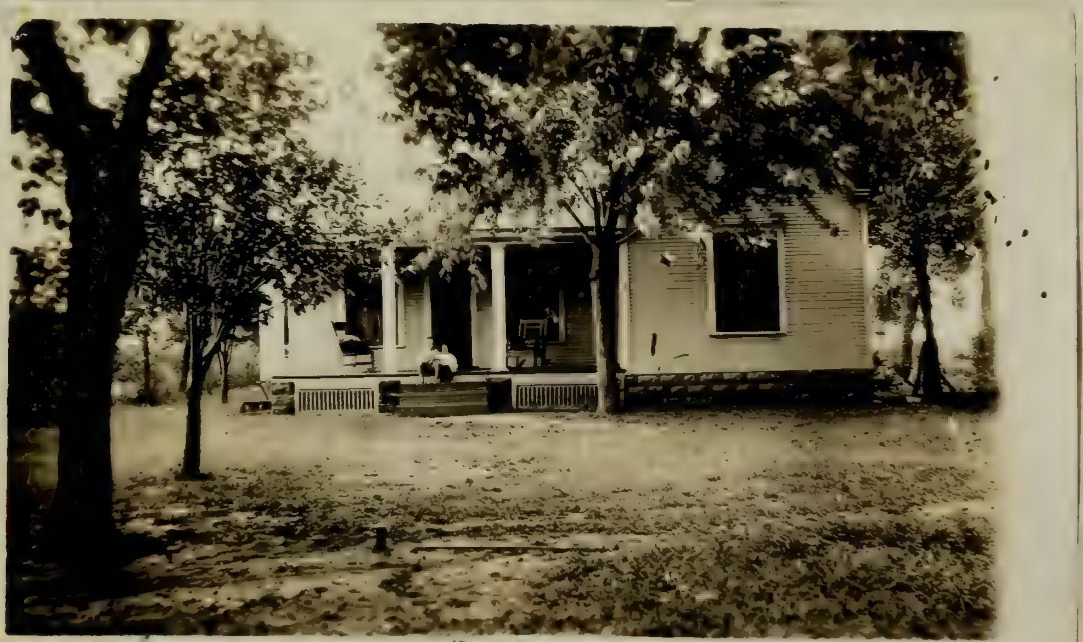
Blackwell Oklahoma was a real pioneer place in 1898. Joe and Emily continued to live there until after the birth of his second daughter Florende, but after the death of Carlyle Jerome when Elenora was seven years of age , in fact Carlyle was laid to rest on her seventh birthday, Feb. 10. 1905. Thus they were in Winfield several years before I was married and went there to live.

At that time Clara was teaching school at Anthony Kansas. But was not able to come down to Blackwell at the time. 1905 was, I remember a very cold winter The mercury went down to about 18 degrees below zero, and all our fruit froze in the basement. A very bad fire late in February destroyed two large buildings in Arkansas City at the corner of Fifth Ave. and Summit streets.

When I went to Winfield to live, Joe had bought a home on Eleventh Ave. at Lowery St. where he lived many.many years. In the picture on the next page, we tried to get a picture of our men--- three generations, but none were ever good. Bob----Robert Stephen, was about two and one half years of age when we were married

He made great efforts the night of our wedding to get the double sandwiches into his mouth. The sandwiches were not large but some one gave him two and he tried desperately to get them both into his mouth. He was hungry. Josephene, their youngest child was about a year and a half younger than our John. She had beautiful curly hair like her father had, and was a very lovable child.

Below is their home at this time.



[illegible]

Carlyle took life very earnestly even hard. He came running in one day while visiting us, and said: "Grandma why did not you be good, so I would be good?" He had heard a Minister talk on inheratance, and maybe heard his Grandtfather say, as he often did "If you want to be good, provide yourself with a good Grandmother." Their Minister's name was "Brother Deleplain" as they said. He was saying something about him one day and said; "Delibrotherplain".

The following paragraph written by Elizabeth Prentiss would have been a good thing for me to have had at this or any time in my life.

If you could only make up your mind, under God, never to undertake more work of any kind than you can carry on calmly, quietly, without hurry or flurry, and the instant you feel yourself growing nervous and like one out of breath, would stop and take breath, you would find this simple common-sense rule doing for you what no prayers or tears could ever accomplish.

But alas, I had not learned that!

Gossip.

My great hard-won battle against repeating gossip, came came when I heard a story about one of the girls in our Epwoeth League, who is still, in my opinion one of the finest persons I have been privileged to know. When I first met her, she and her three sisters lived in two rooms in a house in the next block south of where we lived. How they existed, I do not know! Thise father was ----- well, not very energetic I fear. That is putting it mildly. Blanche, the older of the four girls, sewed for others and did anything she could find to do, and still go go to school. After she graduated from High School she began to teach. Maude, the next older girl, the quiet uncomplaining one, developed t.b. and Blanche sent her to Arizoma, but she passed away a few months later. Mae, the next firl really gave Blanche moreanxiely than did the othertwo put together . She married later into a well-to-do family in Arkansas City. It was earlier than this that I heard a rumor of something she had done which "nice" girls did not do. Of course I never did believe a word of the story, but my great trouble was to keep from repeating it. Finally I told my mother about it and she thought, which was true, that I would not then be so tormented by my thoughts.

Blanche later married Roy Levic a young Barber in our town. Her life after her marriage was for a good many years a very unhappy one. He rented a small house down beyond the Frisco trachs Southwest of Arkansas City and left her out there is the woods alone while he "had a good time", it seems. Two little girls ~~xx~~ were born to them. Royene and Ruth. They were both beautiful, delightful girls. ,Later they moved into town and lived on Eighth St. near my Aunt Mary, where they had two cows and sold milk. When he began to mend his ways they bought a farm a few miles inside the Oklahoma State line and he worked the farm and did quite well . I shall never forget a talk I had with Blancnhe one night at Arkansas City just before her death. She was a wonderful Christian woman. After her death the two girls girls, when they got through High School taught the home school at Grey Noret. One taught a year while the other went to College and the next year they changed about. Their father went hunting one fall day and in some way caught his gun while passing through a fence and shot himself in the side. He died a a few days later. The girls sold the farm and both taught in a two room school at Rainbow Bend Southwest of Winfield Kansas, until Royene was married and all went to California. About the time Royene was born Reba, Blanche's youngest sister died. She had t.b. also. She was a lovley young girl with the endless patience and endurance which charactized all whom I have known who suffered with this relentless disease.

My heart has always bowed down before the memory of Blanche Hollenbeck. One of the noblest , most unselfish ,faithful women I have ever known. I reverence her memory.

Leola Bellamy

was one of my early faithful girl friends. There was quite a large family in those days when we all had little. She had a brother Lee,who was a faithful, earnest Christian.Feeling that he wanted to help in a real way and knowing the lack of a Sunday School in the Sleeth Addition to the City , he went down there every Sunday. It was a long way from their home on South Seventh St. Soon after I became acquainted with the family,he developed t. b. and after a short severe illness he passed away. Leola's next older brother Charlie Bellamy , a few years later went to Missouri where the family had lived and where a older sister still lived, to teach school that winter. He was ahandsome young man and a grand person. He contracted a cold therefrom which he could not get proper relief. The Doctor told him it would be better to go to a warmer, drier climate and recomended Arizona. He taught in Arizona the next year but did not improve, so the dr. there told him to go on a ranch and " ruff it". He went on a ranch and lived alone watching the stock. One of those Western blizzards which come "Sudden and soon. At the dead of night or the blaze of noon", and caught him alone and sick with little fuel. Some one found him and took him to the nearest to the Doctor . This Dr. kept him in his own home and did all possible for him but he grew steadily worse. When the Dr. suggested that he go somewhere else Charlie said; "If there is any more going to do I want to go home."and told the Dr. where his family lived. The dr. told him he thought it a good place , so Charlie came home. When I first saw him I did not think he looked so very bad, which is characteristic of that dreadful disease, but every time I saw him afterward he look- worse. A neighbor told him that when spring came he would be out planting garden and be better, he only smiled and shook his head. Leola was sick too the second week after Charlie came home and I went down to stay all day with them. Mrs Bellamy had a wonderful way of saying "Fannie's come", when I went there which always brought me great pleasure. She would say it like she was announcing the Queen or some great person. In the afternoon I knew he was very bad, for as I sat by his bed I tried to talk to him but could see that it was very hard for him to consentrate on what I was saying so just sat still .When his father came home from work he sat by his bed and as I went in and out of the room it seemed to me that he he grew steadily worse. Leola lay on a cot at the foot of Charlie's bed. James the oldest of the boys came in from work and stood by the bed a while . After he went out I went again into the room and as I looked at him I thought " He is dying I'm sure" Just then Mr Bellamy looked jumped up and lifted Charlie in his arms, Charlie tried to pat his father on the shoulder but fell back lifeless. I turned to the double doors and said "Mrs Bellamy"-- Leola jumped up from her cot, Willie who was sitting in the front room jumped up from his chair and said and side, I did not know it was that brave noble soul had returned to his maker.

A terrible blizzard , the blizzard of Feb. 1st 1899 blew up almost immediately and it grew colder every minute. My father came for me in a little while but Leola and Mrs Bellamy wanted me to stay so my father left me. Our Minister Rev. Wharton came very soon and he was a great comfort to us all. This was not my first experience with death by any means, but was the first time I had witnessed death since my twin brother died in 1888 The saddest part of it was after all, a young girl in Missouri whom he had loved and who had promised to marry him. She and the Bellamy's only other daughter came on Sunday night/ The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon at the home, just two weeks from the day he arrived home. After the funeral and before the relatives came from Missouri, I went to my Aunt Mary's who lived just a block away. Some one in the family, I think it was Jim Bellamy said something about me being "so nice" or some such exxpression and I said it was "only the Love of Jesus in my heart"which made me that way .I want to say that now because it was really seldom that I gave "honor to whom honor is due" as I should.

The burial was on Monday morning in the Mercer Cemetry Southwest of Arkansas City. It was still bitterly cold! The poor little girl was so pathetic. She made no outcry , but the muscles of her throat kept twitching all the time. She was a lovley girl. I came to know her quite well in the months which followed. Jacket Suits were just coming in to favor and she had learned to make them,so stayed with the family and found all the work she could do making Jacket Suits. She told me she had to make enough money to pay her father what he had furnished her to come out on and for her return ticket.

Leola later married Mr W.L.Cunningham, who is one of the outstanding Lawyers of Cowley County and still lives in Arkansas City.

A Sunday School Teacher

we had one year in the Methodist Church in Arkansas City, gave us a good deal of anxiety. She was the daughter of a minister of the Southern ~~Southern~~ M.E. Church and a brilliant woman , but still lacked a lot other ways. She married a dentist, Dr. Roberts. Dr. Roberts had married Blanche Lamb earlier in life. Blanche was the Secretary for our Epworth League at the time of which I write and was "keeping company" with Dr. Roberts. One might call him educated ,but certainly he lacked a lot in tact and heart. One night our Executive Board met with our President Forrest Hartley, who by the way was a grand noble man. He had just been married and wanted us to meet his bride and see his home. We had gotten him a rocking chair as a present from us all. After the business was over Dr. Robert's came in to see that Blanche got home all right . When he came in I asked him to see the chair we had gotten for them. He looked at it and said;"You had better have gotten them something to eat." Every one held his breath--- it was a tense moment-- then Forrest said;"Come on Mary let's show them we do not need any thing to eat." When Mrs Hartley handed him a plate of delicious food, he said·"O,I can't eat that stuff". Mrs Hartley set the plate down on a chair beside him and passed on. Then he peered into the dinning room and said; "O look at the cute watter -bottle they have./" By that time I was so disgusted I was sure I'd never go any where with him again if I were in Blanche's place. They were

They were married however without consulting me. She died a distressing death some months later and he had his picture taken at the cemetry , kneeling with his head against the casket. That did not prevent him marrying again quite soon , this time to the minister's daughter.

She--- well it is hard for me to describe her for I am not accustomed to analyze or too much given to criticize I hope. She dressed all out of taste for the places she went and the poeple with whom she associated . She was brilliant in mind and gifted in many ways but never knew when she was not wanted. Was black-balled by every Club or Secret Society she tried to enter, but still kept on trying.

She some how got into our Sunday School and taught the Class Clara attended. She would come to Sunday School dressed for a matinee, bring her little white dog with an immense pink tibbon bow about his neck, set him on a chair beside her and expect the girls to listen. The dog was no trouble, it was the poor woman.

When the time came for the reelection of Teachers, she gave a big party , inviting both young ladies and young men. I had heard many many things about her and her vageries and so was glad when she told each girl to bring a guest and Clara wanted me to go with her. I went. If any one else told this story I fear I would find it hard to believe. When we arrived we were met at the door by Mrs Roberts, dressed in a long evening dress, except that to me it looked more like a house -coat. It was green taffeta with lace inserted every three inches or so , open down the front with a green petticoat showing the entire length . The collar was an immense Green Elizabeth one withthe tafeta collar fi filled in with yards and yards of lace ruffels. The room was decorated to the last degree and for our entertainment she played a piano solo --- she really play . sang a solo, and read a poem about a little boy and his pranks and illustrated how he was punished by turning around and leaning over rubbed her buttock vigorously. People in this day could take that I guess, they stand a lot but in my youth that was not done. A young man sat opposite me and I looked at him to see how he was taking it. He did not even smile. Just sat perfectly still.

Then she sprung her surprise! A large foolscap paper was brought out and she read its message, which loosely read; "We the under signed want Mrs Roberts for the teacher of out Sunday School Class. The girls were stuck--- they had to sign it. Later the Superintendent advised her to resign. She asked one of the girls why they did not want her for their teacher. Myrtle did not like to tell her, but Mrs Roberts insisted so she said. "Well, they do not think you have enough religion". The thought a moment and then said; "I guess that is true."

She passed away a few years later and the poor thing wrote out all she wanted read and sung at her funeral, thanked the Minister whom she had chosen and signed her requests with

"The woman who kicked the bucket."

I feel sure you will agree with me when I say that no one with a well balanced mind would do these things. I am very glad we are treating our mentally ill much more humanely than we did years ago but still there is room for improvement.

BELLE BLACK

It just occurred to me, after your check that I had neglected to tell you about my father's cousin Belle Black. Perhaps she was his second cousin. I think I have the relationship right.

What follows is taken from a short history of our family which my father wrote for a History of Cowley County Kansas.

" Robert Gilmore married Nancy Smith. Her Grandfather came from the North of Ireland before the Revolutionary war, and cast in his lot with the Colonists in that great struggle. At its close he married Mollie Templeton and moved across the Mountains to what is new Indiana Co. Pensylvania. He was hurt while felling a tree and died fourteen days later. His widow with her threelittle girls remained on the farm, but had great fear of the Indians. At the time of St. Clair's defeat she was taken to the fort by a nephew, Samuel Calhoun who came for her in the middle of the night, and there she lived for three years. She was married a second time---- wedding a man by the name of French and lived on her farm until her death. Her eldest daughter Betsy married Alexander Black;the youngest daughter married Alexander White. The second daughter became the wife of Robert Gilmore on May 1st. 1804." and I have mentioned before that is the first date I have been able to find.

Now our Cousin Belle was the daughter of Alexander Black and Nancy (Smith) Black. Alexander Black is reported to have had a very firey temper. His daughter must have inderited some of his traits along this line although I never heard that he lost any in the process.. Of course she was a Pennsylvanian and as she grew older and did not find a husband decided to come out to Kansas to see what we had to offer along that line.

She was a large woman, a little more than "pleasingly plump", and with a very good figure and a stylish way of dressing. In fact she made clothes for a living before she came west. It took her two hours to dress. That is litterally true. She used to have Joe come in and push on her while she pulled on her corsets' strings around the bed-post. All women wore tight dresses at that time. I remember that my mother had to put [illegible] she ~~xxxxx~~ her hat [illegible].

Cousin Belle looked very fine when she finally got settled. The poor thing had almost no education. I have had her ask me how to spell "cup" and other familiar words when she wrote a letter.

I think she must have come to our home early in 1888 because she had [illegible] and had been here for some time when my twin brother died in Oct. of 1888. Often about the time I would get the dishes washed in the evening she would jump up , and laughing, say "O, I meant to help you with the dishes. Why didn't you tell me you were ready?" She did not expect to help any more that I expected her to.

She was a United Presbyterian and often went there to Church as she had met a Major Sleeth there and she hoped to rope him in some way, but that did not work out. She nearly always wore a face veil rather tight around her hat. When the Minister said something which touched her and brought tears to her eyes she would get so mad because she could hardly get to her face to wipe them away. What puzzled me about it was that she could break anothers heart without--- well without knowing it, and shed tears over a touching story. I guess she was not alone in that for we are guilty of the subject

Mrs Clawson

Before I leave this part of my life and move on to other experiences, there is a dear friend I should like to tell you about. The reader, if any, who has had the responsibility of teaching and leading young children and "teen age" boys and girls will, I think agree with me when I say that the best thing a helper can do , or at least one of the best things, is to be regular in attendance and be on time.

One such helper we had in our Junior League work in Arkansas City in the "Gay Nineties" as they were called . I never can guess why they were so styled. I cannot see them in retrospect as so very "gay", although they were pleasant. Perhaps they were a little less severe than the "Eightys". It could be they were in their way a preparation for the laxity of the Twentieth Century. I'm not a cinic. Am not down on this generation as I know some older people to be, but I am seriously sure that this generation has lost very noticeably in calmness, in regard for others comfort, in the niceties of home life, and in reverence God----Who is Love.

We had all the qualities of a good helper in the person of Mrs Clawson . She started coming to bring her little daughter Geneva, to League. She was a small dark complectioned woman, with the sad dark eyes which one seldom sees. Eyes that draw the the heart out of one with no hint of a reason. To me she was a tower of strength. Since I always played the organ I sat where I could keep one eye on the door to the room in which we met. When she appeared at the door I knew a great sense of relief . All was well with me.

Her husband was an Eye,Nose and Throat specialist. Of course I met Dr Clawson a number of times but do not carry a clear picture of him in my mind.

After we had known her for some months she and her little girl joined our Church on Probation. At that time the Methodist Church accepted its members on a six-months probation and after that time of instruction and trial accepted them into full membership. They are modern now and do not require the probation, but even yet in old age, it seems to me to have been a good practice. What worried me about it then was the fact that when we had revivals, and we had one every year, a goodly number of persons joined and we felt the responsibility for their instruction in the beauties and duties of the Spiritual life. Of course we lost some through the "tribulation or persecution which arises" and one is offended, or the "cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the Word" and he is unfruitful.

At any rate for all the years I knew her Mrs Clawson just stayed on probation. When we urged her to come into full membership, she just smiled a sad,sad smile and said "no", but gave no reason. One day the mystery was solved, as all mysteries are sooner or later. That day some Federal Officers walked into Mr. Clawson's office and confronted him with the proof that he had frauduntly gotten hold of Government papers and used them for his own purposes. I do not remember the nature of these papers. I was not at home at the time and never saw my friend again. Of course the Government took him into custody and she left immediately for her old home. He had taken her maiden name as his and so of course she could not join the Church under an assumed name. She was a most gentle lovely lady.I think of her with pleasure and sadness.

One night---evening rather, before we had a telephone or any means of communication, my father drove up to the front door of our home, stopped his horse, got out and lifted a man from the seat of the buggy and carried him into the "settin' room" as some people said, introduced him to us and then took him in and laid him on a bed to rest until our supper time. He was Grant Hurst. I had heard of him as he had had a very serious accident some time earlier. He like other young men at that time had made the "rub " into the Chrrokee Strip and had taken up a claim. Of course he had to live on it most of the time, but came home in the fall to kelp his mother, who was living alone, to get ready for the winter. He figured some way that he could knock a prop from under a small shed and get from under it before it fell. Of course he failed for the thing came down on him breaking his legs, one in three places and injuring his spine so badly that he never fully recovered.

He was certainly a courageous soul for I never heard him complain and he was in our home a number of times while he was havèng his back treated. The day he was hurt the Drs. did not even try to find the extent of his injuries for they thought he would not live through the night and did not want to cause him unnecessary pain. In fact it was several days before they knew that his legs were broken. As he grew better he was sent to Kansas City where all possible was done for his spine. He suffered terribly. Unlike many who suffer he was always thinking about others. One day when he was at our home I, who was always sensitive about-----most every thing ,said.something to him about what I was doing, he said:"I do not know .I never watch any one at work for fear I will embarrass them." One other day he was and begged me to take the table cloth off so that he could wash the dishes. We were canning tomatoes that day and he was so happy because he could help peel them. While he was working I asked him something about his feet. He said, "I don't know, where are they?" He had no feeling in his feet and legs at all.

He grew better as time went on and our Young People's Society helped to get him a wheel chair we had little trouble getting the financial help we needed. He could then propell himself around in it. As he gradually grew stronger he bought a horse and buggy and drove all over Southern Kansas and Northern Oklahoma selling soap, spices pins needles and other things. He had to have help with his horse every night, but most people are kind to such brave souls. He paid for his meals from his stock of goods. He had a card printed telling the story of his accident in order that he would not have to repeat it so often. He did very well indeed and best of all married the young lady he was engaged to before he was hurt. She would have married him much earlier but her parents would not concent to it. She was Lillian Lewis, I have known her since we were in the seventh and eighth grades in school. I met her after Grant's death , in Winfield Kansas notlong before I came to Fort Worth.

He was one who had firm faith in God, and let his faith carry him through bitter trials and afflictions. All honor to a brave soul!

MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES

It is very difficult, at least for me, to choose the words best fitted to convey my feelings and reactions to my religious teachers and my parents teachings, fifty-five years ago, in order to be understood by those whomay read what I write. One is so influenced by his later knowledge and comprehercion of the scriptures.

Therefore I am taking the following method to convey my meaning.

"I was afraid and went and hid-----" Matt 25: 25.

AFRAID!

Fear has been the downfall of many a man.

Adam was afraid and "went and hid himself." He was afraid because he had disobeyed.

Jacob was afraid when he was compelled to meet his brother whom he had wronged. We always fear those whom we have wronged much more than we fear those who have wronged us. Jacob's struggle was a terrible, night-long trial, but he triumphed, which is the important matter. It has never seemed to me wise to judge or to criticize the motives o those who lived so many ages ago. It is I think impossible for us to realize how a man even of forty years of age, was required in those days to be submissive to his parents.

I know what it is to be afraid. When I first began to seriously consider following the teachings and leadings of the Lord Jesus Christ I was afraid.

Afraid the way would be too hard.

Afraid the goals were too high to attain unto, too far beyond human attainment; required the sacrifice of self and the last hope of attainment and honor.

Afraid if I followed this way I would be requirec to be a Salvation Army lass. Being a member of the Salvation Army did not worry me so much as the fear that I would be compelled to wear their uniform.I was very sensitive about my dress. I hated to attract attention.or to be in any way peculiar in my attire. The work of the Salvation Army I have always admired very much and have come to know in later years the reason for their uniform.

Life as I saw it was desireable and sweet, but I could hear the words: "Whosoever will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." And these words "He that saveth his life shall lose it, but whosoever looses his life for my sake the same shall find it."

I could admire men of the Bible like John Baptist, who said:"He must increase but I must decrease." Also I could admire the lives of friends who lived in this manner. I could see the beauty and the usefulness of such a life, but to launch on such life for myself made me afraid.

"I went and hid-----

I was young then and these were mighty questions to me. Of course I was a Christian at the time and doing all I could to Church and Young Peoples work, but my heart was not at peace. I knew without being told that there were deeper and more satisfying truths which I had not yet learned.

About this time a Minister came to our Church teaching the coming of the Holy Spirit into the heart and thus furnishing him ~~the~~ not only the desire for a high and useful life but also furnishing the power to live it. No more does he depend on his own effcrforts or his own talents or natural appitudes but only and altogether on the power and gifts of the Spirit.

I was still afraid------ afraid I would not have the necessary faith. Afraid I'd fail after making so brave a start on this high road. Afraid of the ridcule of those who did not think sucha life possible.

Afraid of fear, but more afraid of failure. The struggle was terrific. I'm smmmekkxxbattedxmyxhmadxx sure I batted my head on every obsticle and difficulty to be found. I even think I had some of the temptations which assailed Jesus during his forty days---- the temptation to do something spectacu,ar to prove I was a Christian. I would not do that,for "Love does not behave itself unseemly." Yes I went down-----but it's not the fact that you fall. But to lie there, that is disgrace. It was a real struggle, but every thing worth worth the earning is a life long struggle.

When I finally made the decision I thought some great revelation revelation would come to me. Not so. The world wagged on about the same, I felt about the same for a time . Things were not the same however. I am not so sure as most seem to be that Paul's change from a bigoted Pharisee to a very humble follower of the Lord Jesus, was an outward display, as we have been led to think, but rather a quiet inward change from hatred to love, from self to service. The change is great but is gradual for móst of us and takes a good many years of tears and prayers to accomplish. Of course I know one cannot be in all things like unto Christ,but the scrifices, the tears, and prayers the failures and the sometimes triumphs fadxxmmyxx bring such joy and satisfaction that one comes to know beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Spiritual things are of inestimable value and the tears and failures fade away in the "Depth and the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God."

I tried fasting also-----but I could not keep that up. I was the last of my parent's children at home. I had been ill so many years and such an anxiety to them and when I did not come to the table ---- it was just too sad. I could not stand it and also thought that was not my idea of a Christian daughter. I went back to the table and just passed up any thing I especially liked. That was not necessary

either for I could not eat enough at best to keep up my strength . Fasting I am sure goes deeper than that. It is self-discipline discipline but does not require abstinance from necessary food. Ittix is I think, a discipline of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

During my struggle to become a lowly follower of the Lord Jesus, I felt as though,in my mind's eye I could see Jesus almost dissapearing in the distance ahead of me when I so longed to have him near me. It was then that I made up my mind that if it were necessary to choose between Him and my great ambition-----which was to be be a real musician,---I would rather have Him as the center of my life, as I could see He could be , thatz and have only two calico dresses(calico was what we wore for house dresses) and work in some body's kitchen, than to be able to charm thousands with music.

That was a wise choice.

I have come to know that "When the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.

"----If our hearts condemn us not then then we have confidence toward God.

There is nothing upon the face of the earth, of such value to man, as to be able to walk free from guilt in his inmost soul; to walk meekly and unafraid in the midst of calamity and terror.

There is no need for fears, tears or doubts in finding the true way of life. It is so simple "That he who runs may read."

All one need do is to follow the way of Love. All malice, evil thoughts ,envyings, hatred and bitterness is to be overcome by Love and the way is clear ahead. Not easy but very satisfactory/

"I sought the Lord and he heard me and delivered me from all my FEARS !

One lesson of this peorid in my life I shall never forget It has hlated me a good many times when I should otherwire repeated some piece of news I had heard. Emma Daniels, who was a young girl in lur Church at that time and whose relatives lived just across the Street from our home,, was a teacher of young boys in our Sunday School.. One fall day she had some of the boys with her at an Old Soldiers Reunion in the Park in Arkansas City. There was a platform for dancing on the grounds, and one of her boys told me she had danced there one day. He was shocked for we were all taught that dancing was not rightand especially to dance in a public place was next door to a crime.

I did not know what to do about it but decided to go and see her and talk it over with her. I shall never be able to erace from my mind the feeling which assailed me when I rap-ed at her door. They had just gotten through cleaning house. At that time wee all put straw under our carpets to pad them , and too we thought it kept the dust down. My heart, as I walked across that straw, which was unusually thick, sank down beneath it all and stopped my breath. When I told her my mission she began to laugh. Then she told me. They were standing watching and she had said to one of the boys that she guessed she would try it. That was all there was to it.

Emma Daniels was an orphan and was adopted by Grandmother Daniels, the mother of Al. and John Daniels. Emma grew up as a relative of the family and some years later married a very strange man. Not only did her relatives try to get her not to marry him but the man's sister came to her and told her not to do it as he was a very hard man and even informed her of some of his actions to other s. She was not warned however and married him. One day as I was walking down Central Ave. I saw her with her husband in a buggy driving to ward Mrs Daniels home of North Second St. Even to ~~this day~~

this day have I seldom, if ever seen such a look on a woman's face as she had, and I have seen sad looks on women's faces, and one was on the face of preacher's wife too. It was xattxxxx terrorizing to me. As I walked on up the Avenue I decided I'd never get married, unless I was dead sure I'd not end up with that kind of look. She was soon after divorced and later went to Long Beach Cal.where she with others had oil wells in the back yard. She was later married again and has two children I believe.

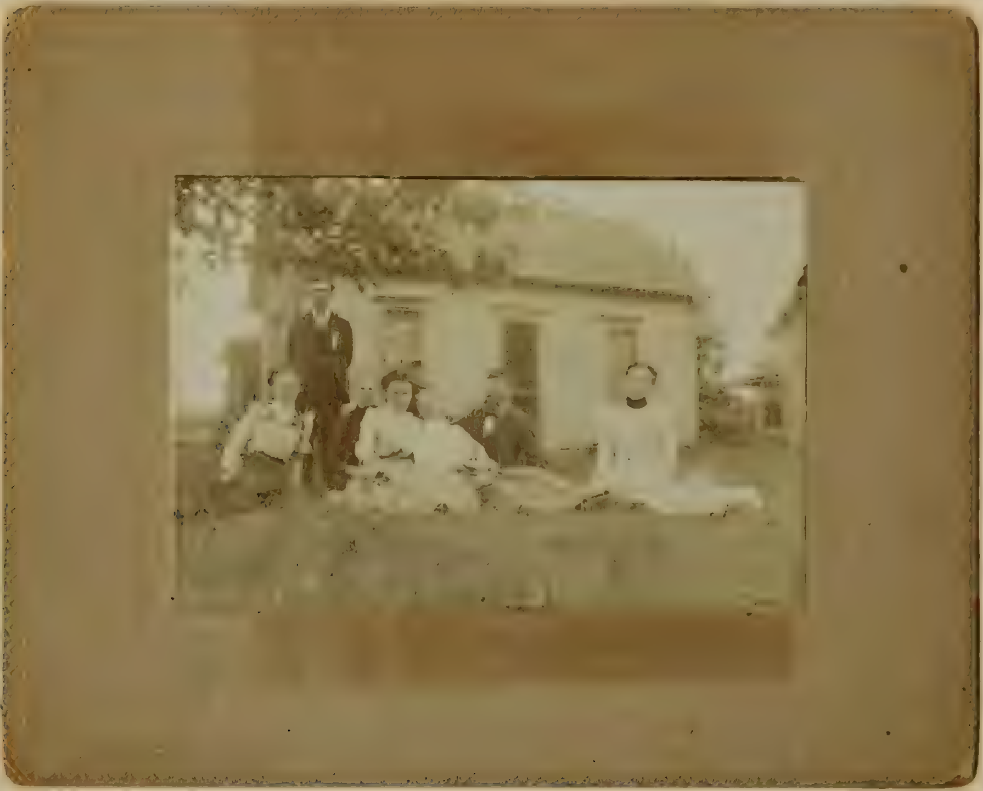
It takes heroic effort on my part to make up my mind to to leave unsaid all the other experiences of my younger life and move on to the later years, before my eye sight fails too greatly and my physical strength be wasted. For I must tell you how I met Mr Geo. Bock Moore because of a delayed letter and how I went from Los Anggles to San Francisco and return on a pin. Yes a common pin. There is a gap of a good many years between these two. My brother Joe's children had all been born except the youngest, Josephene, and they had lived in Winfield Kansas for five or six years.
One evening a little boy who lived on the next Street, often walked home with me, said very earnestly"Miss Gilmer how do you keep from getting married.? " Another day I heard my little nephew Carlyle, and a neighbor boy talking and they seemed quite puzzled and uncertain, when one said to the other "How does she keep from getting married. The poor things did not know that I had never been able in all my thirty-odd years to lure any one into my net.. Yes I was an old maid but I absolutely refused to sit up in "The old maid's row"in Church." . I am am old lady now but I refuse to be called that too. I can hear a voice---I think it is my mother's reading: "At even tide it shall be light." Every one knows that the light lingers longest on the hills,SoI am going upward toward thatLlight which shines on the eternal hills.

During this period of silence, my sister Clara was married. I shall never be able to esase from my memory the day she left for College at Winfield Kans. some fourteen miles from our home. My father took her with her trunk strapped on the back of the old buggy. When they drove away and I turned back to a dis ordered house my heart was at a low ebb, for I knew that she would never be at home again as she had been. She never was.

/She often wanted me to visit her at College, but I did only once . Ever after I found some reason or excuse to refuse. I could not take it. I remember distinctly the classes I visited with her that day. One was an English class. Proffessor LeRoy Weeks was the instructor. One must see him to appreciate him. He was talking about "form" in poetry that morning and said he did not like too mush "form". And then smiling he told the class about his wife . Mrs Weeks was by far, to my mind, more gifted of the two. He had told her the night before that he did not like too much "form" and as he said , she just smiled and said "Well, one must be careful that it is "Not " without form and void." He joined in the laughter. Mrs weeks was the more brilliant, for she had a poem illustrated in the Century Magazine in about 1898 or 99, I should think. It was entitled "The babe Upon the Breast Consoles us for the One in Dreamles Rest." by Ida Alborn Weeks. The poem and the illustration were beautiful. Enough of College, not that I was not interested, on the other hand I was too much interested. I hope there are few who wanted an education as bad as I did and it denied them.

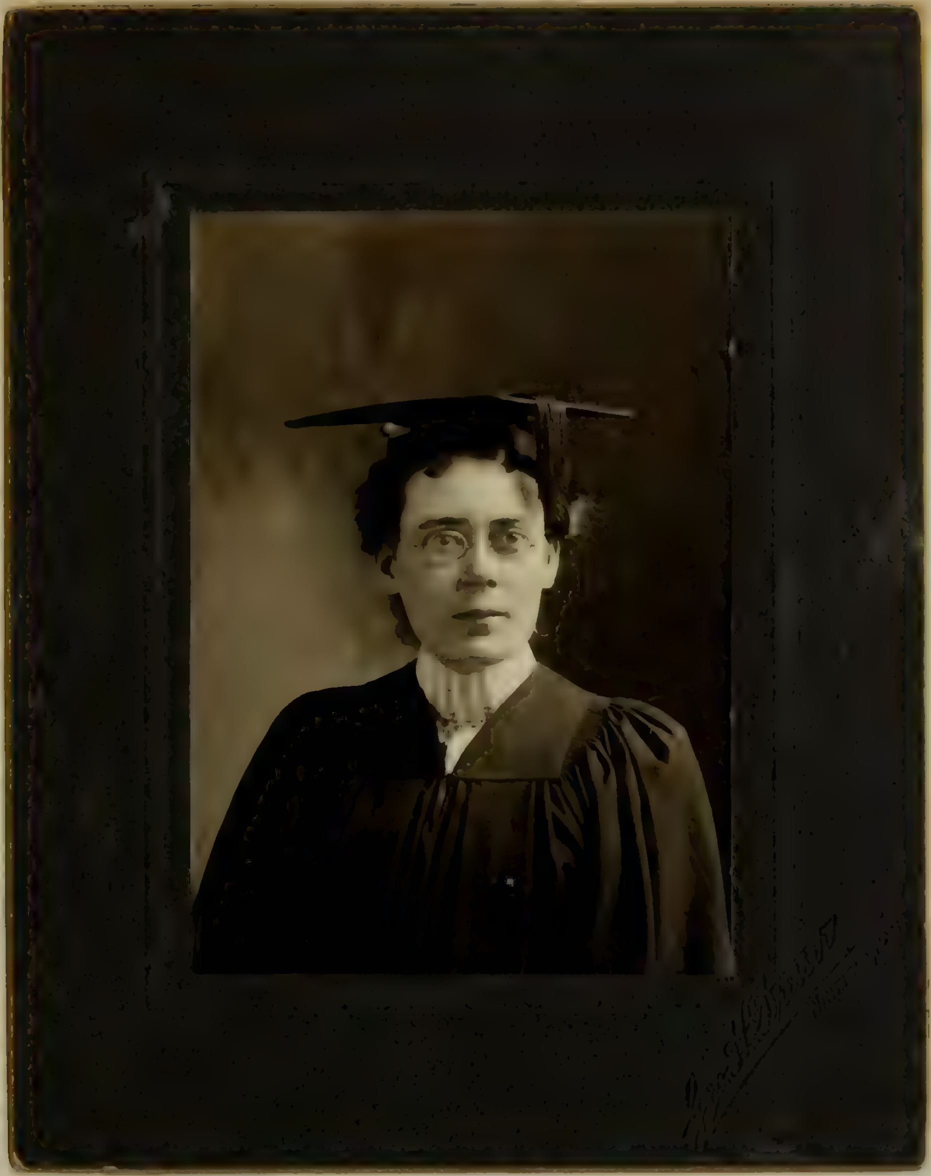
During these years at College she met some of the finest young men and women in the Southwest. Two of them were Forrest and Grace Rose, whose father was a Methodist Minister and who was at one time Acting President of Southwestern College.

The picture below was taken summer of 1899, as I think, and shows the two Roses and Miss Leola Bellamy and our family. Leola (to the left) Forrest Rose (standing) Mother just to be glimpsed behind Clara, Grace Rose reclining against Clara , My father and myself with my head on one side looking like "The Deserted Villavge " or some lost creature.



Beside these three there was Paul J.White, J.W. Dibbins and a Mr Martin, who just came to receive his degree from and of whom I know little. They were the "Class of Naughty Naught". The picture which follows is ob "Old North Hall" the only building on the Campus in 1900. It was built in 1885 and its stone steps were almost worn away by the many feet of those who sent through its halls. It is gone now, but many were the men and women who were proud to call it their "Alma Mater".

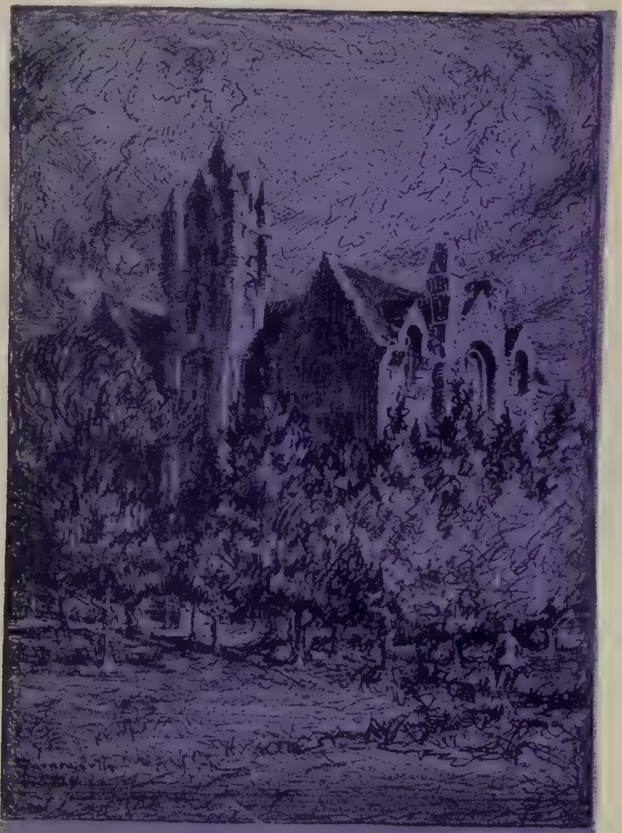
Clara Madge Gilmer



as she looked on the June morning of 1900 when she caused my heart to flutter with pride and joy as she walked up on the platform to receive her A. B. degree. Had she been in College later she would have made "The Order of the Mound" a schoolastic society at Southwestern. When she had been out of school for twenty years and had five children to care for she would when uncertain of some scripture take up her Greek New Testamnet and read in the original.

She was married before I was. My father did not have the redress which Laban had in that he could not say " It may not be so done in our coutry, to give the younger before the first-born." No! all that was said was, "the eldest must danse in the pig-trough."

In June 1908 she was married to Mr Paul J. White. who as I have said graduated from College at the same time.



"Like a mediaebal castle of some mystic fairyland, Old North stands through the years pointing with its turrets to the things that are eternal in the heabens."

It was then called Southwest Kansas Conference College. but was later simplified to read Southwestern.

Paul J. White

was born in Reno County Kansas in 1872, one of nine boys. Reno County was at that early date about as desolate and forbidding a place as one could find in "The Great American Desert" as it was called. There is no need to tell of poverty and ambition for he knew them both. The mother of the family was a invalid for five years before her death and for that length of time Paul kept house and cared for her. He was twenty-one at that time and scarsely ready for High School. He and his younger brother Mark gathered up their possessions, which consisted of a wagon, a mule team and one or two bags of dried peaches., and came to Southwestern to get what education they could manage. At that time the College was equiped with an course of study for those not yet ready for High School.

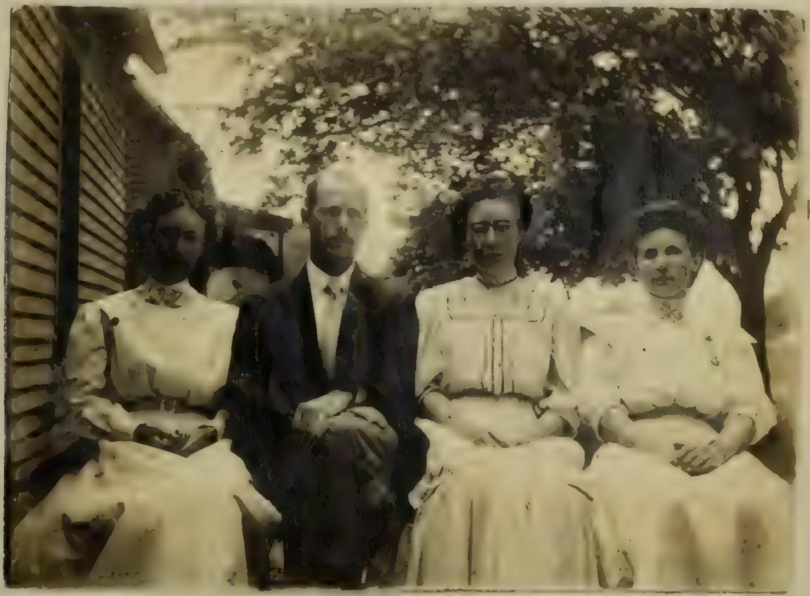
They did ever kind of honorable work, such as hauling wood in from along the Walnut River, chopping it into stove wood and selling it, acting as Janitor at the First Methodist Church, and in later years found work as Tutor in Latin and such other work. Sometimes he lived on thirty-five cents a week, and after seven years of strenuous effort took his A. B. Degree in1900. He told me Commencement Day that he came to Winfield with $1:50, and was not sure he would get out with that much.

He married that same year, but I do not remember the girl(s name as he left for Norman Oklahoma where he worked for two years to obtain a Masters Degree. Two children were born to them ,the older one Theron Reed in Norman and the younger Paul J. Jr. in Ithica New York where Paul was teaching in the Agriculture al College at Cornell University. The mother died eighteen days after Paul Jr. was born . He was a very frail child and had a hard struggle to live at all, and has never been strong.

Heree are the little boys as they looked 1908.

Theron + Paul

Clara was a little chagrined about Paul White. She had not not heard from him for a long time but it happened that she found it necessary to write to him about some College Class project, so found his address and wrote. He answered and kept on writing, so that by June 1908 he had asked her to marry him. He was receiving his Doctor's degreee that June from Cornell University, but denied himself the pleasure of receiving it in person to come out oto Kansas to be married.



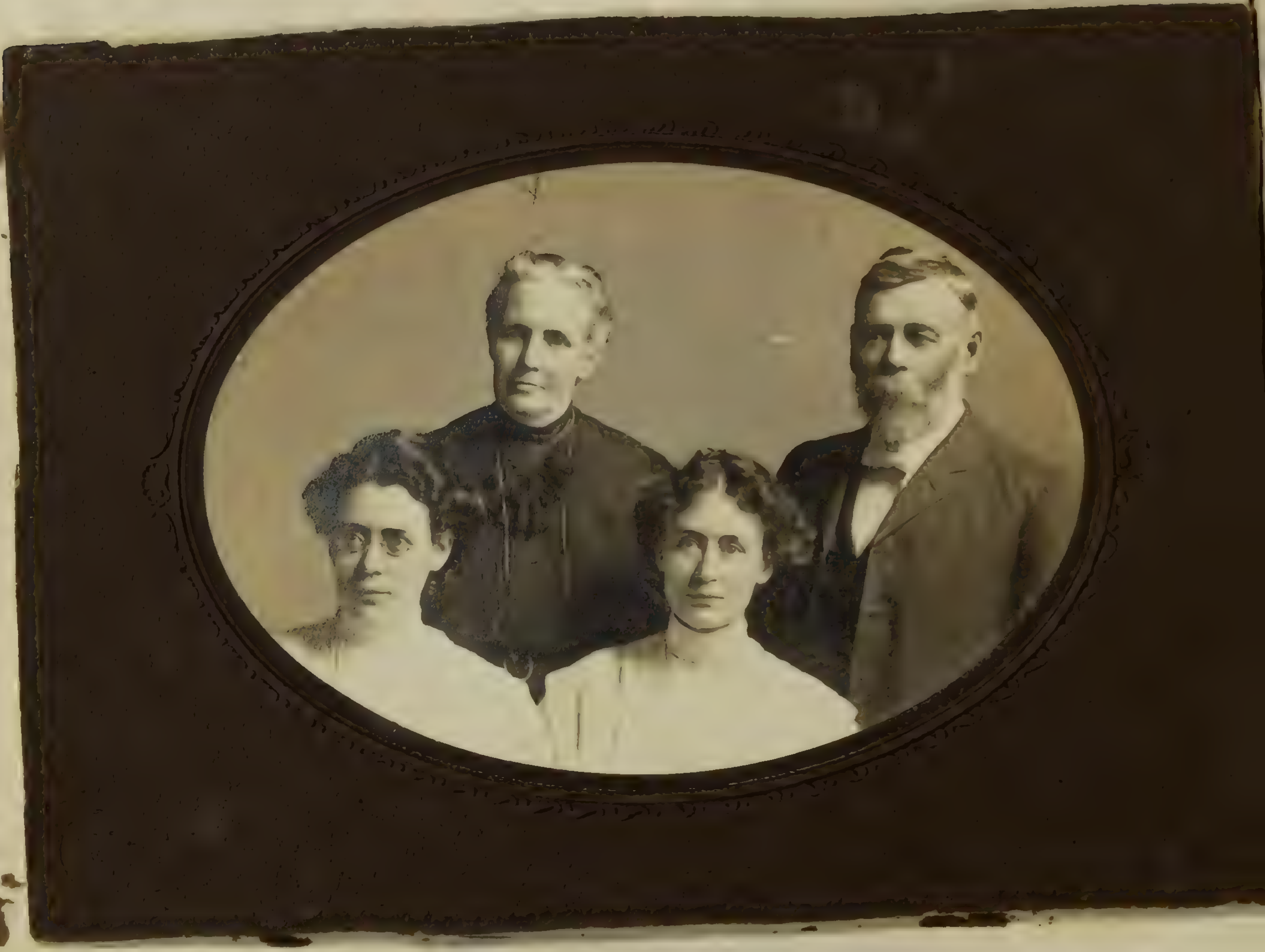
reading from left to right are: myself, Paul White,Clara and Mamie Rogers, one of the very best friends I have ever had.

The marriage ceremony was read by the Rev. William Hayes, father of our own Miss Elenor Hayes, and instructor in Southwestern College for many years and a long time friend of the family.

One day I remember vividly was a day when we were cleaning house and sat on the floor to rest. Naturally I was feeling pretty low. There did not seem to be much to live for with her gone for I had always justified my existence to myself by the comforting thought that I had her to do for and help. As we sat there I rember-saying " Well if I have to be an idiot I'm going to be a cheerful one

one or at least try.

We four had lived so long together so happily that we thought must have a picture . Below is the result. It is I think a very good picture of each of us.



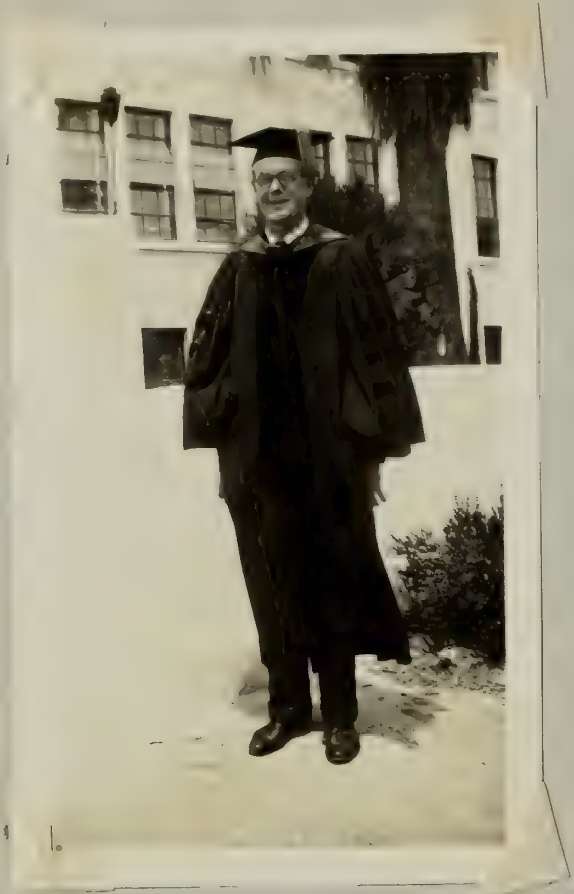
Mother always regretted the fact that we did not have Joe in the picture too. The next morning after the wedding a number of friends went with me to the Station to get them off to a good start. It was evening when they arrived in Ithica New York and sitting on the poarch with them were Mr and Mrs Treman, who had helped Paul in his sorrow and distress. Theron wsa sitting on the steps but very quietly slipped up to where Clara was sitting and said: " Are you my mother now?" She put her arms around him and told him she was, and from that day until the day of her death , a boy could not be more loyal. He never resented a thing she did. She told me that once she took a stick and switched him for something, He just stood like a statue and made no sound but she said she could not stand the look on his face so threw the stick down and threw her arms around him and he cried so as to break ones heart. When I visited them in Pasadena California in 1918 Theron on mother's Day put on a red flower. Clara objected and took it off and picked an orange blossom from the yard and pinned it on him. He looked unhappy but went on to Sunday School. When we saw him next at Church he had on both whie and red.

Paul J. White

If only some one with a readier pen and a keener insite into the human mind and heart had the duty of describing him! I have always admired him greatly in many ways but found him hard to XXXX understand. It may have been his early years of poverty and disapointment , his lack of femenine companionshipor his father's lack of understanding, which threw him back upon himself to such an extent that he could never work, think(or at least express his own thoughts) or worship with others. He was extremely religious, but my quarrel with him was that if he thought a Church was not as he expressed it ""Spiritual enough" he hunted another, and that kept him busy. Personally if I thought the same thing, and I often did, I rushed in "where Angles fear to tread" and did my best to make if more to my liking. He was born restless I guess, always wanting a change.

He had a good place in Ithica. He taught in the Agricultureal College, wrote Government Bulletins on Pastures and Legumes, had a comfortable home in Forrest Home, just off the Cornell Campus, but not satisfied.

He was a gentleman in every respect. One could trust him any where. He almost tore a man's shirt off his back down in Sulphur /Springs Arkansas , at the John Brown School for girls, when this man suggested he had spent too much time with the Matron of the school checking on supplies and needs for the school. But he is in a measure unknown to me.



Dr. Paul J. White.

THE MAN IN MY LIFE

In reding over what I have written I find a good many mistakes, but since I cannot copy as I have been doing I shall have to let what I write stand as the best I can do under the circumstances under which I am compelled to write. The story of The Man In My Life , I want to write as it happened, as nearly as I can and may drag in a report on my brother's family on occasion.

" --in the course of human events" it became at least wise, or possibly I should day best, for me to make a visit to New York to see Clara and Paul and the boys. Paul was to write me all the details of the trip and my ticket. The letter was someway delayed. I never knew how. It had two post marks on it stamped several days apart and looked a little the worse for wear. Thereby hangs the tale of my later life.

While we aere waiting to hear from Paul the Fourth of July came slipping up, and we decided we would spend it in Winfield with the family there. We found on arrival that Lottie 's cousin Miss Hattie Olmstead , a Missionary to Cuba, was ill and Lottie could not go to the Park where all the excitement lay. But as always she put us up a fine picnic lundh and we and Joe and the two little girls went to Island Park. Avery beautiful natural Park by the way. After lunch Joe and I were walking in front of the Tabernacle, when it happened ! I heard Joe say "Well, hello, George," and I kenw who he was speaking with for I had heard a lot about George Moore. How good he was to his old father, who was ill and whose mind wandered badly at times, How kind he was to Joe's little girls when they picked strawberries for him on the lot where he and his father lived. How his father had died during the winter leaving George alone in the world. How very thin and sad he looked when he visited them after his father's death. My heart was really by these facts but still I did not like him. He was big, fat and selfsatisfied, and I did not like that kind. Or so I thought. I wanted to walk on but of course did not and when I looked up at him(I like men I have to look up to, in more ways than one) He confused me with a mutual friend by the same name, and while Joe was straightening him out on that I took a second look and thought: "He does not look half bad I believe I'll talk to him awhile. Again I looked at him and saw the grey on his temples and his hollow cheeks dominated by beautiful brown eyes, and then -------well that was that.

At this moment my father came up hunting a toilet and took Joe away and left me standing there feeling very foolish. George evidently saw my embarrasment and said"Lets walk over and see the exibits over by the water. He wanted to hear the exercises in the Tabernecle as the Tisdale Sunday School was competing them. When we entered the Tabernecle here sat allthe folks, so I sat by my father and after all was over and the Tisdale S.D. won the honors, I said to my self:"This is where he does not have to stay with me if he does not care to,," so I stuck close to my father and believe it or not he did too.

When we all reached home in the evening Lottie ran out and asked George to stay for dinner. He said he could not do that when she had sickness, but she insisted and Joe looked up from his book and said:" You do not want to go back there alone do you?" To be sure he did not , he said. Father mother andI went back home in the morning and a day or two later a letter came from Winfield. Our mail all came to my father's Office and he brought it home. He handed me this letter, and a few minutes later said:"What did the "kidlets' say?". I told him he could read it if he wanted to. He started, then gave a grunt, read a little farther ans said:

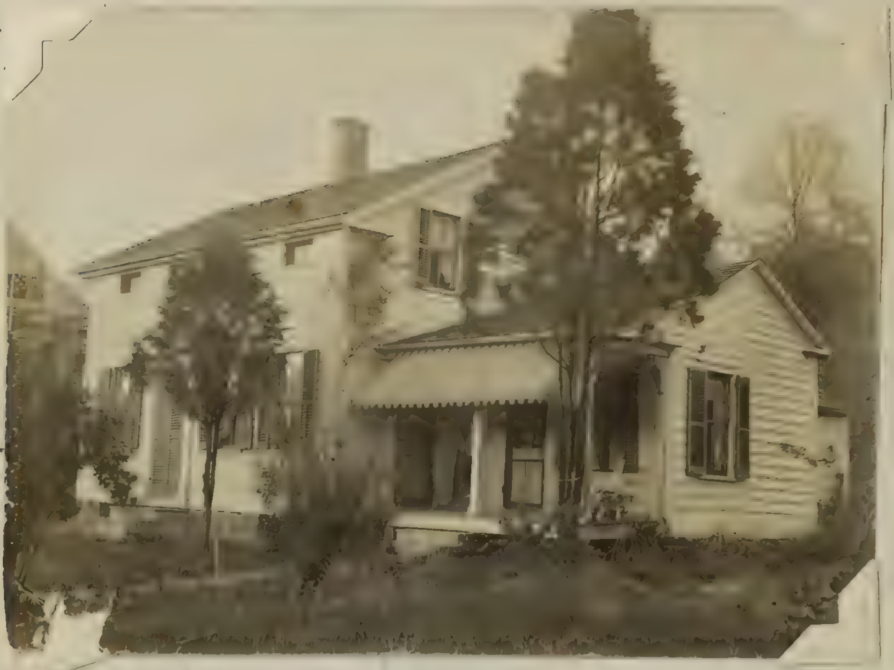
" Oh, this is so sudden. "

Since my letter still did not come we had two Sunday's together, and went to the Chatequa Assembly at Winfield together. When my letter finally came we were quite well acquainted. I left on the Twelfth of July and Mr Moore went to Colorado for the summer to try to gain some much needed reest and some weight. He went down to Arkansas City after I had gone to see my parents and that won their hearts for they were feeling rather lonely.

It would take a volume to tell of all the new and beautiful things I saw in New York. To me who had never been out of Kansas except to go down into Oklahoma as far as White Horse, which is now Ponca City. It was a revelation to me. The beautiful high gently sloping hills with their Littlefields of varing shades of green yellow and white ,each with a little hedge about it, which they told me were made that way by the pioneers who ~~pit~~ set them for ~~defence~~ defence against wild animals;the beautiful, beautiful hemlocks, oaks and hickorys were a delight! The fields I spoke of were indeed small. Ten acres is a large field , at least in Tompkins Conty where I was. They are samll because the pioneers could only clear a few acres at a time. The landscape looked like nothing so much as a "crazy patch quilt." With their ~~xxxxxx~~ their varied colers of grain, the similarity is very vivid.

I should like to take you over "The Devil's Washboard" a succession of little hills and dales, nine in all I think, on the road from the farm to Ithica. Also we would pass "Buttermilk Falls", Triphammer Falls" and Bebe Lake on the way to our home in Forrest Home. Then there is the wonderful Cayuga Lake with its forty miles of blue, blue water on which are to be seen all kinds of small sailing craft, from the wonderful trim sail boats, which glide over the water as gracefully as a swan, to the motor boats which greatly disturbed the sweet calm of wind and wave, but which now are an accepted part of our noisy life. I cannot tarry here lovely as the memories are.

The picture below is of their Forrest Home dwelling.



These old New England homes are very interesting to me as were the people, with their rather prim consciousness of their Old World superiority; they simply could not speak to one to whom they had not had an introduction. Some of them had to speak to me however.

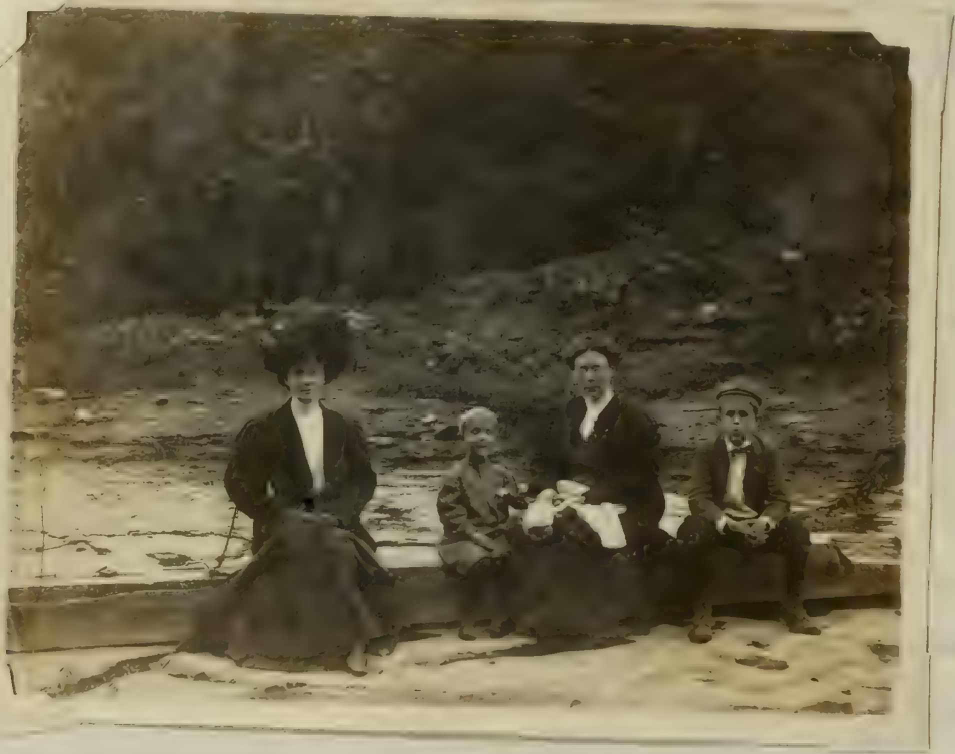
This house was built against a high hill to the back and a narrow street beside Fall Creek, so named for its numerous falls. One such ran the machenery fora furniture factory, and I lay a good many sleepless nights listening to the water sing as it fell over this fall. The houses across the Creek were built up from the bed of the Creek, and gave one a queer feeling of insecurity as he looked at the windows so farr above the water. It was all very beautiful. Many Cornell Professore lived in Forrest home.

One day while at the farm I went out to see a patch of navy beans growing. The stones where they were growing were so large that I told Paul I thought I could put both my hands of one stone. When he found I could and have some room left , he took a picture of it, saying he thought that the rockiest piece of graound in Tompkins County where any thing grew.

You can see by the picture that they were healthy plants.

One incident stands out in my memory of this visit. School started the First of September, as school has a habit of doing and we aboth , Clara and I went with Theron as one should when a child starts in the First grade. When the names were called one little boy answered to the name "Ezra Cornell." He was the great grandson of the founder of Cornell University in 1863. One day not long after Theron and I went up the hill back of the house, he wanted to show me how much he had learned in school so said a rather bad word. I looked around quickly for I had not understood what he said. He turned so white when I looked at him that k thought he would faint. He and I discovered a Waterfall too one day. I could hear it every time I walked down the Forrest Home walk, so this day we decided to see where it was. We had to fight our way through the weeds and underbrush. That is one surprising thing about Ithica. Even in or I shoul say on the Main Streets the one will see old abandon houses with the yard grown to weeds and wild brush . One need not go far from the beautiful Cornell Campus to find timber and underbrush. We found our Waterfall and a an old mill with the water-wheel still there although not in place. It was a beautiful wild old facinating place.

The Day I left Paul took a picture of us all.



Do not smile at my big hat I hated it enough in its time to want any remarks made about it now. My waterfall you cannot see nor the mill , but may glimpse its beauty.

Being all my life rather romantic I was charmed with College yells and pendents and pleased to hear even the children ape them with "I yell, yell Conrell."

There are a few things I must mention before I leave the Cornell Campus. In the first place the abandon farms in Tompkins County were a great surprise to me. When we went walking we passed farm after farm on which no one lived and it was evident they had been vacant for a long time. The houses were at least one hundred years old, and looked older, had never seen paint and were built with eighteen panes of glass to a sash. The fields were grown to weeds and the fruit trees bearing only a little fruit. A farm like one of these could be bought for a few dollars an acre, but no one bought . We gathered apples on one farm and cherries on another. The most delicious cherries I ever ate! I canned some and brought them home and mother opened them during my father's last illness and I had the satisfaction of knowing that he enjoyed them to the fullest extent.

As we were returning from one of these walks we saw a tomb-stone in the corner of a pasture. Paul went through the fence and found a woman had been buried there in 1776. The stone had scaled off to some extent but the words were still readable..

Another item of interest to me was the fact that the man lived on Paul's farm had never been out of the County and had spent only ~~x$x1X~~ $1: 78 for Rail Road fare in his life. Mr Van DeBogart was fine man nevertheless. The evenings are very long in winter, They told me of a man who asked one of these farmers what he did in the long evenings. He said:"Wal,I jest set and think and think and the rest of the time I jest set.

It would not be right if I did not take time to tell you of a young man of sixteen, who was a charming lad. He was Robert Treman, the son of the family who were very kind to Paul when left alone with two boys. He was very musical and very good at manipulating a player piano. Mrs Treman was in China at the time visiting xx their daughter Mrs Blackstone, a missionary in China. Her husband was the son of the Dr. Blackstone who wrote many books xxx on China and Mission work. That summer Robert's father was quite foolish about a younger woman who lived in their home. How much children suffer for the sins of parents no one but they themselves ever know! Robert lost his life in Xxiaxx China a few years later while he was visiting his sister. He was drowned in one of their flash floods ,which are common in China. He was a charming loviable boy!

THE CORNELL CAMPUS

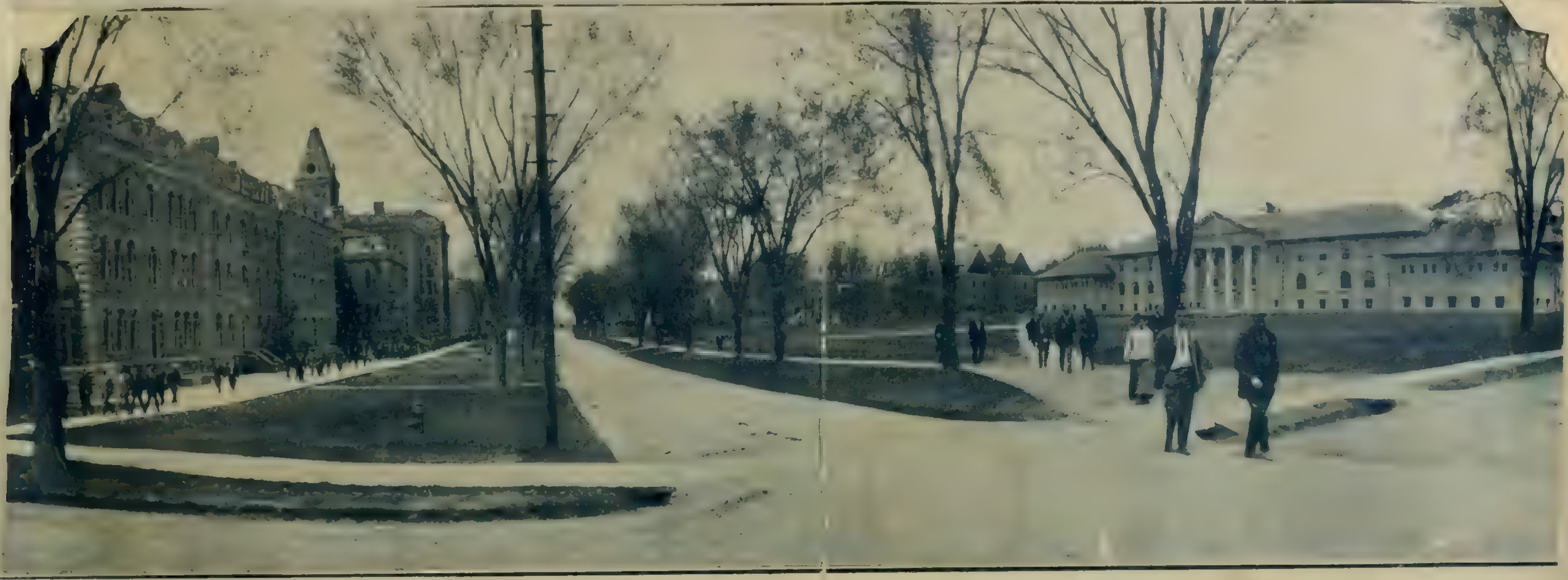
Paul said "It is the most beautiful College Campus in the world." I cannot say as to that but is is very beautiful

Library, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Handcolor

From the tower of the Library, I heard my first carillon. Something about the New York air made them sound so clear and plain.

There are , or I should say were twenty-five very large buildings on the Campus in 1910, along with many many small ones too numerous to even recall.



Quadrangle from Library, Cornell University

The picture above shows the Quadrangle. To the left are very old buildings. At the top, only glimpsed through the trees is the Law School----Sibley. It was two blocks in length:has since been replaced by a new and larger building. To the right is the Goldwin- Smith building housing the Art and Sculpture departments.

It was evening on Oct. 12th when I crossed the Campus on my way to the station and home. The sun was just setting and the Cadets were drilling, making a beautiful sight as the last rays of sunlight fell on them.The grass, in New York, unlike the grass of my native state, is thick and very green; it can be used as much and strenuously as is necessary and still stands as levley as ever. So my last glimpse of Cornell was of the Cadets marching and counter marching on the beautiful Campus as the sun cast fading light upon it.

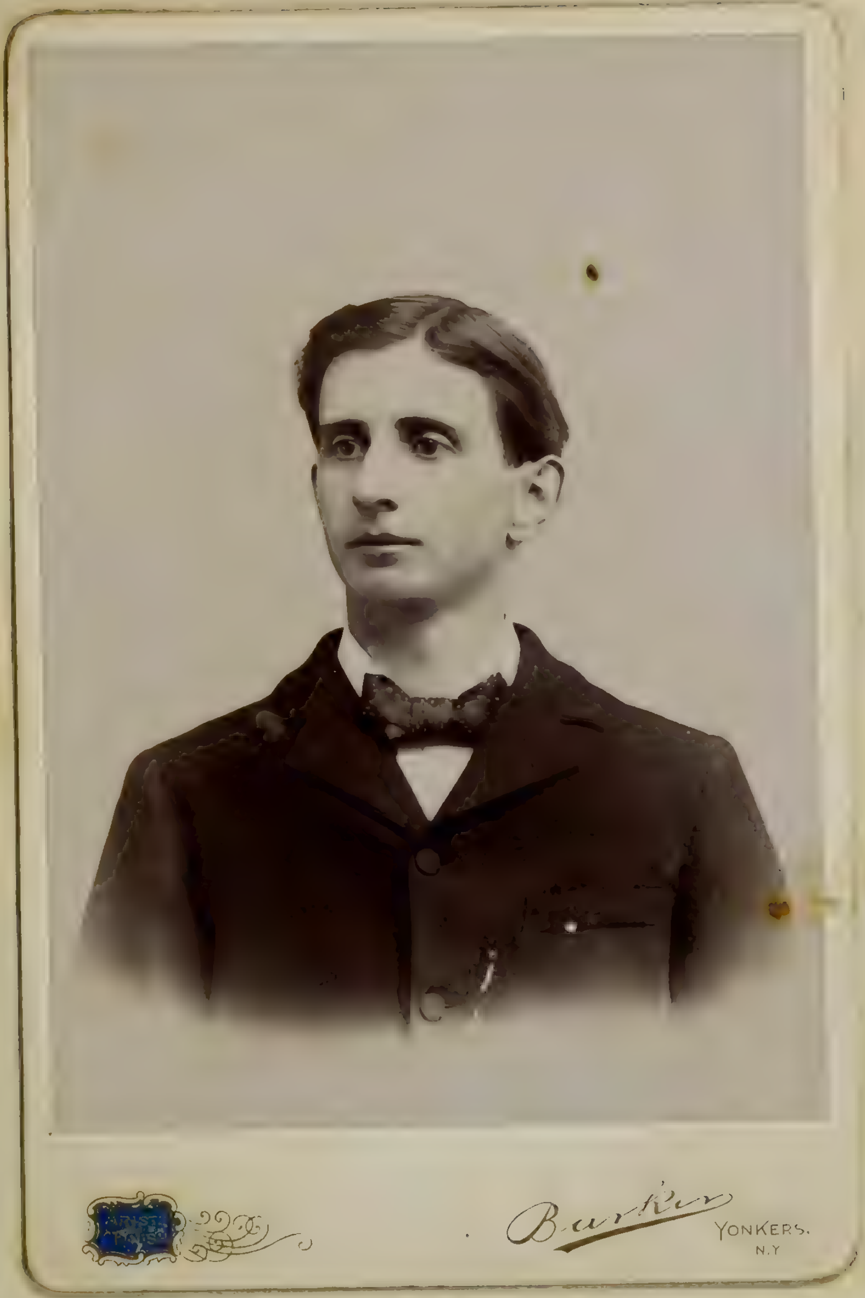
At the station I met a lady who seemed congenial and spoke as though she were going a long way, so I thought I would have some one to talk with as we traveled. When I asked her where she was going she said "To Albany". I was astonished. She was like a woman I met at the farm who was going to visit her mother. She was making such preparations and spoke of it as a long way and when I asked her how far it was she said:" Twenty miles". I found it hard to keep my face straight. Both are typical of the East, at that time at least.

When this lady at the station asked me where I was going and I told her;"To the Southern part of central Kansas," she looked at me as if I were a type of wild humanity she had never seen.

Just one more memory of New York. I had heard of a "dog churn" and asked a lady who called on us at the farm if she knew of such a thing. "But of course" she replied. I'm going to churn tomorrow, come over and see one." Then she looked at me in a strange way and asked;"How do you churn? " I told her, just by popping the dasher up and down in a churn." I wish I wefe an aftist, so I could draw one. I did one to show my parents but do not want to risk it now. They put a wide belt around two wheels , to form an encline, with the sides built up high enough so that the dog cannot get out , have the belt fastened to the churn dasher, so that every revolution of the belt lifts the dasher of the churn.This dog got so "Fed up " on the job that he hid out on the evening before churning day. It was a long slow process and of course I felt sorry for the dog. I felt sorry for myself on churning day too..One neighbor used a sheep.

Now I am off to Arkansas City and Winfield.

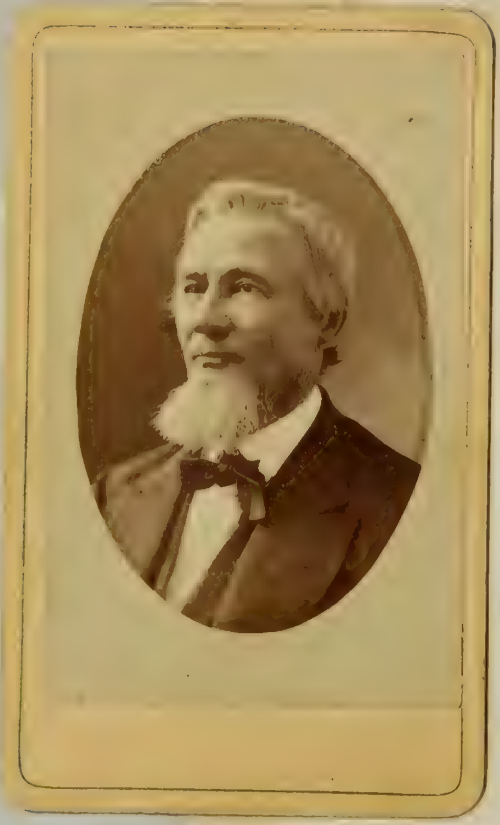
George Beck Moore



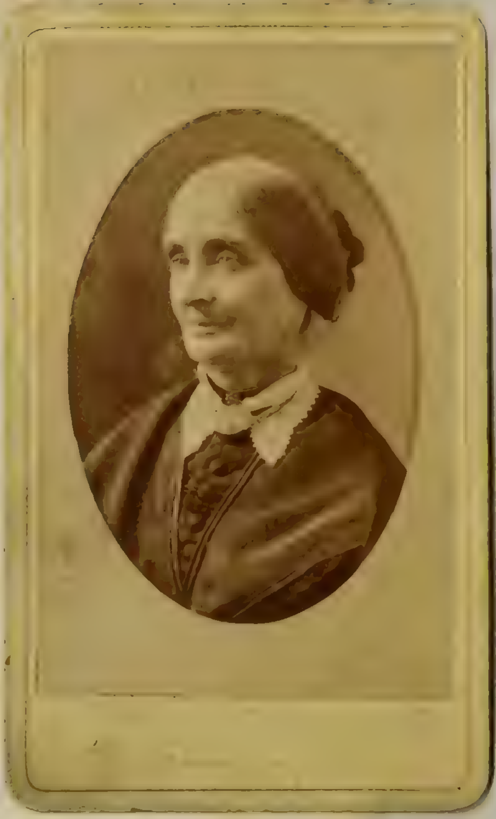
This, my dear Grandchildren, John Gilmer Jr. and Frances Lillian, must have been as your Grandfather looked in 1896 while he lived in New York and worked in an Uncle's Broker's Office. He lived out at Younkers with an Aunt and commuted to the City by train.He was then twenty-four years of age.

The pictures below are of your Great-great Grandparents

William Breeze Bock



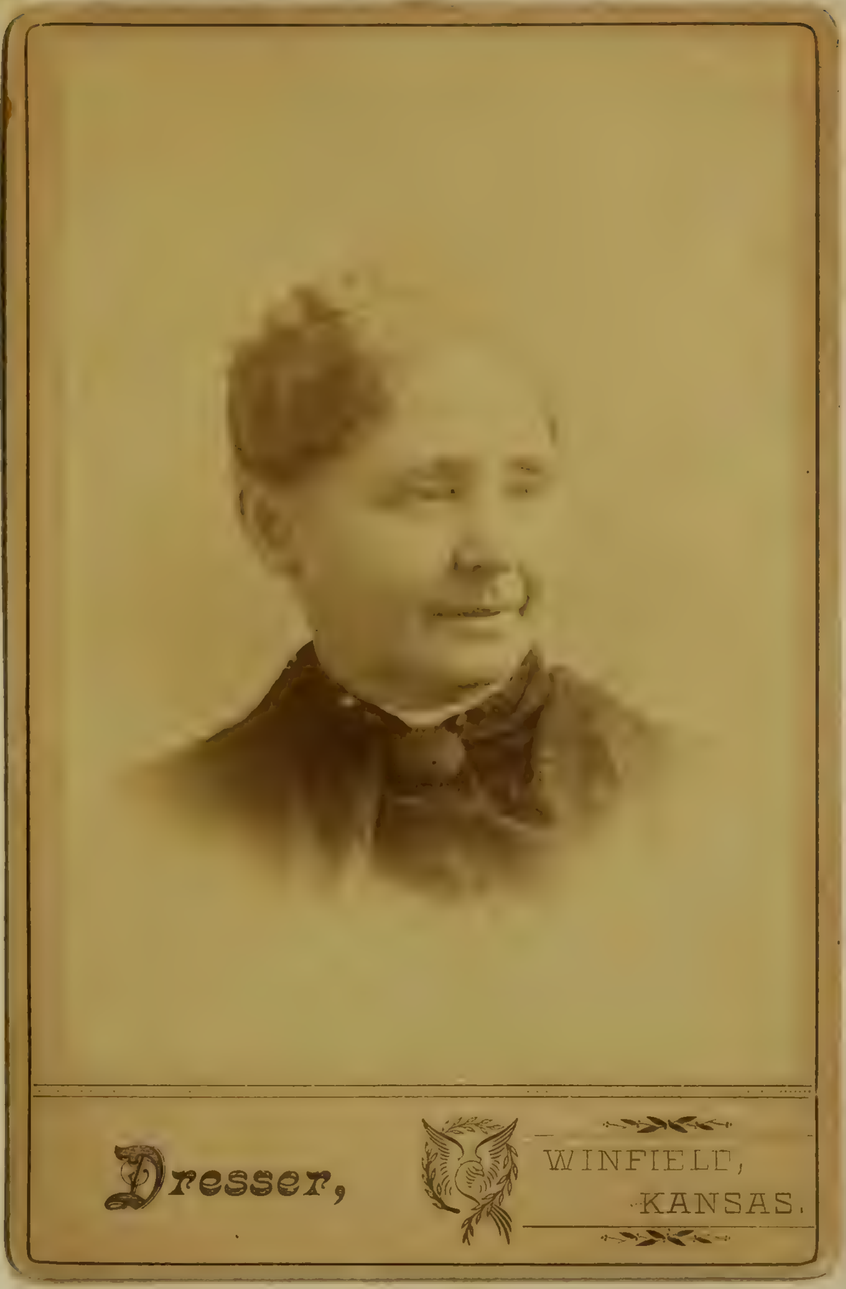
Ann Mcadam Bock



William Breeze Bock was a very remarkable man. He it was who made the big chest which sits on the breeze-way now. They both died so nearly at the same time that one funeral was held for them both. After a long life together they were not separated in death.

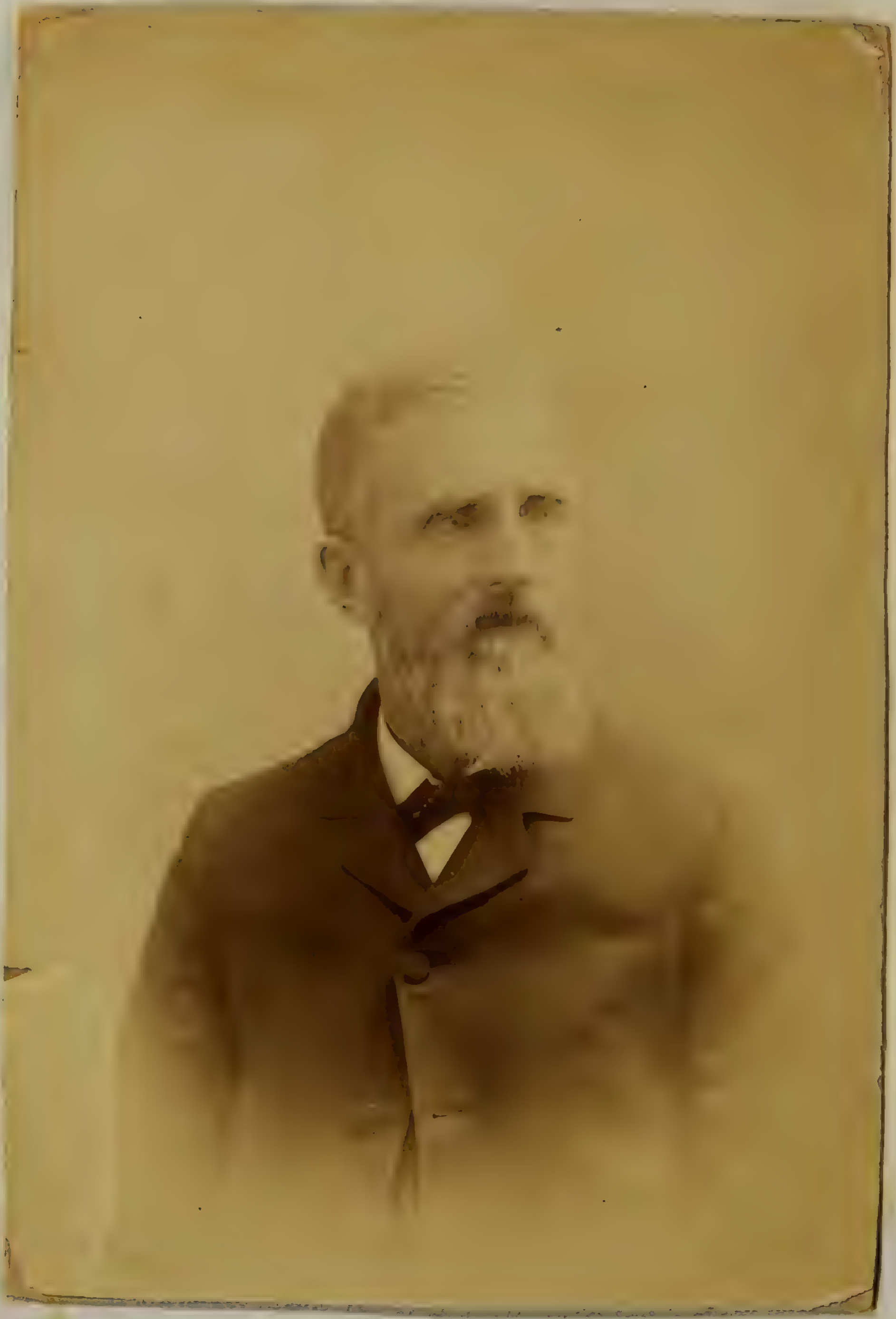
Their daughter Jane Bock married Henry Paul Moore in Illinois in 1868.

Jane Beck Moore



Never having had the privelege of seeing or knowing her I judge her character only by what she left of the things she treasur- and judging by those she had a wonderful love for the good the beautiful and the pure. She painted a picture in her later years which I will insert later as I have it on my wall and cannot part with it yet.

Henry Paul Moore



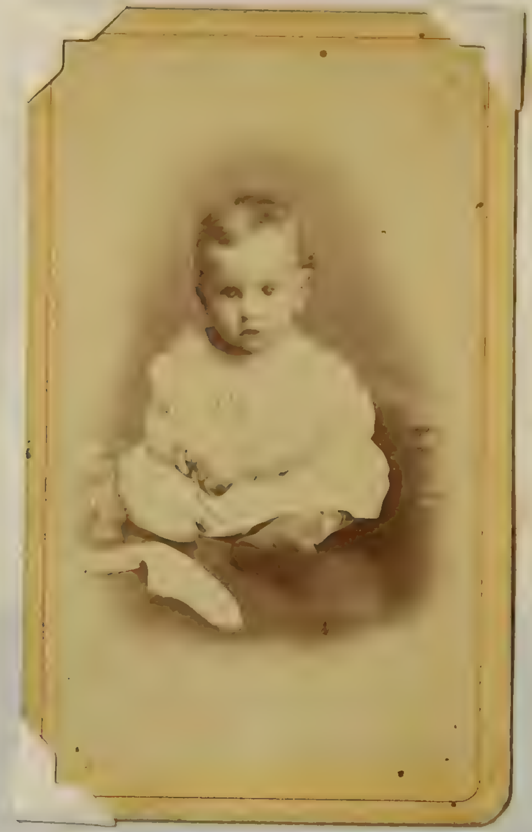
Waas born in Springfield Illinois Jan. 7th. 1833 and died in Winfield Kans. April 16th 1910. Two sons were born to them. John Laribee Moore , in 1869 and George Beck Moore on Oct. 12th 1872.

The Picture which follows is of the farm where they were born, two miles from Elkhart Ill.

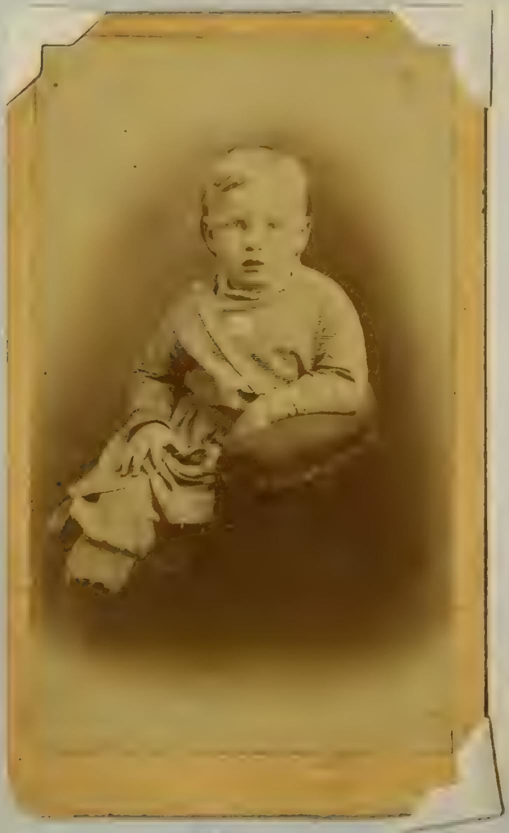
This picture was taken in June 1914, when we visited your Grand-father's old home near Springfield/ Ill. The grove of trees were set out by your great grand father years ago. Both boys were born here . Below is the picture of John Laribee Moore with their mother, when he was seventeen months of age.

1870

Geotge Beck Moore



Born Octobefr 12th. 1872, the son of Henry Paul and Jane Moore. at Elkhart Illinois, a few miles from Springfield. Ill.



John

George

/Among the interesting old things which the Moore family have kept through the years is the one below.

LAND GRANT Issued in 1862 for SERVICES IN WAR 1812.

Signed by Abraham Lincoln.

BEFORE SEALING, BE SURE TO WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY ON THE LINES BELOW

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THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF FORT WORTH

Fort Worth, Texas, ______________ 19____

Subject to conditions on the back of your receipt, we credit your account with items described below.

DEPOSITED FOR THE ACCOUNT OF

____

ADDRESS ______________________

PHONE NO. ____________________

	DOLLARS	CENTS
CURRENCY Purchase Money Order Payable to the Bank.		
CHECKS List singly.		
1		
2		
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TOTAL		

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NAME ______________________________

STREET ____________________________

CITY ____________ ZONE ______ STATE ____________

PLEASE SEE THAT ALL CHECKS ARE PROPERLY ENDORSED: PAY TO THE ORDER OF *The First National Bank of Fort Worth*

YOUR SIGNATURE, AS CHECK IS DRAWN, FOLLOWED IF NECESSARY, BY YOUR CORRECT SIGNATURE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF FORT WORTH

DEPOSIT RECEIVED BY MAIL FORT WORTH, TEXAS

WE HAVE TODAY CREDITED YOUR ACCOUNT $______________

DEPOSITS ARE CREDITED SUBJECT TO CONDITIONS ON THE BACK HEREOF.
IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO HAVE THIS ACKNOWLEDGMENT ENTERED IN YOUR PASS BOOK.
Depositors are requested to advise of permanent change of address.

BY______________

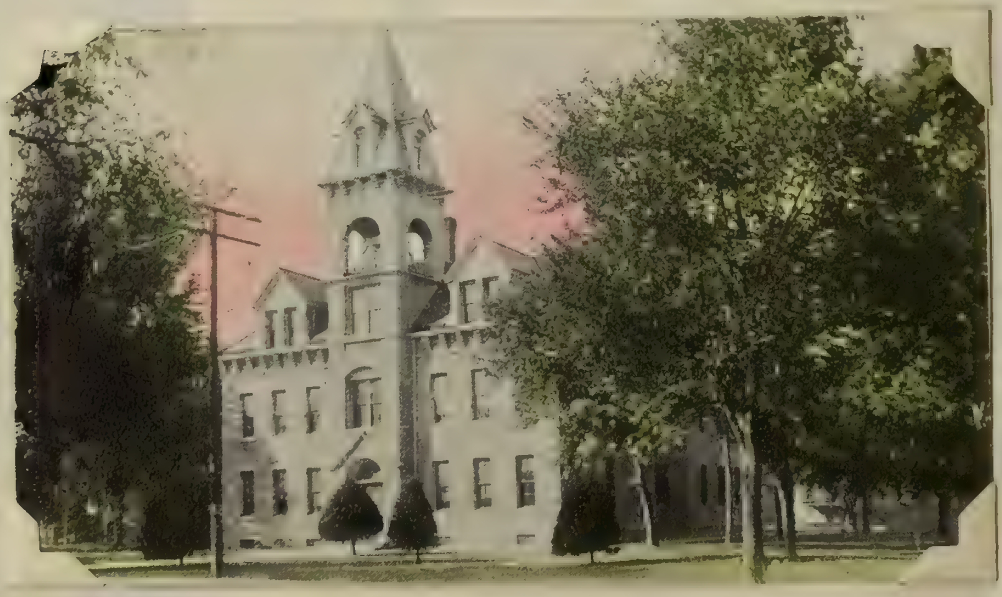
The family left Illinois in 1884 and came to Winfield Kansas, where they lived for years at 202 East Ninth Ave. . The George G. Gary home stands across the street south of the Moore home. I still have a beautiful plate which George Gary's mother gave me when she left her home to with her children. I prize it as a gift to me in memory of Mrs Moore, for they were friends for all the years they both lived.

Later the family bought the farm East of Winfield which is still known, I think , as the Ed. Boyd place. Oil was struck there later and gave the Boyd family great help in educating their three girls.

It was while they lived on East Ninth that John, the elder son was stricken with typhoid and passed away on Sept. 16th. 1893, at the age of 24. George told me that he was always so kind. The dater is impressed on my mind for it was the day that the Strip" -----"The Cherokee Strip" was opened for settlement.

It was at about this time that my brother Joe and George Moore became acquainted at Southwestern College where they both attended school.

Old Central School



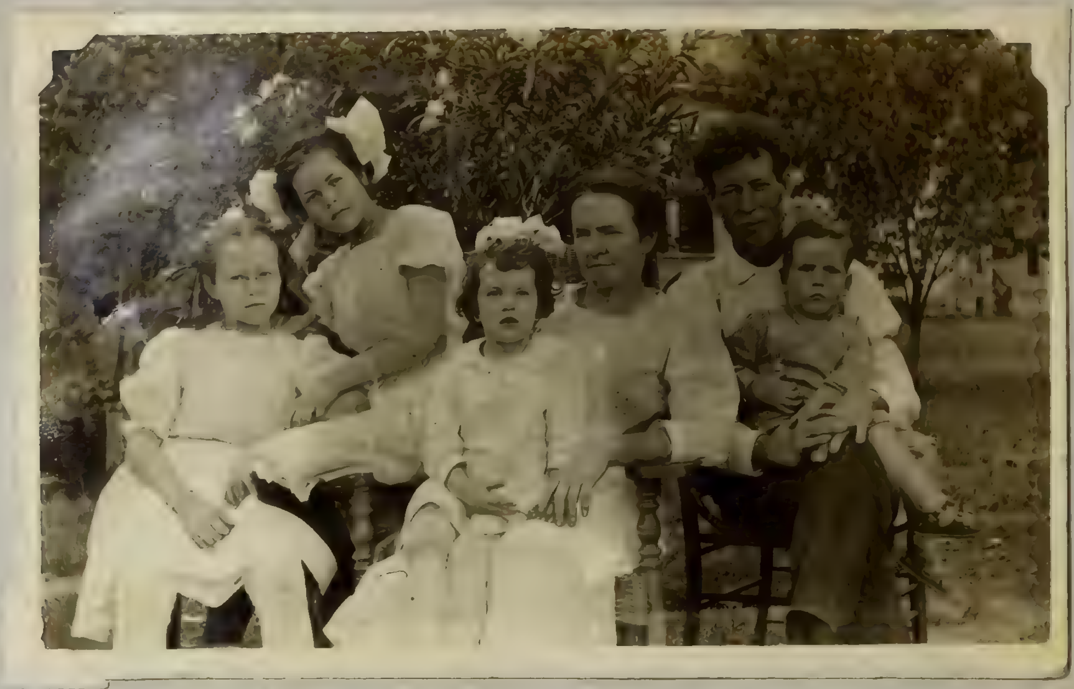
The old Central School building served both John and George Moore, through their High School days, my brother Joe's two older girls, and our son John started his many years at school, here in Old Central.

It seems to me to be the time to catch up on Joe(s family. After the death of Carlyle Jerome, they moved to Winfield Kansas where he began work for W. D. Winfield at the Winfield Plumbing Co. where he worked until the spring of 1938.

I have no pictures of the older girls, but will insert two of Hazel, the third of Joe's fout girls.

The picture of Hazel in the bath-tub took a prize . The one in the chair with her dool my Mr Moore took , so she at that age represents the stage in my life when "The Great Change Came".

The family picture which follows is of the family at about this same time . All the family arre there with the exception of Josephene,who was born in Oct. of 1913. Her picture will appear after the family picture.



The J. C. Gilmer Family in 1910.

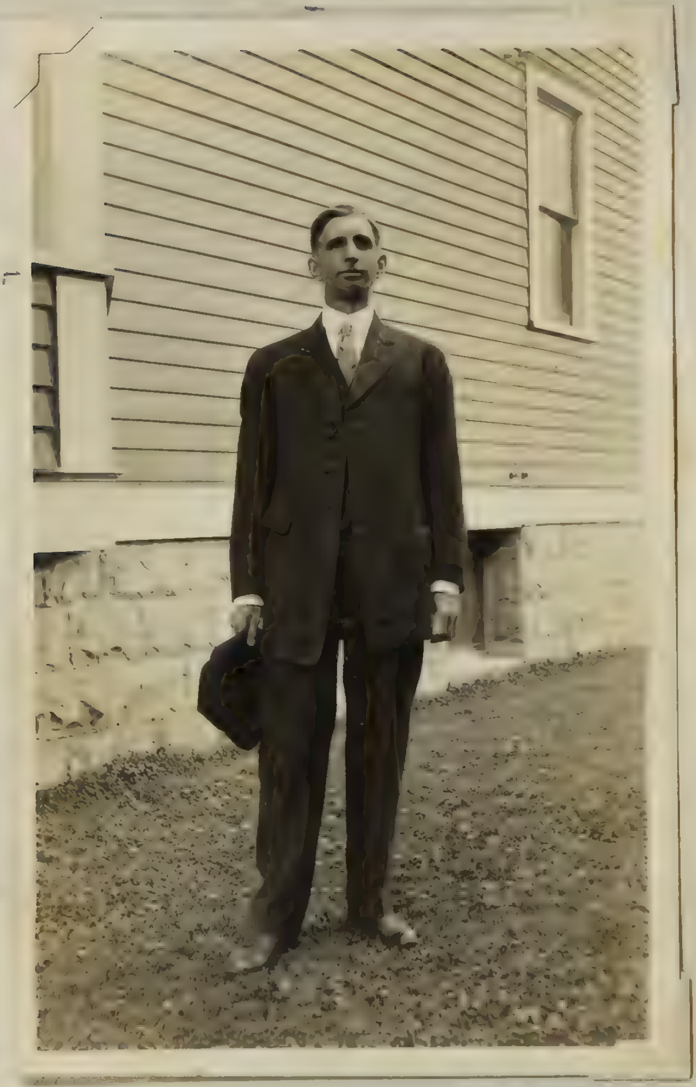
From the left: Florence, Elenora, just back of her, Hazel on her mother's lap Joe and Robert Stephen.

Below is a picture of my brother Joe's home
on Lowery Street. Winfield Kansas.

FOr a good many years they lived in this house, and later they lived at 1001 East Tenth Ave.

Now back to the great moment of my life and my Mr Moore as he was when I returned from New York, on that October night of 1910. He was of course as charming as ever and home looked so good to me that I accused my mother of haveing bought some new furniture. She denied it however but it looked wonderful to me, which it actually was not.

The picture which follows is the best I have of my George. It was taken in Colorado the summer of 1910 and is a better picture of him that any he ever had. I have one taken just before we were married, but I am not inserting it here for it is not at all like him. I shall keep it for our grandchildren, but never have liked it.

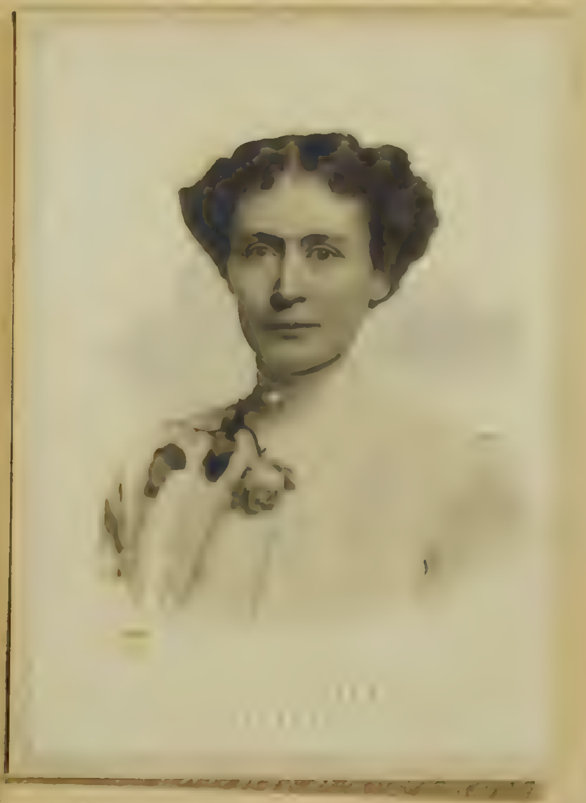


George Bock Loefe

Colorado City Colorado

1910

Forty one years ago Colorado City was axlasmall villiage between Colorado Springs and Manitou, but is now almost forgotten The picture on the next page is the one I had taken for George after we became engaged, on January 13 1911. Ona Friday too. The gibson waist I have on was embroidered by Mammie Rogers, and the Rose si one of a beautiful box of roses which George brought me on the next Sunday morning when he came down. I was very sorry that my father did not know the good news until George jumped in at the screen door and threw his arms around me and kissed me. My father was reading as usual and just took one look and then ran into the dining room and threw himself down in front of mother and hid his head in her lap.



Frances Emalyn Gilmer, at the age of 37 years.

The reason my father knew nothing of it was that Saturady morning was one of these days when he left very early for his office and also was late at night getting home.

On Sunday morning mother was very ill and we had worked for some hours to make her comfortable and things was just settled down. George had been waiting to ask me to marry him, because he did not know whatx he was going to do for a living. He had the farm, but it was rented to a cousin Frank Moore and he did not want to disturb that arrangement, and did not really want to go back on the farm.

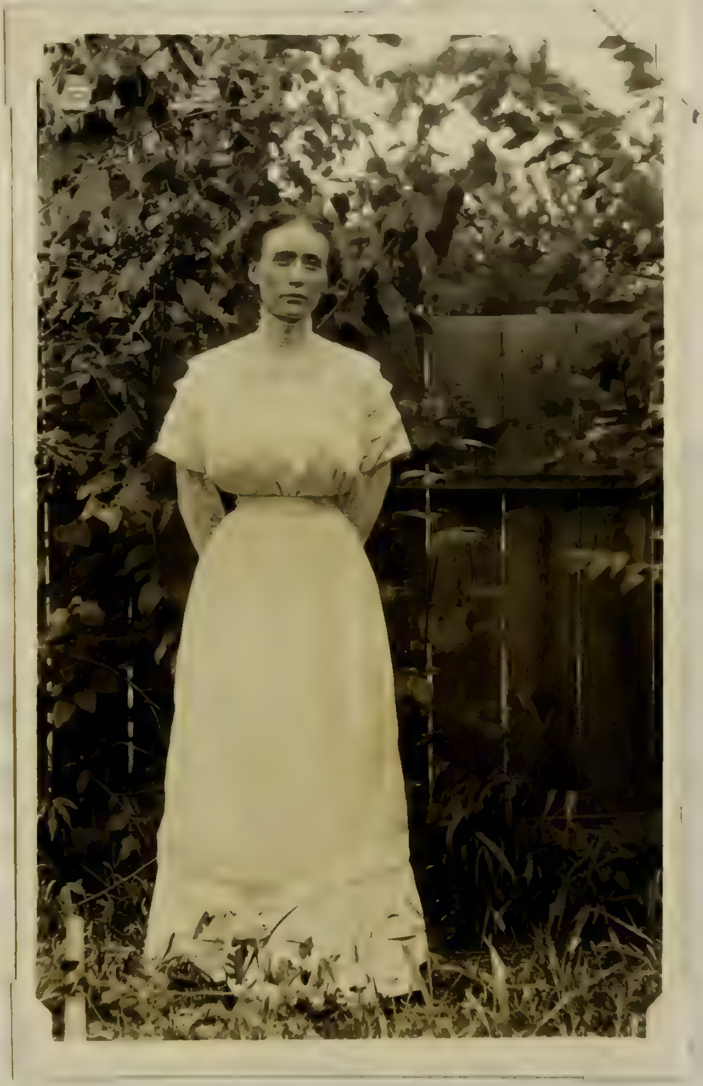
I fear I rather pushed the matter, for as we sat talking I, always loppy, put my arm over his knees and lay my head down. That proved too much for him for he swept ~~sweeped~~ me up into his arms and asked me to marry him. He always said Friday and the thirteenth had no terrors for him.

My parents were both very happy over the matter as they had unbounded confidence in George Moore. What irked me was that every one was so anxious to know what kind of wife George was getting and no one bothered about me. One woman told me I was marrying a"man in a thousand" I believed her then and have never changed my mind.

The nexr week George wrote me he had gone into the Seed business with Mr H.S. Silver, who had established the Seedn Store in 1875. In less than two years he bought Mr Silver's interest and named it The Moore Seed Store". In 1951 it is still The Moore Seed Store 1015 Main St. Winfield Kansas,

We were married on May tenth, 1911 at my father's home in Arkansas City. My Grandmother Mrs A. A. Gilmore was visiting us that spring and she made my wedding dress for me She was Seventy- five years of age at the time. Since I have described her earlier I shall say little about her, except to say that she not only made my wedding dress, but baked the the wedding cake as well.

Please look only at my dress, for I have been told many times that I looked older in that picture than I did when our son John was a big boy.



This picture was taken in the back yard of the home we came to on our wedding night. It is also the home in which our son John Gilmer Moore Junior was born on May 18th 22nd. 1912.

at 1011 Loomis St. Winfield Kansas.

The ceremony, that May night was performed by the Methodist Minister Rev L. M. Riley. We had as our guests, Joe and his family, Uncle Frank and Aunt Mary Peek Aunt Emma Kambe, my cousins Frank and Ada Peek , Charles H Peek and Maude, Louie Rogers and George's cousins, Paul, Jake and Nell Moore. Our neighbor girls, Iyla and Hazel Daniels decorated the room a lattice work back-ground covered with roses. It was beautiful. Elenora, Joe's eldest daughter played the Loherin grin Wedding March and Hazel carried the ring. It was really very simple and gave each one great pleasure. A wild storm came up just a eight o'clock, and delayed us a few minutes, but did not detract from the happiness of the occasion . Our neighbor Mrs Daniels said my ~~rose~~ roses were the most beautiful she ever sqw. I believed her just as I did when she said our baby was the nicest she ever saw, and she had had five of her own. It is very pleasant to have ones own views verified.

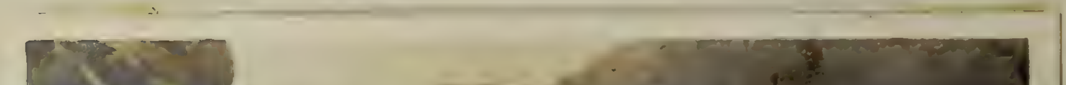
We went to our home later that night in company with Joe and his family and Aunt Emma. Joe and Lettie had a great deal of fun trying to get the girls to say "Uncle George" on the way to Winfield. They had always called me "Aunt Fannie", but George call me Frances, so they had to learn to say "Aunt Frances" too. When we got to Winfield, we unlocked the store, put our suit-case inside and walked with Aunt Emma to her home on Manning St. and then HOME ! The house was small, but we did not realize it, for it was clean, clean all over. Every dish had had a new wash, the beautiful linens, nad silver were perfectly done. On the table was the most beautiful satin damask cloth I have ever seen. Some of the silver had come down through the Moore and Beck families for generations. George had asked me to buy a rug, otherwise we had the furniture which his parents had brought from Illinois in 1884. Some of it I have in my room now

My parents and Grandmother Gilmore came up to Winfield on Friday evening and spent the week-end with us, and I saw Grandmother only once after that day, for she went on to Pennsylvania to make her home with her younger son J. C. Gilmore zzzx and died there a few years later.

Since I have told you how orderly and immaculate your Grandfather was I want to insert a few pictures which he took in Colorado the summer of 1910, as an example of his love for the beautiful. He had these pictures and many others and had them finished and gave them to me in an Album for my Birthday on Nov. 9th. 1910.

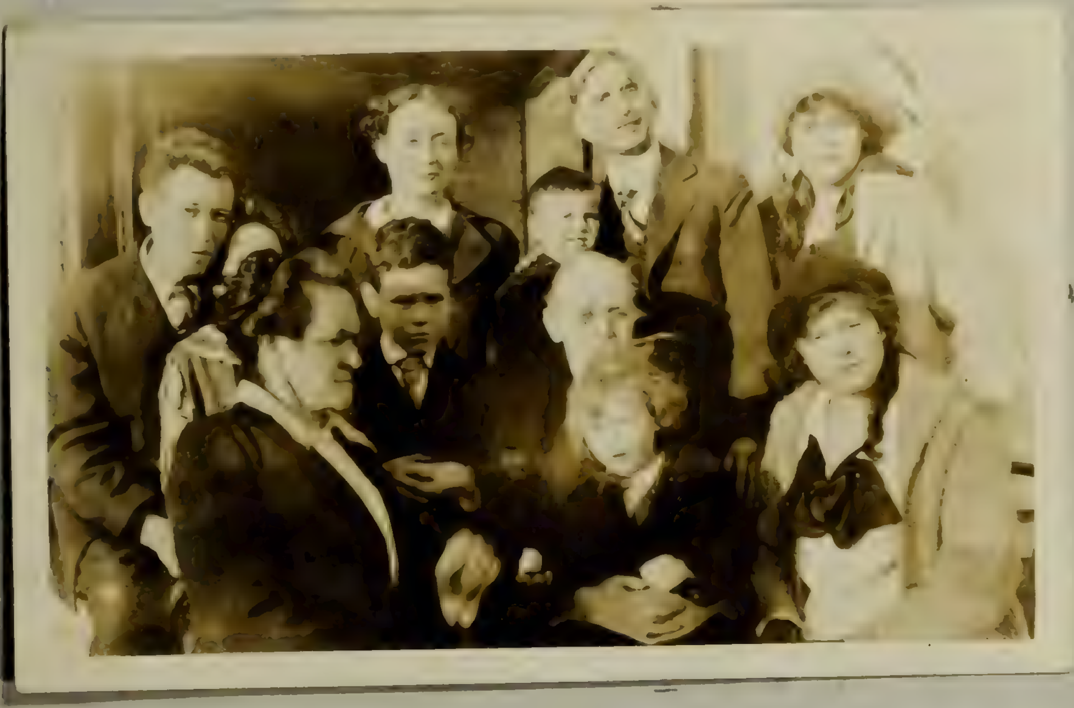
It seems to me quite remarkable that they should have kept so clear and plain for more than forty years. He took pictures ams carefully as he did every thing else he undertook.

Snow in August on the Continental Divide



Brother Joe's Family.

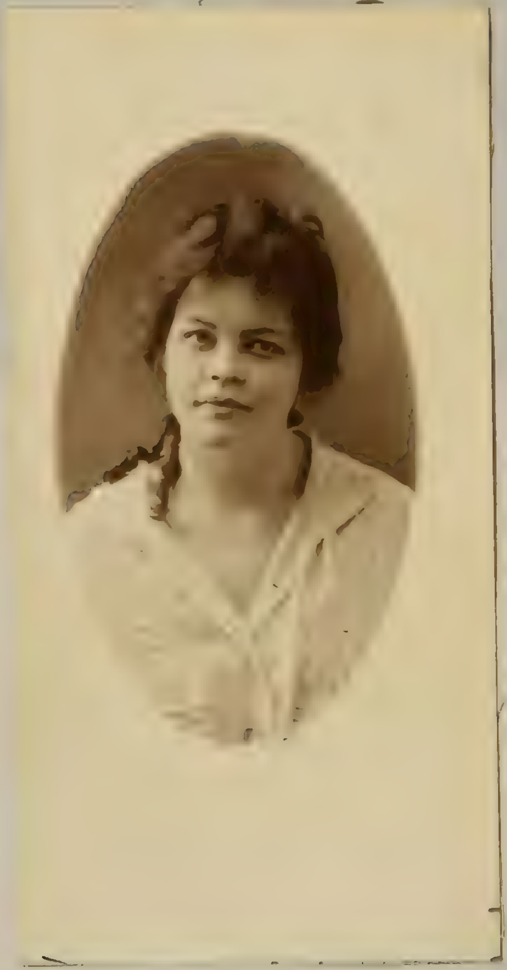
Itseems to me to be time now to try to keep you up on my brother Joe's family. Yes,I know I have shown the photograph of each of them, but they will grow, and not only that but they will keep on growing. The picture gelow is one all the family andI wanted it here because it is a very good likeness of your grandfather and I have few which are good. That looks just like he did when in the Store and some one came in and he was wanting to know what it was he could do for them.



Standing are left to right; myself, George, with John between us and Elenora; to the extreme left is Joe with Hazel Beth, all but hidden , Bob, Mother, with Josephene and below,Lottie and Florence at right.

This was taken at the Gilmer's home on Lowery ST. Elenora and Florence were in High School at the time. Elenora graduated from High School in 1917, I think. After graduation she worked for a time on the Winfield Courier, our one Daily paper. In 1918 when the terrible epidemic of Influenza spread like wild- fire she offered her services to help nurse the sick. This is I suppose where she developed her love for nursing and in the spring of 1919 she went to Chicage, to the Wesley Hospital for training.

The Photograph below is of Elnora at this tiem.



At the close of school in the spring of 1919, my wonderful friend Mammie Rogers went to the same Hospital and both graduated there. Elemora after a year or two was thrown into the company of Earl Jaquins Johnson, son of a well known family in Winfield. His father was on the School Board for years, but I cannot think of his ARTHUR PLATTER enitials. His mother ' s nake was AMY Jaquins They were there before my time but seemed to have taken an interest in all the Cities problems and Institutions. Earl and Elnora soon after her graduation, were married and now live in New York City where Earl is Vice President of the United Press.

Mammie, who is now Mary Jane, renewed her friendship with Robert Roy Green, who taught Manual Training in the Junior High School at Arkansas City, when she taught there too and they too, were married after she had graduated. Robert went to California and Mary Jane went out there to meet him and he has taught and they have lived in California all these years. Now in 1951 he has retired and they are living at Petaluma Cal. My story of them will come later.

I had a nice picture of Florence Gilmer too, but cannot find it . I am very sorry. She too graduated from High School about two years later than Elenora and took some Nurse Training. She is now Mrs Lee Patterson and lives in Santa Rosa, Cal. only about fourteen miles from Petaluma.

Florence, so named for a very dear friend of her mother's had very bad eye sight,; that handicapped her a great deal. She must have inherited her father's love for mucic and ~~beside~~ some extra talent beside, for she could, when she first had any instruction in music, play a piece . a simple one, in any key one would ask for. That was amazing to me for I cannot play anything with ease, even when I know it perfectly. She was simple, whole-hearted child and loved to read. She loved it most too much for the good of her eyes, I guess, but still am not sure that mskes much difference if the eye is healthy. They are still very bad and little or nothing can be done for them. I cannit think it made much difference in Clara's eyes and she used hers unusually hard while in College. It seems to me now that she broke her nerves and health more than her eyes, with her hard three years in Southwestern College. I know one does not get any thing worth the getting without hard work, but am convinced that there is nothing to take the place of health.

In the Spring of 1918 we decided I had best go to California to bring mother home. She had gone to Pasadena the fall before to stay for a year. Early in the year she wrote, Clara could write very little, that she was ill and asked if we would bring her body back should she die out there. Of course we said we would, but that decided me to go. I had been saying I would come if she needed me, but she said she did not. But she added that she had gone out to the cloes line to tell Clara what she had said and Clara said she was not so sure. I had talked of going with her when she went out, but did not want to go. After earnest prayer, I still did not feel that it was the time to go.

When that letter came I had no other thought but to get out there as soon as possible . Therefore John and I left late in February. This is where I "went to SanFransisco on pin." The Conductor who took up my ticket the last time came to me out on the Observation car and asked if I had an overland ticket. I confessed I had and he asked to see it. When he handed it back he had pinned my return ticket back on, and was I ever glad. It was a lovley trip. John was a good traveler. We saw snow at Flagstaff and flowers in Cal. Paul met us and below is

The Family.

Theron, with the baby, Mildred, sits at left. Paul Jr. stands behind. Grace, Ruth and Clara, left to right. Theron who was fourteen at the time was a little over six feet tall. That is a real calamity, for boys have it hard enough at that age without that much extra length to control. He and Paul Jr. are not of course my sister's children, but they never liked to be reminded of it. One day soon after they went to Cal. a lady who had known Paul in Oklahoma, called and when Paul Jr. came in from school she said;"And so he is not your child." Poor little Paul nearly fainted. she saw her mistake for Clara threw her arms around him as said:"O, yes he's mine.: she said "Of course he is.2

When I saw my mother I could not get my breath for a little while. I knew she had been sick, but never in my most dreamy time did I think of her looking as she did. I could hard-keep my voice steady to talk to her. The first time we were alone she looked at me and said:"Will you take me home?" I said "Yes, Mama, I'll take you if it has to be on a stretcher." From that time she began to improve. She never tried spending the winter there again. A summer would be all right.

I shall not try to describe California. It has been done often. Needless to say we enjoyed it all, even to the earth-quake, which was not bad. John was terribly disapointed because he was out playing on the ground and did not feel it. We went to Sawtelle to visit Uncle John, mother's brother of whom I have written.

Late in April we went to SanFrancisco, nut on the way stopped over at Merced to visit Eugeng Danley and his family and his parents came in from Livingstone to see us. They were the most charming old people I ever met, I think. I wanted to see The Yosemite, and Mrs Danley was to go with us, but their little boy took very sick the night before and she could not go.

I shall never forget, I hope that ride up the Merced Valley. The train ran beside the River all the way to the Yosemite. Mrs Danley wrote us a note to a friend of hers and we got her little boy to take us around after me got rested a little. There is a halo over the valley which gives one a feeling of awe and wonder.Cathredal Rocks and Elcapitan, Bridal Veil Falls, and Half Dome , are beautiful beyond my powers of description, and always that halo of strange light.

Our room at the Hotel had double beds, so we were all together. When I opened my eyes the next morning the Yosemite Falls filled the space between the ruffeled curtains at the window amd I nere saw or expect to see a more beautiful sight than that was.It was April and there was a great deal of water f alling over the clif. It came in such volumes that it looked to me like a sky rocket we used to send up on the Fourth of July. The water fell in great volume and then burst into a thousand sprays just as our Rockets used to do.

I still feel very bad because I objected to my mother going with us on a trip up into the Valley after our breakfast at the Hotel. She wanted to go, but I was afraid it would be too much for her. They gave us heavy coats , but it was cold in an open carriage. Children are some times a little "bossy" about what their parents can do. When we reached Mirror Lake, the Indian gentleman who drove us up, took John and went out onto a large rock to show us how hard it is to determine where the objects stop and the reflection. They, Half Dome and the trees at the foot of Half Dome made a picture so beautiful that I who seldom shed tears except in pitty for myself, found them running down my cheeks uninvited. We got back to Merced late that night and /Eugene met us. Eugene Lanley was the Assistant Superentendent of the Merced Valley Railroad, and a long time friend of the family. In fact he and Joe were College classmates at Southwestern in 1891--92.He and Winnie, his wife had three sons. The eldest had contracted t.b. in the Valley and was then in a Sanitorium, and did not live long after we were there. The second son married and later he too, was stricken with this terrible disease and later died. The one who was about nine years of age was killed in a trafic accident as he and Eugene were driving home from Church.

From Merced we went to Sacramento to visit my father's half brother Gerry S. Gilmore, and his family.It would seem a most unfortunate time to make a visit to them for their daughter Alice had just given birth to a baby and her husband had but the night before gotten in to see his daughter, ~~the night before~~ and the young son of the family was very ill with pernicious anemia , but they made us feel very welcome in the midst of it all. Robert was a charming young man, and I knew so well how he felt for I had been so short of good red blood that I was very much aware of what he suffered. He later died. No one I think can blame for saying that the men in our family do not live very long. My father was the only one of five children to live. He was 67 at death, but we lost my twin at 14years, Joe lost a son a nine and his only other one at 27, and this Robert Gilmore passed away in his middle twenties.

The Gilmore's were a charming family. Aunt Edith was as I have said before one of the finest women I have ever met. Sacrramento we enjoyed a lot John and I. The Court----I mean The State House and grounds were fascinating with its beautiful

Building and the grounds with a tree from every State in the Union and its memorials of occasions of interest .It was here that John saw his first Physical map. The map of California. We could hardly drag him away from it.

We had a wondefful visit and in a few days went on to SanFrancisco. I remember Uncle Gerry had to lend me money for I spent too much at Yosemite. We had the thrill of having the train we were on ferried across ----I do not know what it was. An arm of the Bay I suppose Uncle Henry Stackpole got on our train at some little town before we got to AnsF. and that was a delight to us. He took us on a "Sight seeing " trip over San Francisco and told us about the fire---that is I mean he told us what the ----well the man who explains things, did not touch on. We had a wonderful day in SanFrancisco, thanks to that pin.

Uncle Henry went with us across the Ferry00 I'm glad we had that privilege, and waited on the train with us until it was ready to leave. Our train was delayed for several hours by a wreck ahead of us. When we did start of we saw plenty of beans! This delay brought us into Los Angeles much later than we had expected, but we found the right place to get a train for Pasadena and on out to the Pasadena College. Here we had a steep grade to walk up to Clara's house. I was anxious to see how John would react to the ciecumstances, but he picked up a bag nearly as big as he was and struggled up with it. I told him then and my mother to wait while I went on and got some help to get home.

There is much which could be told of great interest to me, but there are so many such that I munst deny my self some where along the line so will say we left Cal. on May 13th . But I am compelled to tell you of our stop at Salt Lake City and at at Denver. At Salt Lake City, only between trains for a "look See" .I am still surprised at whay John remembers of the City and its beauties. He was almost six years old however, and not a numbskull.

We arrived in Denver a little late, and no one was there to meet us, but in a few minutes as I was walking about I heard one Red Cap say to another, "Mrs Geo. B. Moore". I, without delay told him I was the culprit and he took me to a booth to answer a Telephone call. It was a friend of my cpusin's familyDr. Frank Robb and he said they had had some car trouble and would soon be there. Dr. Frank Robb was a son of my mother's brother Lewis Robb, and a successful Doctor in Denver. Thus began for me a wonderful companionship and delight in the Doctor's wife Nellie. I had met her before for they had visited us at home, but this was the first time I really felt acquainted with her, Several times since have I visited in her home and always to my extreme pleasure.

Mother's foster brother lived at Littleton only a few miles south of Denver, and he was there when we arrived, so as to see her as soon as possible. If ever one was faithful to an older sister, he was that one. Oh how he loved her. We went down to his home the next evening and he began showing us pictures of his family. His mother was the Aunt Lucinda who took my mothwr when her mother died and she grew hp in her home. He slyly pulled out a Daguerreotype of my mother when she was about sixteen years of age. She was astonished and said:" Where did you get that?" He told her he stole it. I could not keep the tears back I wanted it so bad, but he would not give it up. Not too long before he died he sent it to me. That will pass on to Frances. His name was Jesse Ditson. When young he married and had five children and lived at Larned Kansas. One year when diphtheria was very rampant, he lost three of these children in one week. So he had only the older one Agnes, and the youngest Ray, I believe. On this trip I met three of the tallest boys I ever encountered so close together. Theron Clara's older boy who was a little over six feet at fourteen, Ray Ditson who was six feet three at possibly ninteen and Dr. Robb's son Guel who was a little ypunger but was also more than six feet tall.

The loss of these children was a terrible blow on cousin Jesse, for as I have indicated he always fairly worshiped thosehe loved. After the death of Mrs Ditson he later married a younger woman and had three boys before the oldest was two years of age. All were babies when we were there, but three boys neber had better care . They were J. D, Lyman and Allen. Jesse Ditson was a brilliant man. He not only had as his business the making of Mining tools but invented some of them. He and his brOther John were, well maybe not the inventers of color for type, but among the first to perfect it. He had many other homors which I do not remember now. I

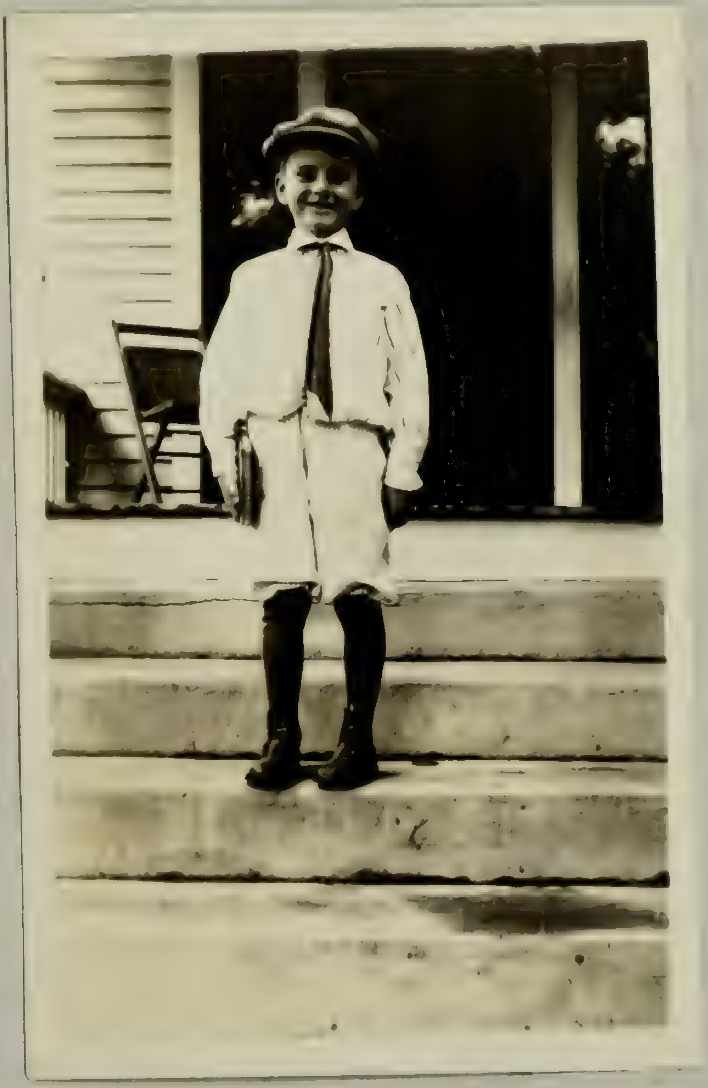
I must get us on home after our delightful visit in Denvef The Royal Gorge was wonderful to us and the Red Rocks near Denver , but we still thought when we entered the Walnut Valley that it was very beautiful,and it is. Go up on the Hill on which Southwestern College sits and look at it yourself, and see.

I had bought John real trousers and a shirt and cap so his father did not know him when he was the first one to jump off the train at Winfield. My neighbors were really envious of me because when I got home the house was clean from the back up-stairs bed room to the basement. Even all the dishes were taken from the buffett and washed. That is the kind of husband I had.

"Home Again".

Every one thought my mother looked so very frail, but I told them she was very much better than she was when I first saw her. Don't get me wrong. My husband did not clean the house. Mrs Mc Miceal , who helped me with my work did that. But he did wash all the dishes. He said it was a good time for us to be gone for he was so busy that he only had time to miss us at night but that was enough.

John starts to school.



The teachers used to laugh at me saying"John always comes to school looking as if he had stepped out of a band box and goes home ---" well they did not know how best to express what he looked like.

Oh, how it distressed me to have him come home with his papers all in a mess , with his clothes rumpled and his hair rumpled up. It was my pride which was hurt. How many boys have been ruined by the mother's pride, I would never try to guess. We seem not to be able to keep from wanting them to be perfect and few are born that way or want to get that way. They usually come through the ordeal and make first rate men in spite of Mother

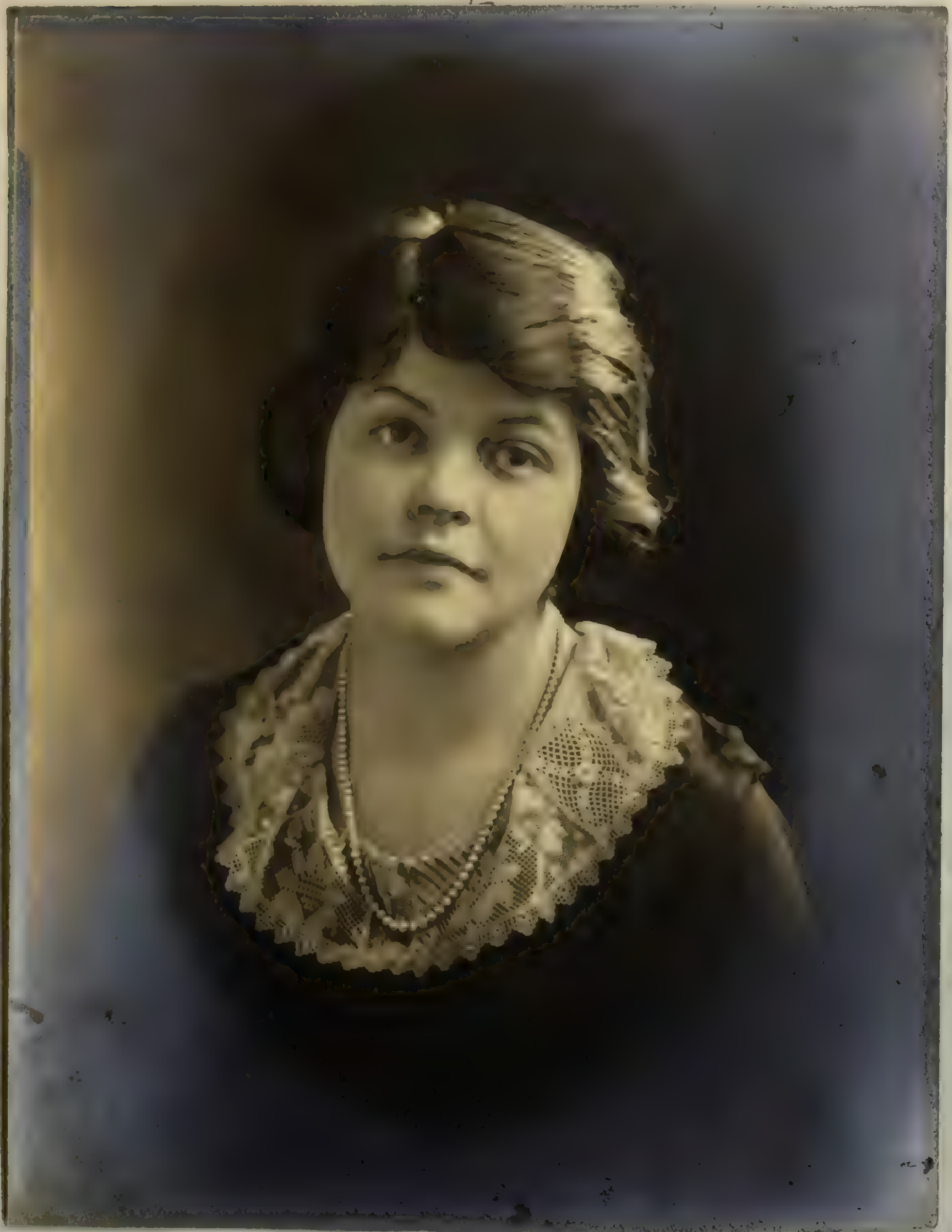
In Oct. 8th. of that year 1918, after John came home home from school we went down town to get him vaccinated . On the street as we were walking along, he began suddenly to cough a peculiar cough. I asked him if he had "the epizudic" or what and thought no more about it until the next day when he began to cough again. Mother said ti sounded like "Whooping cough" to her. That was what it proved to be. We had Dr. Snyder , and he sent a nurse about three times a week to give him "shots". He did not cough, so much as he whooped and whooped. The water streamed out of his mouth and his face drawn all out of shape. My poor mother was so very frail and every time John started strangling she would start to cough, stand up and wring her hands.

The epidemic of Influenzia which swept over a large part of the world, was soon at its highth. The evening paper was full of death and distress. It was a sad time for every one but we did not have the "flu" that year at all. John did not get back to school until January 29th. 1919, and the 16th of Feb. he came down with the measles. After he was over that he did not cough any more, but did not get much of the First Grade. The ole Central School where his father had gone to school was only a block away so as soon as he was well he went back to school.

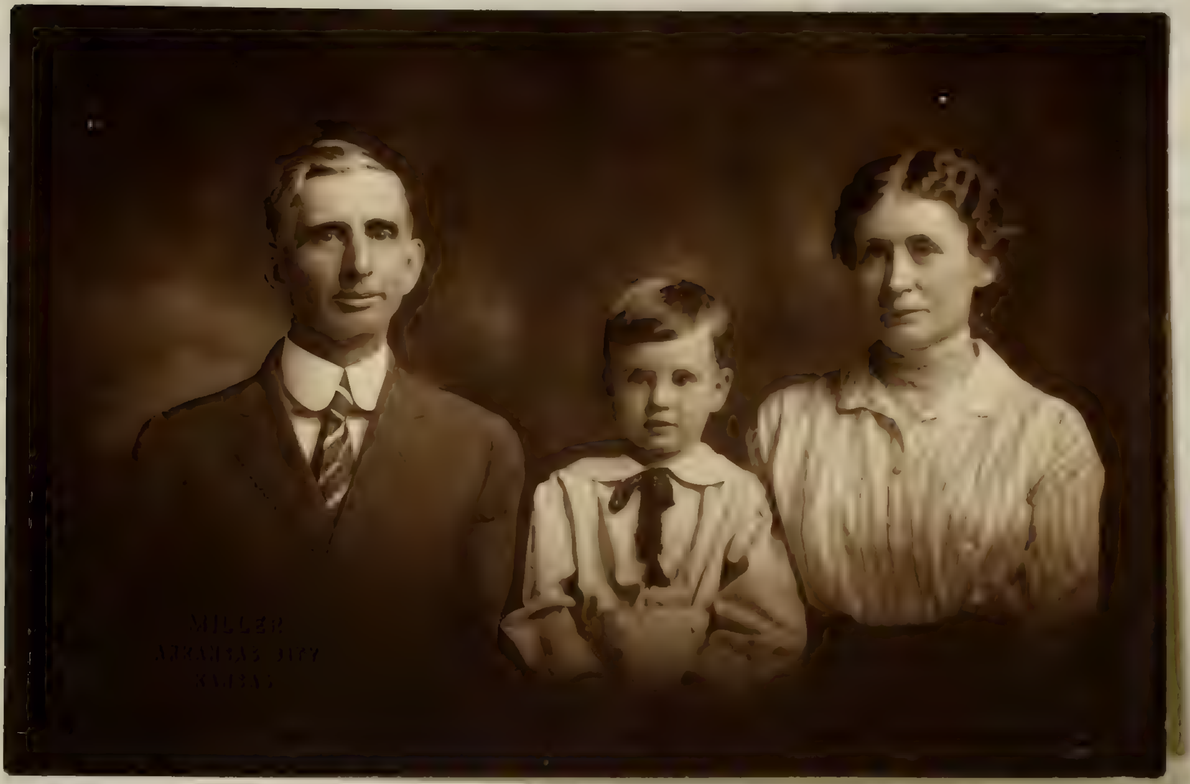
Three years later when he had "St. Vitis" dance" , Hazel Beth Joe's third daughter traced it all back to the whooping cough. I do not know I'm sure but do know it is the worst experience I have ever gone through..

It must have been the experience of nursing which s she had at the time of the "flu" epecemic which gave Elenora the urge to be a nurse.

The picture below is of her after she had gone to Chicago and it could be that it was taken about the time she was married.



Below is the family taken probably a little earlier thab the time of which I have been writing.

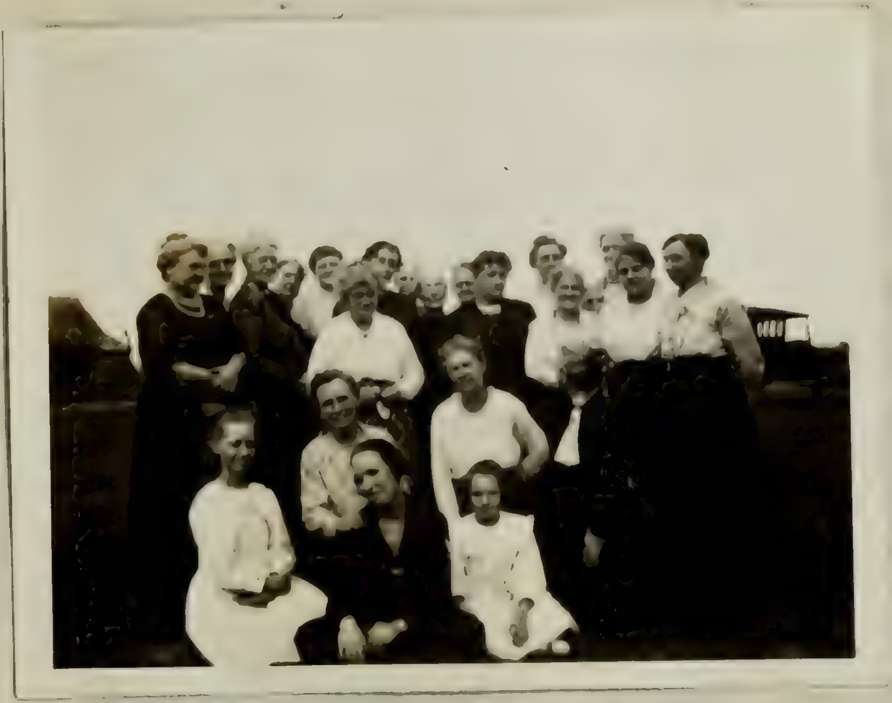


You must now become acquainted with my Sunday School Class Below is a picture of a Birthday Party, for Mrs Agnes Rogers. She is the prominent one in the front row dressed in white.

We had a lot of fun acting out what we thought Mrs Rogers would be doing at sertain stages of her develoment. At five years Mrs. Guy, the Dr. wife came in , set a mirror on top of the bookcases on one side of the room, set a chair in front of the casses, got up on the chair , took a small pair of scissors from her pocket and began to snip off her hair. She was "dumpy" did it to perfection. When we came to her wedding, Mrs .Griffith, who is first at the left, with a curtain for a veil, was the Bride, and Mrs. Trego, second from right, was the groom. poor old me, second from left was the minister. Contrary to all tradition they said the minister was much more nervous than the bride.

We had wonderful times at out parties especially when Mrs. Trego served us "Angel Food Cake and pickles."

The picture below is of our group out in the country where Mr and Mrs Trego and family lived. I shall attempt to tell you a little about each.



In the back-ground, left to right, are: Mrs A, F. Dauber, one of the lovliest women I have ever known; Mrs Agnes Rogers who was a stickler for parlimentary rules, but I contended that we were too old(all of us together, 1861 yrs. were old) and that we were too 5958 heavy, to rise address the chair and sit down every time we manted to say any thing. Really however I am for parlimentary rules every time. Next is Our Teacher and parton Saint, Mrs J. S. Dilts. She was a beautiful character. Mrs J. Y. Wier can be seen just peeking out between two ladies. She was so pretty and how I loveed her! The next lady I did not know well, she was ,I think Ernest Bowling's mother. She soon after married and went away. Next I show up, with Miss Margaret Carper just back of me. Mrs Adams, May Glass's mother

Mrs J. P. Johnson is next . The last two are Mrs Prater, Carl Prater's mother and my long time friend, Mrs J, W, Wright. It would take a volume to tell all she was to me. Second row from back are; Mrs Handcock, in a white waist., in black is Mrs Stewart the next little lady is Mrs Rule who was born in Wales , She was charming and full of fun.; Mrs Ella Griffith who made so pretty a bride and Mrs Atwood, who lived across the road from the Country Club. Down in front center is Mrs Redding and in front of her is her daughter Stella, who was all her life a great care to her mother and Mrs J. F. Beck, who never missed a Missionary meeting in all her years in Winfield. She forgot once and came just as we were leaving the Church, so we did not count that against her. The twp little girls are Mrs Trego's girls. Dorothy and Alice. Alice was born the night of Jan. 13th.1911 , when George said "Will You?" and I said "Yes." There is another there but for the life of me I cannot tell who she is. She must have been interested in something beside her picture. She might be Mrs. A .C. Post. All are gone now except fiven mot including the ttwo little girls.

It is unpardonable that I neglected to tell you that this is "The Gleaner's Sunday /School Class of the First Presbyterian Church, Winfield Kansas Taken in 1920 or near, I think.

Mrs Trego is still teaching the Class. She has rounded out twenty-five years of real service to that Church.

All honor to you Mrs L. R. Trego.

She retired June, 1954

It is always a terrible blow to my pride, I guess that is what it is, when I take my work from this machine and find I have failed to get it right. Without more ado I will insert the Sunday School Class picture which astonished me by not being in its place. It strikes me that this may not be the olny time the Gleaners were not in the right place at the right time.

There are four in this picture who are still living.

The picture above is of John's Third Grade, at Central. He is at the extreme left on the back row, standing.. The old Central /School Building was soon after torn down .News now comes from Winfield that a new Music Hall is to built on this site . Mr. J. P. Sonner has given the Music Dept. a grand Piano

Some where along in my earlier years a friend read a letter to me, written to a girl who was going on a European trip. She had written it in the meter in which Longfellow wrote "Hiawatha". It always stuck in my mind, so I decided to write about the "Gleaners" in this fashion if I could. From it I will copy the part which I think is the best thing I have ever written. At least I feel that way about it.

Beautiful the fall and winter.
Beautiful the gathered harvest.
Gold and brown of leaves and bushes
Glisten in the autumn sunlight;
Ice and snow and frozen rivers
All lend beauty to the landscape,
But there's nothing quite to equal
Mother natures dress in springtime.
  Then the jagged and ragged corners
  Then the barren ugly roadway
  Turns to green and smiling beauty.
God our Father means to teach us
By this miracle of spring time
That he can, by His great power,
Make our desert hearts to blossom
As He does the fields in springtime.

I had such great pleasure in writing this little " take Off" on The Gleaners Class that I began to look for something else to do. When John started to school in the fall of 1921, he did not seem well, and as time went on he did not improve. I suppose I should have kept him out of school when he was in the Second Grade, but poor ole me, I thought he just must go to school. He was extermely nervous and terribly distressed mentally. He would come in from school, close the door behind him , and make a straight leap for the couch, saying" O, this is my haven". He did not improve and the last day he went to school I watched him as he came home. He had taken his skates and Frank Higginbottom, who lived two blocks north of us was helping him get home. I was extremely anxious but did not know what to do. When he had rested for a while I asked him if he would like to go up to Aunt Lottie's. . We walked up there, some six or eight blocks and Lottie and I sat and watched while he played with Josephene and the children across the street. He hopped around with them and when they ran up to the end of the block he would lie down on the side-walk. When they came back,he got up and did whatever they were doing.

It was one of those unseasonably hot Septembers, which few states can equal Kansas in producing. We were sleeping out on the Sleeping poarch, and that night after all was still I could hear him ~~x~~twisting and turning. When I could stand it no longer I asked him what the matter was. He said:" O, I just can't do any thing." He came to our bed and we went inside to or room. After a time he said:"O, my heart is beating, but I wish it would stop." "I ~~amxf~~ failed last year and I am failing this year." I was speechless with anxiety , but told him he had never failed in any thing. From that moment on it was a solid week Before he got any relief at all. Neither one of us could take it all the time so we took turns with the nights. He was never still. Said nothing except about every half hour, I should think, He said "I'm just so tired." The Dr. we had told me to take him out for long walks and perhaps when very tired he would get relief, but he was worse, so he had me put him to bed. That was better. Beside "St Vitis dance he had " shingles" and that was terrible too. When he would finally drop off to sleep I have put my ear down over him mouth andI could not hear him breathe.His face was cold and clammy. His hair cold and wet.The Dr. told us to get him a bycicle and let him get out ~~xn~~ and ride. Of course he grew better as the winter came on. I kept writing to my mother about him but I was afraid she would think and old maid and a bachelor would think their child was worse off than any one else. The night she came home, John had seemed better and we had told him that he could go to the Station to meet her.

She had been out in California visiting Clara and family. John did not seem as well that night so we decided he had better not go. He made no objection, but asked me after his father had gone if he could have his bycicle up in the kitchen when his "Gramma" came. He had not been able to ride it and I had put it on the landing of the basement stair. I got it up and after she had been in a few minutes he slipped out and got on it and then called to her to come out in the kitchen.

I need not have been anxious about what my mother would think, for she was as concerned as we were. She could do more for him than I could for she was so quiet and when he grew morbid and was sure there was nothing in the world for him, she would sit by his bed and talk to him and tell him that he was very good in History, and he had to admit that he did know some thingabout that.

It was while we had this trial on that I decided to write the Life Of St. Paul, in the same meter I had done the "Gleaners". Had to have something to keep my mental machinery from getting out of control. I worked at it in the afternoon or evening when John was resting or quiet as he grew to be ,gradually.

The next summer George took John and Bob in the "Pick-up" with a canvas cover for their food and bed-rolls and took them to Arkansas. It was not unmixed pleasure for him, but he did love the scenery of the Ozarks and was glad to get John out for a tan, which he never took on. He just does not tan.

Of course he was behind his own class and that is alwas hard on a child, but he grew stronger all that next year . H He had Miss Celia Honor as teacher and we owe her a debt we will never be able to pay, for her untiring efforts on John's behalf. I am convinced that children suffer a great deal in school. I mean some of them do. My own experience I do not like to recall. After I became ill at sixteen years of age, school was one long bitter agony. I still think as I did then that I could have been taught in some other way, but not in public sc school. The schools are doing a great deal more for the maladjusted child now than they did then. My teachers were always sympathetic and the last one I had came to see my mother and told her she did not think I should be in school at all. She was like I was; school was one of the musts. That was a great disappointment to my parents, for to them an education was the main object to be attained.

Well, back to St Paul. I kept writing on it at every opportunity and John took a lively interest in it at all times. He would stop playing any time to listen when I would read parts of it to hear how it sounded. Mr Templeton asked me to read it at Prayer Meeting and of course I did. I asked Joe to come over and he was kind enough to coem. Afterward he did not say a great deal but his attitude and expression did me a lot of good.

I shall insert the original and a copy of it on the next page so you can read it if you care to do so.

August 16th. 1951.

The heat yesterday registered 107 degrees and bids fair to repeat that figure today. The summer of 1951 is about to break all records in Texas for heat. Texas likes to exceed even themselves.

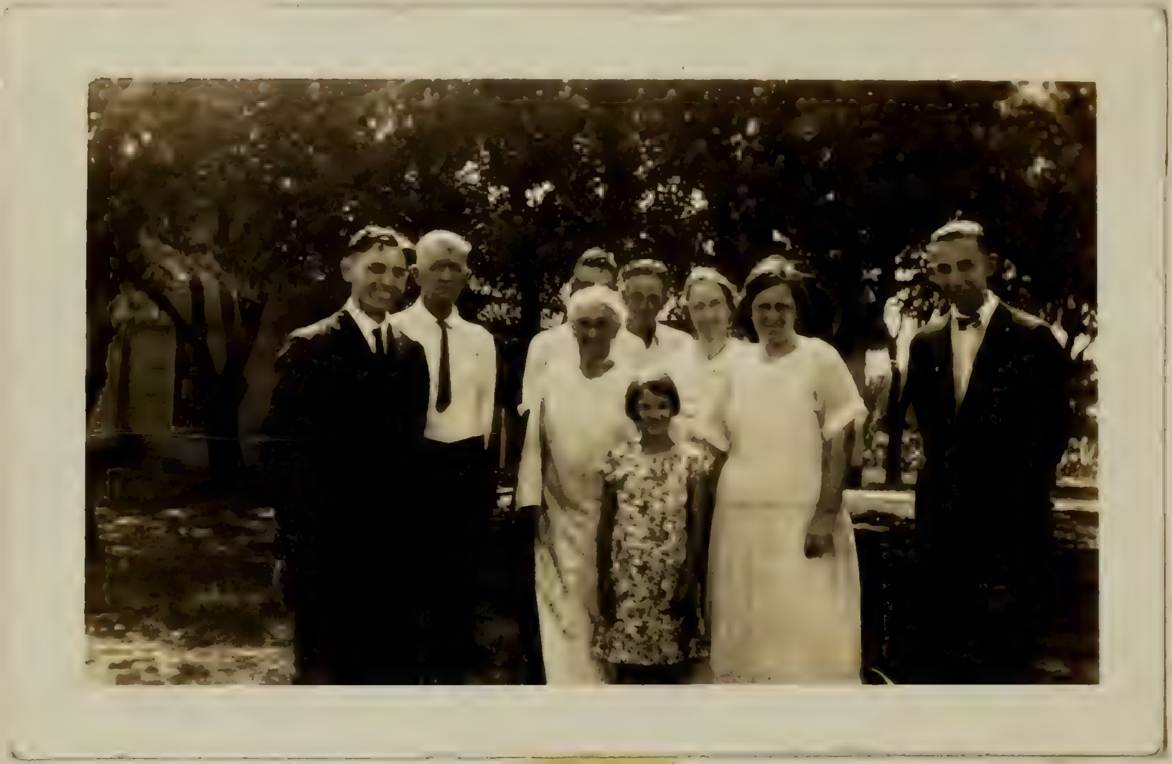
My eyesight is failing very fast. I fear you will find more mistakes in my work from now on.

THE SONG OF SAUL OF TARSUS. Frances /E. Moore 1922.

Spring 1922.

This "free-hand" drawing of North America, John drew in the Spring of 1922. I have always thought it very good and since John Gilmer Jr. admires it I am trying to preserve it for my grandchildren and perhaps future generations. There have been times when I thought he would develp some talent in Atr, but he has never given it much consideration. He has not as yet had any major calamity befall him. If or when one does come, he might turn to that for relief. One never knows what he will turn to until tried, and I hope it will be some time yet before he has such a trial, much as these things can teach one.Personally I have learned many valuable lessons by the sorrow that has been mine; lessons which I would never have learned had I had a choice in the matter.

Franklin Golden.



Reading left to right in the above picture which was taken at the home of Mr. and Mrs Wing at Grey Noret,Oklahoma, where Frank had gone to preach the sermon that Sunday Morning.

Mymachine stuck and my sentence is left "up in the air" but left to reight is: Frank Golden, and that is a perfect picture of him. He never had to drum up that smile for he had it all the time; Mr Wing, Mrs Wing and their little grandaughter Thelma Rogers, Mary Jane's niece; Grace Wing and Paul J. White Jr. The man behind Mrs Wing must be their son Marian , and the other two are Mr and Mrs. Tom Rogers, Mary Janeśs younger brother., and Della Wing Rogers, Wing's other daughter.

Frank Golden started work for us in the Moore Seed Store when he started into Junior High school, and and stayed with us until he had graduated from Southwestern College in 1928. His father died when he was very young and he, his mother and younger sister had a hard time getting along. In spite of all this he was full of the joy of living. No one could be more faithfuk or more loyal in all his work than was Frank. A terrible flood in 1923 caught us without a cement floor in out basement, so when the water receeded, George sent him up to the house to big out and open up the sewer drain and get the wet furniture and things out of the basement. When lunch time came I gave Frank something to clean up a little with and when we **sat** down to the table I asked him to return our thanks for us, and he bowed his head and thanked God for work to do.That took my breath away.

That same spring I was waiting fof my folks to come home to supper when the Telephone rang and a woman's voice said: "Mrs Moore,this is Mrs Jacobus, your boy is here. He is not hurt badly, but you had better come up." I said : "It can't be my boy". I thought I knew where my boy was, like many another woman before me. She told me I had better come up, so without calling any one I rn out,got my car and went up several blocks to Dr. Jacobus' home. John looked pretty bad but they had washed the blood away and brush-him off somewhat but his face was badly bruised and scratched. George had heard it some way and since Frank was out delivering some one was kind enough to bring him up to Dr. Jacobus' house. We called in Dr. Wilmer, and eye ,Ear and Nose specialist and he thought we should take him to his Office to determine if his nose were broken. The Dr. dressed his face and sent us on home.

Soon after we got home Frank came rushing in, still as pale as a ghost. John had taken his wagon and gone out to collect paper for the Boy Scouts, and when he got to the store Frank was just ready to make the last delivery , and John thought he would come on home with Frank. Frank's grandfather was with him and I gather he did not want John in the fron seat, so John who had put his wagon in the truchk got bach there himself and covered the wagon with some gunny-sacks which were in the Truck and lay down in the wagon. Frank always drove like the hounds were after him, and as he turned the corner West of the Hospital on to High St. John and the gunney- sacks fell out. Ninth Ave is paved with brick,but High was only a dirt street with gravel on it. John got up, he said after he came too a little. It was almost dark and he met a young woman as he started down Ninth toward home, and asked her:"Do I look very bad"?" She stopped and looked at him and immediately took him across the Ave. To Dr. Jacobus.

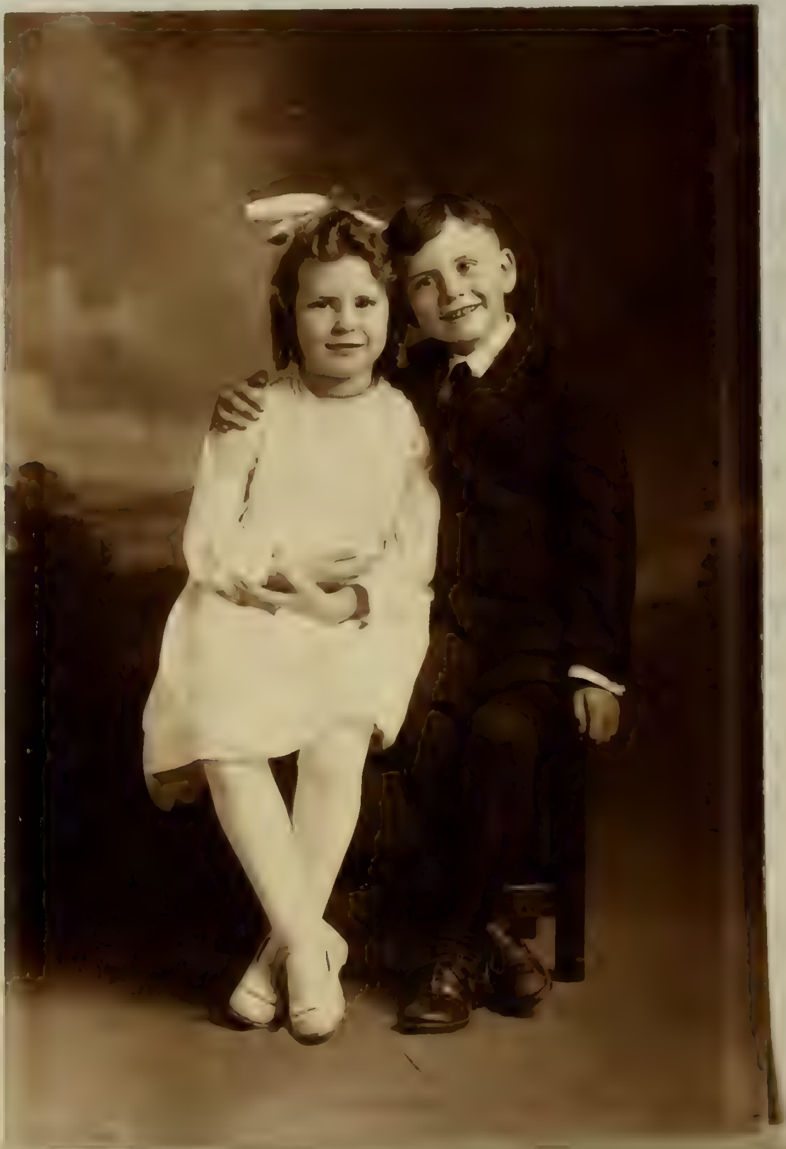
Frank knew nothing about it until he got out to make a delivery and found no John and the gunny-sacks hanging over the side of the Truck.He was frightened half to death, and drove over as fast as he could. He was still badly shaken when he came in, and not far from tears. John was not badly hurt and after a few days of rest went back to school.

When Frank finished High School, we gave him his First Semester at College. By this time his grandfather was getting so aged that the family moved in with him so Frank could take care of him. Poor Frank, it was a terrible trial to him. He had to bathe and dress his grandfather, and quite often he would have to dress him the second time and take a bath himself before he could go to the College. But he made it by constant work and was awarded a Soholarship to the University of Nebraska, at Lincoln, and in 1930 he received his Master's degree in Chemistry. The depression was so bad by that time that I wanted him to go on for his Doctorate, but he thought he must help his mother. He had a position in Rahway New Jersey, with a Drug Co. and went there soon aften Commencement. The Depression grew steadily worse and he being the last one hired was the first one fired. His grandfather had died some time before this and had left a few achers of land near Agusta Kansas, and Frank and his mother built a garage, lived in it while preparing to build a small home. His sister Gladys had in the mean time married Elmer Shelhammer. I think I'm wrong there. Elmer was the younger. It must have been Bob.

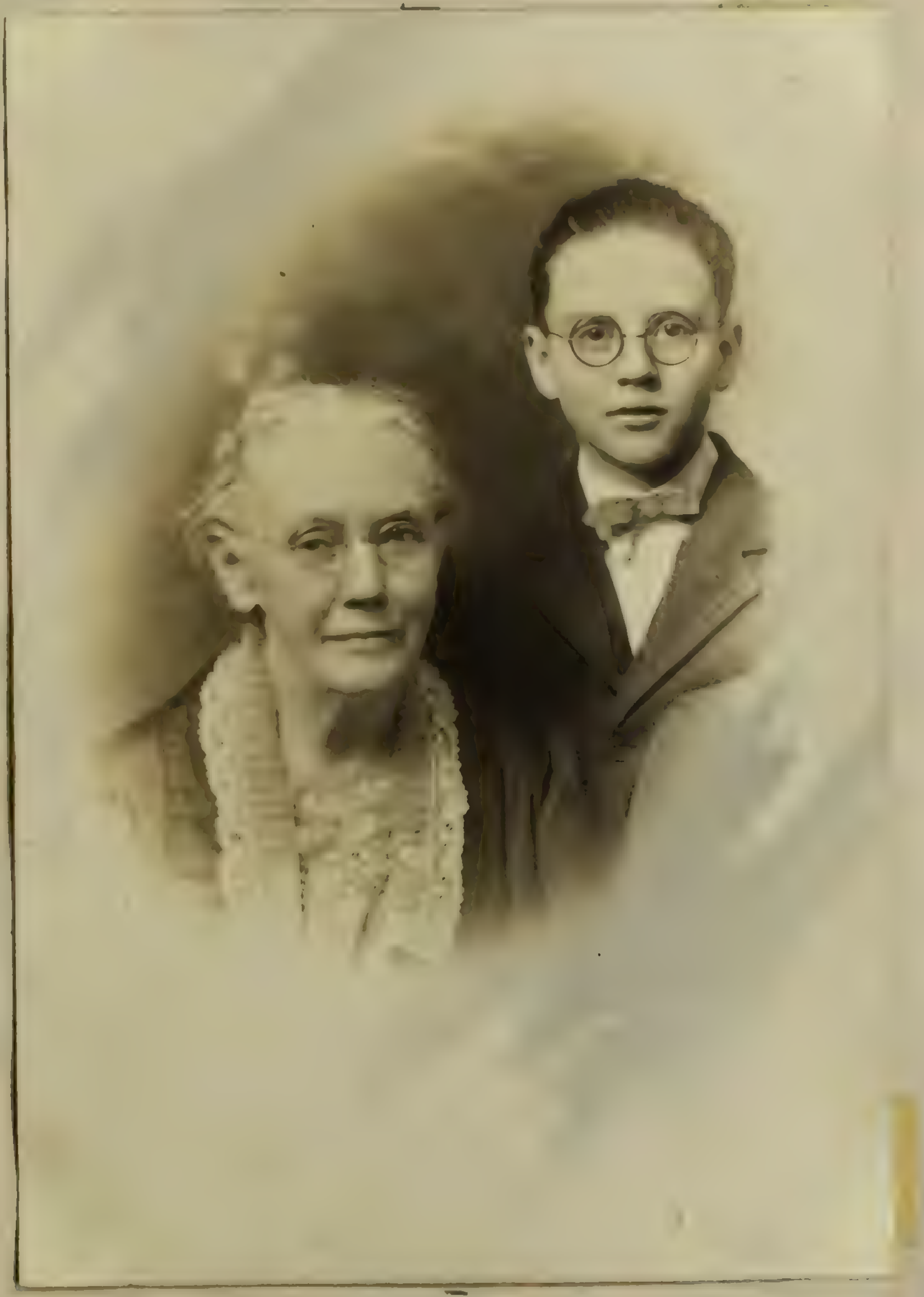
Frank seemed to lose heart after all this. His mother would not even talk about marriage for him for a long time, then she wanted him to get married, but he never did. I could never even guess what happened to him, but one Sunday evening about eight o'clock our Telephone rang. John had just come in from a Young People's Meeting at the Church, and he answered. I heard him exclaim in consternation and when he hung up he walked to the foot of my bed and said:" O, mother, Frank Golden shot himself." Brother Joe was there and He was shocked too. None of us could understand why such a thing could happen. It was very evident that he had shot himself, for the gun was beside him in his bed. This was late in May of 1935. He was such a wonderful fellow, so kind, so simple, so responsive to every thing good and true. He might have becone entangled in some way in which he felt his honor was involved and he so conscientious, might think he could not take it. And so passed one of the most lovable young men I have ever known.

Until this time John had been subject to spells of melancholy and mental depression. In fact he had one of these attacks on the Saturday night before we heard of Frank's death. Uncle Joe said, after we sat in silence for a tiem; "That is the ~~result of~~ result of an inferiority complex." John said;"That is it is'nt itz?" After Uncle Joe had gone John walked about for a time and then said:" Mother, I'm not going to let myself get into that kind of state of mind again." I was over joyed and told him that was the best thing I had heard him say , and that I felt sure he would live up to his determination/ He did. Sometimes he did get a little down but soon snapped out of it.

Going back to about 1922, her3e is a picture of John and Josephine, Joe's youngest .Note the long sleeves, We all wore them.



Our family, the four of us, had our pictures taken by Cornish of Arkansas City. Your grandfather and I did not take well, but the one of John and my mother was so good that I asked Mr. Cornish to make me one of them and I have always loved it very much. She looks so sweet to me.



She possessed wonderful good humor, and this shows that trait very well I think. She had a beautiful character.

How she loved John.

August 20th. 1951.

The picture below, shows John as a Weather Forcaster at Meacham Field's United States Weather Burreau. Aug. 7th. 1951. The heat still rages on.

AUGUST 7, 1951. THIRTY-FOUR PAGES PRICE FIVE CENTS

Staggering Heat Wave Blazing On; No Relief in Sight

There's still no heat relief in sight.

"But it can't last always," U. S. Forecaster Mason said hopefully Tuesday morning.

Without conviction he added that the heat might abate by the latter part of the week.

Tuesday, he predicted, will be the fourth consecutive day of 105-degree or hotter temperatures.

With near 106 degrees also predicted for Wednesday afternoon, the weathermen expect the city's record for consecutive days of 105-plus temperatures to topple.

Record Made in 1936.

The record is a four-day stretch in August 1936, during which the city's all-time high of 112.2 degrees was recorded.

The mercury has been above 100 degrees every day this month. Temperatures during the six-day period have been 101, 102, 104, 107, 106 and 107 degrees.

The 107-degree temperature recorded Monday was the highest the mercury has climbed in Fort Worth since Aug. 16, 1943, when it reached 110 degrees.

It was the hottest Aug. 6 in the city's history.

Highest temperature recorded on Aug. 7 was 104 degrees in 1946. But after Tuesday it will no longer be the record.

Victims Recovering.

Two Fort Worth residents who were victims of Monday's heat were in satisfactory condition Tuesday.

C. R. Pinson, 38-year-old park

—Star-Telegram Staff Photo.

HE'S HOT, TOO—Beads of perspiration on his face and the handkerchief around U. S. Forecaster J. G. Moore's neck confirm the 107-degree temperature he is recording. The weather bureau at Meacham Field is not air-conditioned.

The Discharge Papers of Robert Alfred Gilmer

from service in the Civil War. July 186 5

Return in Five Days to
R. A. GILMER & CO.
LAND, LOAN AND INSURANCE
ARKANSAS CITY, KANSAS

[illegible] Discharges

1103 South [illegible]

Arkansas City Kansas

Act of April 19, 1908

3-701

№ 756,874 Original

UNITED STATES of AMERICA

DEPARTMENT of the INTERIOR

WIDOWS
PENSION

BUREAU OF PENSIONS

It is hereby certified *That in conformity with the laws of the United States* Nora E. Gilmer *Widow of* Robert Gilmer *who was a* Corporal, Co.B, 12th Regiment Pennsylvania Cavalry *is entitled to a pension at the rate of* Twelve *dollars per month, to commence* January 16,1913 *and to continue during her widowhood.*

Given at the Department of the Interior *this*
twenty-second *day of* April
one thousand nine hundred and thirteen
and of the Independence of the United States
of America the one hundred and thirty-seventh

Secretary of the Interior

Countersigned,

Commissioner of Pensions

anr

1-15

1920

№. 756,874

PENSION CERTIFICATE OF

Nora E. Gilmer

Payable Quarterly

by the

~~U. S. Pension Agent~~

~~at~~

Lewis *Clerk.*

That section forty seven hundred and forty five, title fifty seven of the Revised Statutes of the United States is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 4745.— Any pledge, mortgage, sale, assignment, or transfer of any right, claim, or interest in any pension which has been, or may hereafter be granted, shall be void and of no effect, and any person who shall pledge, or receive as a pledge, mortgage, sale, assignment or transfer of any right, claim, or interest in any pension, or pension certificate, which has been, or may hereafter be granted or issued, or who shall hold the same as collateral security for any debt or promise or upon any pretext of such security, or promise, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars and the costs of the prosecution; and any person who shall retain the certificate of a pensioner and refuse to surrender the same upon the demand of the Commissioner of Pensions, or a United States pension agent, or any other person, authorized by the Commissioner of Pensions or the pensioner, to receive the same shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars and the costs of the prosecution.

Approved February 28, 1883.

(Mustered) into the Service July 1 by S. B. Dick
Lt & Must. Officer

To all whom it may Concern.

Know Ye, That Wilbert Gilmore a Private of Captain Peck's Company "G", fifty sixth Regiment of Penna Vol Militia who was enrolled on the twenty ninth day of June one thousand eight hundred and sixty= three to serve ninety days, is hereby **Discharged** from the service of the Commonwealth of Penn=sylvania, this day of 1863, at by reason of

No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist*

Said Wilbert Gilmore was born in Mercer County in the State of Pennsylvania, is Eighteen years of age Five feet Six inches high, Dark complexion, Hazel eyes, Brown hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a Joiner

Given at Pittsburgh Pa this thirteenth day of August 1863

*This sentence will be erased should there be anything in the conduct or physical condition of the soldier rendering him unfit for the Army.

Isaac Peck
Capt Comdg Co "G" 56th P.V.M.

William O. Child
Capt & Must Officer

OATH OF IDENTITY.

of

County of

On this day of in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty- personally appeared before me the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace for the county and above mentioned, who, being duly sworn according to law, declares that he is the identical who was a in the company commanded by Captain in the regiment commanded by that he enlisted on the day of for the term of and was discharged at on the day of by reason of

Sworn and subscribed before me the day and year above written.

I certify that before whom the above affidavit purports to have been made, is a Justice of the Peace duly authorized to administer oaths, and that the above is his signature.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, this day of

L.S.

in the year

at in the State of

Clerk of the

3—1129

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
BUREAU OF PENSIONS
WASHINGTON

Under an act of Congress approved by the President May 1, 1920, your pension from that date is increased to $30 per month. THIS SLIP SHOULD BE SECURELY ATTACHED TO YOUR PENSION CERTIFICATE.

G M Saltzgaber

Commissioner of Pensions.

6—6180

John Barton Payne

Secretary of the Interior.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Know Ye, That Robert Gilmer

a Corporal of Captain Daniel B Lewis

Company (B) 12th Regiment of Pennsylvania Vetran Cavalry

Volunteers, who was enrolled on the twenty seventh day of March

one thousand eight hundred and sixty four to serve three years or during

the war, is hereby **Dischargrd** from the service of the United States this Twentieth

day of July, 1865, at Winchester Virginia

by reason of Sp. O. No. 78. Hd Qrs. Army of the Shenandoah July 7/65

(No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist.*)

Said Robert Gilmor

was born in Mercer County in the State of Pennsylvania

is nineteen years of age, 5 feet 7 inches high light

complexion black eyes black hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a

Engineer

Given at Winchester Va this Twentieth day of

July 1865

Daniel M. Whitside
1st Lieut 6th U.S. Cav.
Comsng of Muster Army of the Shenandoah

D B Lewis
Capt Co B 12th Pa Cav.

☞ *This sentence will be erased should there be anything in the conduct or physical condition of the soldier rendering him unfit for the Army.
[A. G. O., No. 99.]

I, G. W. Branine a Notary Public, in and for the County of Cowley, and State of Kansas, do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the discharge of

Robert Gilmer

from the service of the United States.

G. W. Branine Notary Public.

Commission expires May 22 1905

[illegible] [illegible]

of

Robert Ellison

for

1046438

-B.F.B.72-

Robert Gilmer,
Arkansas City,Kansas.

April 7,1899.

Dermody & Co.,
Washington,D.C.

The pay and allowances of Robert Gilmer,as Corporal of Co.G,127 Pa.Vol.Inf.,Priv. of Co.G,56 Pa.Mil.,and Corp. of Co.12, Pa.Vol.Cav.,

265,072.

He was enrolled in Co.G,127 Pa.Inf.,Aug.7,1862,for 9 months,and discharged April 3,1863,on Surgeon's Certificate of disability. He received pay in full,traveling allowances and $25. bounty, Act of July 17,1862.

Having been discharged for a disability other than wounds received in battle,and before serving two years,no further bounty is due.The item of clothing pay is disallowed,as the records fail to show the amount of clothing drawn by soldier during his service in this organization. He was paid in full for his service as private of Co.G,56 Pa.Militia,including all allowances.

He was enrolled in Co.B,12 Pa.Cav.April 7,1864 for 3 years,and discharged with Co.July 25,1865.He received pay in full from March 27,1864,a settlement of his clothing account,traveling allowances,and $300. recruit bounty under Joint Resolution of Jan.13,1864,all bounty due. No discharge filed.

-J.B.70-

WASHINGTON, D.C.
APR 8
30 PM
99

Treasury Department,
OFFICE OF THE
Auditor for the War Department.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

Penalty for private use, $300.

Robt

Kansas

Hon

Por Corr

Corregidor

Corregidor

Corregidor

To all whom it may Concern.

Know ye, That Robert Gilmore

a [illegible] of Captain Daniel [illegible]

Company, (B.) 12th Regiment of Pennsylvania [illegible] Cavalry

VOLUNTEERS, who was enrolled on the Twenty-seventh day of March

one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four to serve Three years or

during the war, is hereby **Discharged** from the service of the United States

this Twentieth day of July, 1865, at Winchester

Virginia by reason of G. O. No. 78 Hd Qrs Army of the Shenandoah [illegible]

(No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist.*)

Said Robert Gilmore was born in [illegible]

in the State of Pennsylvania, is [illegible] years of age,

5 feet 7 inches high, light complexion, black eyes,

black hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a Engineer.

Given at Winchester, Va this Twentieth day of

July 1865.

[illegible]

1st Lieut. [illegible] Cavalry

Co~~mmanding the~~ Reg't.

Comdy. [illegible] Army [illegible]

[illegible] Lewis,

[illegible] Capt. 12th Pa. Cavalry

☞ *This sentence will be erased *should there be anything in the conduct or physical condition* of the soldier rendering him *unfit for the Army.*

[A. G. O., No. 99.]

Paid at Philadelphia July 24th 1865
D. Taggart
Paymaster U.S.A.

OATH OF IDENTITY.

....
of the Town of...
County of......................*in the State of*.....................

On this..........day of......................in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty........personally appeared before me, the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace for the County and...........above mentioned,.................................... who, being duly sworn according to law, declares that he is the identical..who was a...............................in the Company commanded by Captain..in the Regiment ....commanded by.............................. that he enlisted on the..........day of........................ for the term of...........................and was discharged at..................................on the............day of...........................by reason of........................
....

....

Sworn and subscribed to before me the day and year above written.

....

I certify that..before whom the above affidavit purports to have been made, is a Justice of the Peace duly authorized to administer oaths, and that the above is his signature.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, this.......day of..................

L. S. in the year......................................

at.............in the State of.............................

....

Clerk of the..................................

WAR DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE JUDGE-ADVOCATE GENERAL,
WASHINGTON.

S.

August 26, 1907.

Mrs. A.A. Gilmer,
Medford, Oregon.

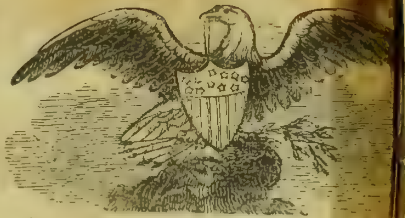
Dear Madam:-

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th instant requesting that, as the widow of Joseph Gilmer, former Major, 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry, whose sentence of dismissal was approved by the President on July 20, 1863, you be furnished with a copy of the record of trial by general court-martial, I have to inform you that under the 114th Article of War only the person tried or some one authorized to apply in his behalf is entitled to a copy of the record. The record in the case of your late husband is quite voluminous - containing probably 150 manuscript pages - and to comply with your request for a copy would delay the furnishing of similar copies to those entitled to them under the law.

Very respectfully,

Acting Judge-Advocate General.

To all whom it may Concern.



Know Ye, *That* Robert Gilmer a Corporal of Captain John J Ball's Company, (G.) 127th Regiment of Penna Volunteers, who was enrolled on the Seventh day of August one thousand eight hundred and Sixty two to serve Nine Months, is hereby Discharged from the service of the United States, this Third day of April, 1863, at Carver U.S. Genl Hospital by reason of Surgeon's Certificate of disability

(~~No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist.~~*)

Said Robert Gilmer was born in Mercer County in the State of Pennsylvania, is Eighteen years of age, Five feet Six inches high, Dark complexion, Dark eyes, Brown hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a Gentleman

Given at Carver U.S. Hospital Washington D.C. this Third day of April 1863.

O A Judson

Surg U. S. Vols
in charge

☞ * This sentence will be erased should there be any thing in the conduct or physical condition of the soldier rendering him unfit for the Army.

GOV. PRINT. OFFICE.

OATH OF IDENTITY.

of

County of

On this day of in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty- personally appeared before me the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace for the county and above mentioned, who, being duly sworn according to law, declares that he is the identical who was a in the company commanded by Captain in the regiment commanded by who enlisted on the day of for the term of and was discharged at on the day of by reason of

Sworn and subscribed before me the day and year above written.

I certify that before whom the above affidavit purports to have been made, is a Justice of the Peace duly authorized to administer oaths, and that the above is his signature.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, this day of

{ L. S. } in the year

at in the State of

Clerk of the

[illegible]
[illegible] 8

April 2nd

L. Taylor

This picture is of John in his first winter coat, which I made for him. We had moved by that time and were living next door to Mr Adam Staggers and family, whose family, all of them were closely connected with the Moore family for many years. His eldest daughter Jessie, I count it a rare privelege to have known. All the family were grand people.

In the early summer of 1913, my mother decided to visit Clara and family who were then living in Pasadena California. She rented her home to some young people , and it must have been they or their relatives or friends who took our wonderful pictures of the "Opening of the Strip" . I have always mourned their loss. No words can describe them with any satisfaction.

My mother came to visit us before going on to Pasadena, and we got a very good picture of her with our John. The one below is of Mother, myself, Aunt Emma and John, taken the same day.

My mother was one of these rare women who was very careful to keep her sorrow hidden, at leat to the extent that she never imposed it on others. It was no effort apparently, she simply went about her tasks clamly even if her heart was sad.

Before this time George had bought Mr Silver's share in the business and changed the name to "The Moore Seed Store ". A anme which it still bears in 1951, although it has changed owenership twice.

Clara's second daughter Ruth was born in July of 1913. Mother stayed only until fall and spent that winter and summer in her home.

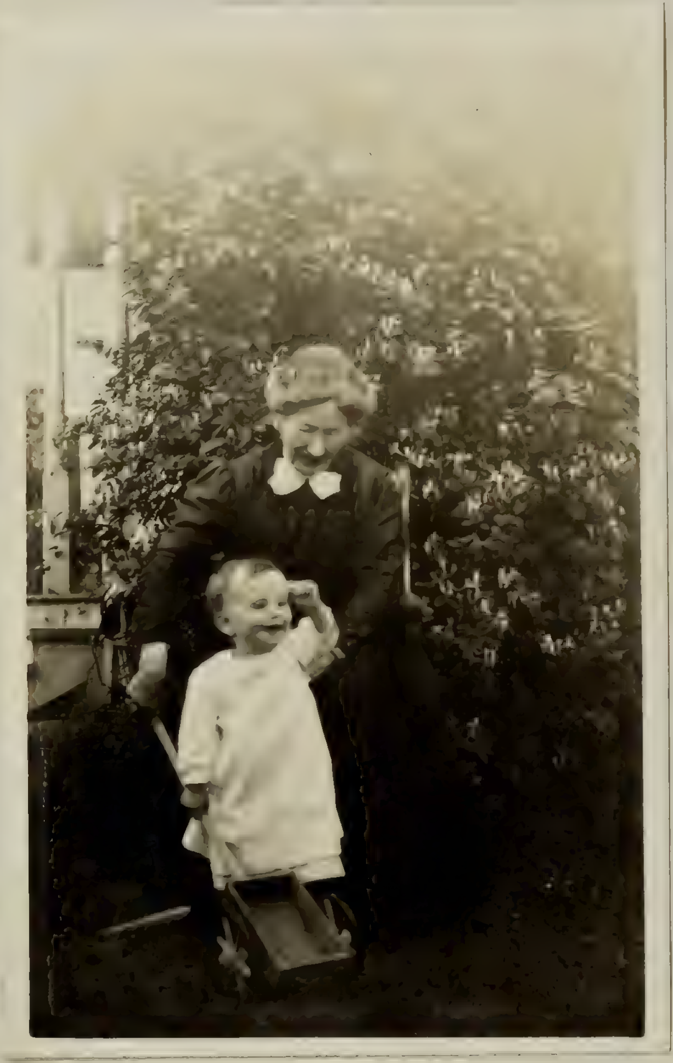
In the spring of 1914, your grandfather, children decided he would like to visit his relatives. Early in June we betook ourselves to Kansas City, where we spent a day sightseeing. In taking a tour around the City, to the north east, I said to no one in paticular; "O this looks like Caguga Lake in New York, and the driver said ;" It really does." At Evenston Ill. we visited your grandfather's Aunt Salome Bock. her daughter Nellie, and Nellie's daughter Elizabeth. The three of them were very interesting to me. They were in the "Only child" catagory. And each tried to be the one who sactificed for the others. Poor litte Elizabeth said when her grandmother was taking us to the City; "O, I hope she gets me a new dress." You may judge how much hope there was for her when I tell you that when she took us for sometning to eat she chose a unattractive place up a long flight of stair and said;" You get what you want, I am going to have a glass of butter mild." She was wealthy, too, but the way she paid her Missionary dues, so she said was by being the Treasurer of the Society.

After my father's death, Clara stayed for some time as our mother was not well and her own little Paul was very ill. When she returned to Pullman, mother rented part of her home and continued to live there. Clara's second daughter, Ruth was dorn in July 1913. I wanted my mother to come home with me, but she could not do that. I was so surprised. I thought my home should suit any one. It suited me. I have come to find after sad experiences that no home is one's own that belongs to some one else. How I do wish that these things could be recognized by looking foreward,as clearly as they do when looking back. How much heart-break could be avoided if it were only true.

In the picture below , the one at left is Josephine. Joe's youngest.

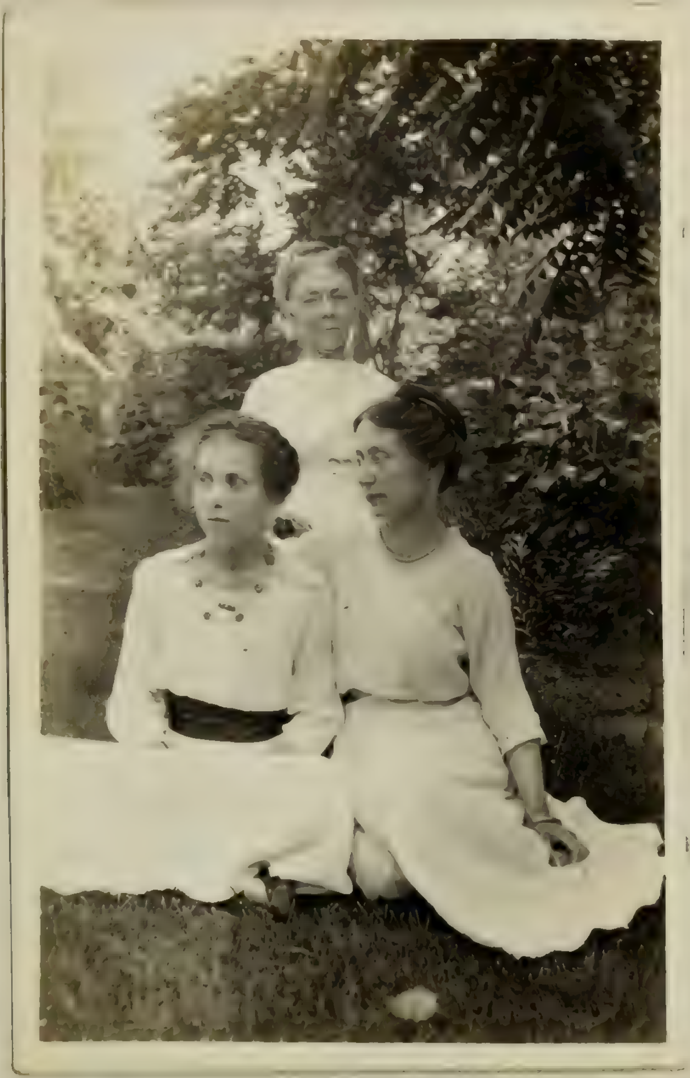
The one at right is Helen, caughter of Mr and Mrs C .B. Hamiltone, the owner of the Winfield Plumbing and Heating Do. . Joe worked for Mr Hamilton forom 1906 until 1936, when after a very severe illness he was colpelled to stop.

The picture below is of your ~~grand~~father when one year old.



and the admiring lady helping him with his little wagon, is ~~you~~ your grandfather 's Aunt. who was visiting us at that time. She was Miss Caroline Moore, a sister of your great-grand father. She lived then in "The Carry Post, King's Daughter's Home for Old Ladies," in Springfield Illinois. She played with the Lincoln boys when young, and her parents sent her to the Lincoln home to congratulate him on his election to the :Presidency. 1860. She told us a great dea

It is extremely difficult for me to decide what to record first, of the multitude of things I want to tell and preserve since I feel that I want my grandchildren to know all I can find about ~~their relatives on~~ their grandfather's relatives. I will therefore do the best I can.



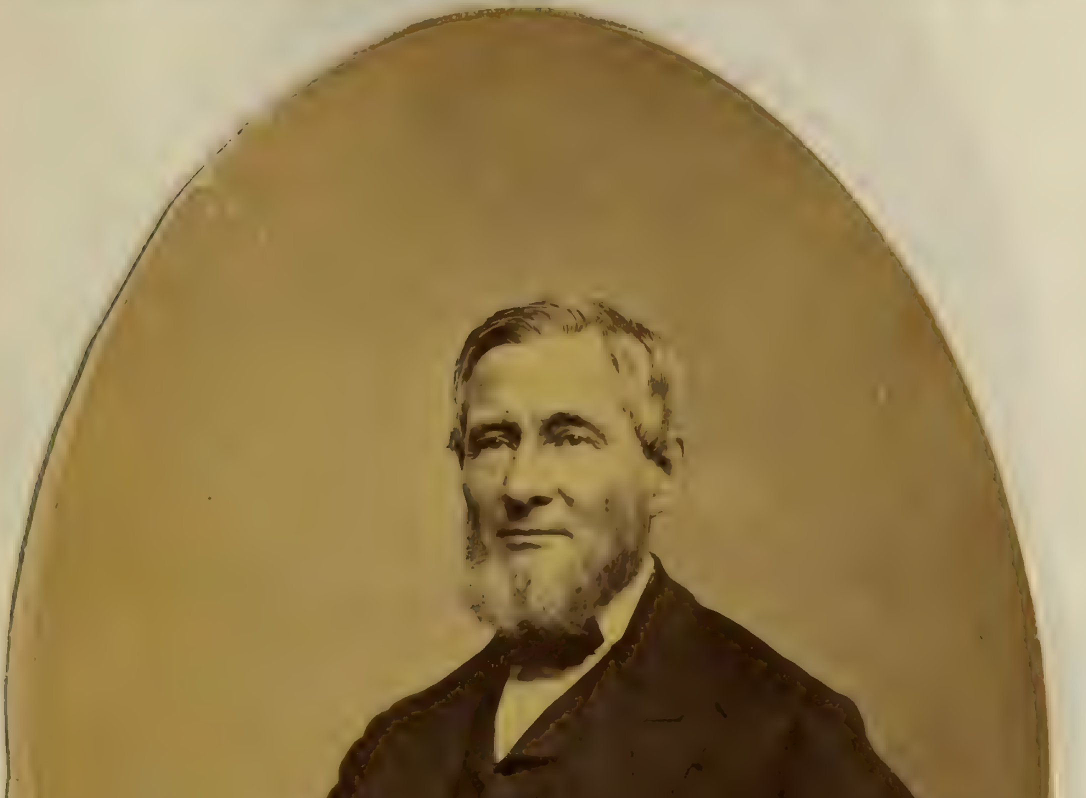
Standing is Mrs Elizabeth S. Bock, whose husband was William N Bock. A brother of your ~~gxxxt~~-great grandmother Jane Bock. Seated at right is Mrs Helen Bock Holden, the daughter , and at left is Elizabeth Holden, her daughter, as they looked in 1914. Their home in Evanston was just off Riverside Drive and of course very near Lake Michigan.. We walked across Northwester Campus to the Lake, passing The Garrett Biblical Inst. and on over to the

Lake shore. Garrett Biblical .

Lake Shore with Coast Guard Bldg. in foreground.

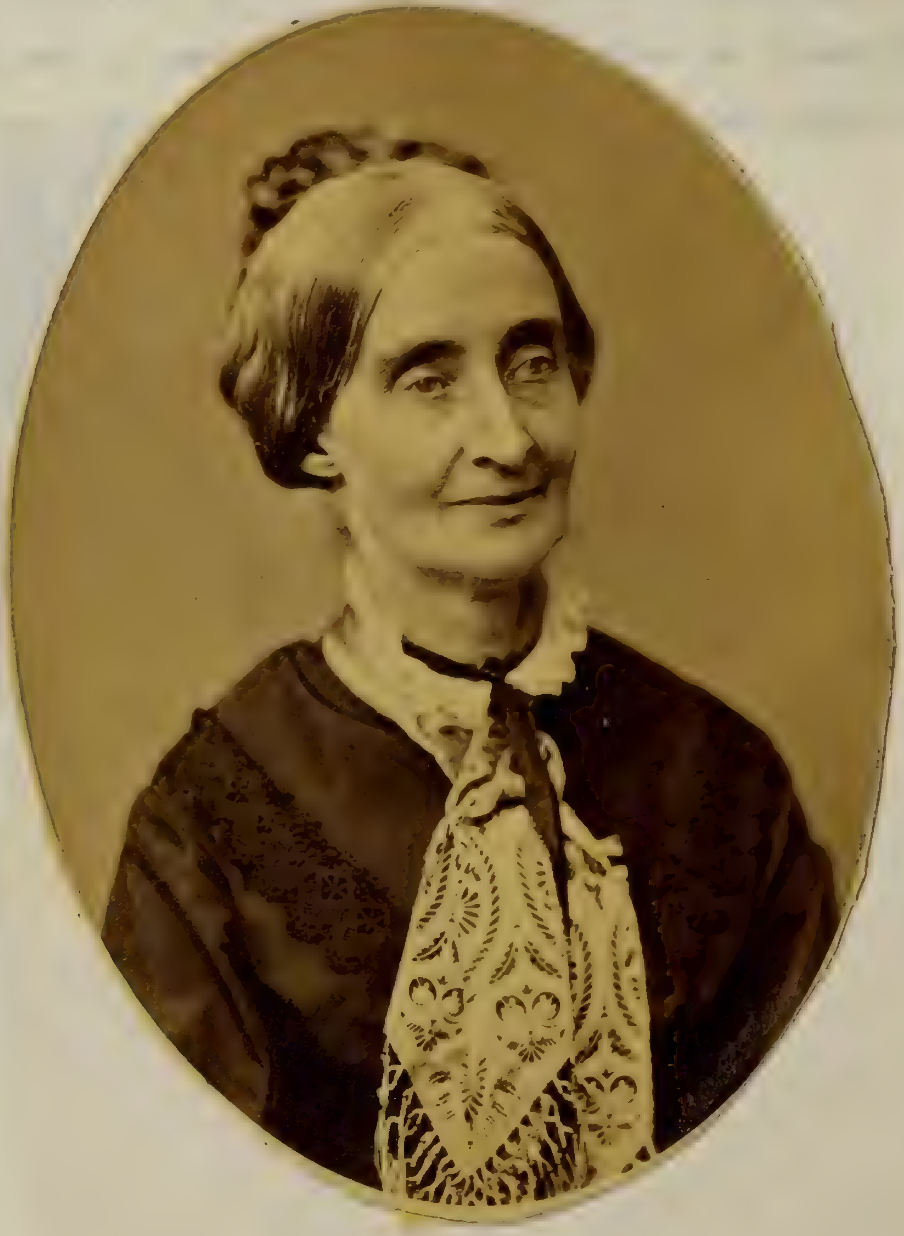
One day when we went over there was a storm on the Lake and the waves were really rolling high and the sound was as of an unbelievable furry. John began to cry and Elizabeth was delighted, for to her that meant he was impressiable.

In order to relate what I can about Wikliam N. Bock, I must go back to his father William Breeze Bock. and Ann McAdam Bokk. Irealize that I have their pictures in my first" book", but find these larger ones and in order to be faithful to the trust left me at my husband's death,to preserve as far as possible the things they have treasured, I am inserting them here.



William Breeze Back, Born in Liverpool England June 1st. 1813. He came to the United States with his father in 1823 or 24.

Ann McAdam Bock was the eldest of ten childern. They were married in 1837. Ann was born March 12th. 1814.



These two delightful looking people were the parents of , Jane, who is your greatgrand mother. William Neilson, of whom I will tell you more, Caroline Matilda, who married John M Butler, and Elizabeth, whose husband Rev. Myrick was an Episcopalian Clergyman, and for years at "Brier Cligt" Younkers New York.

A Short R~cord of the Life of William Breexe Bock.

William Breeze Bock

William Neilson Bock .
His picture appears on the next page.

William Breeze Bock was born in England, on the first day of June, 1813, and was christened at Trinity Church, Liverpool. He came to the United States with his father in 1823 or '24, and settled in the city of New York.

His father William Bock, was a German, and was born at Rumppenhiem, Germany, and died in New York, Nov. 27th, 1852. His grandfather was Secretary to the Prince of Hesse-Cassel. William left his fatherland and came to Liverpool, England, where he married Lucy Breeze, and had five children, whose names are as follows: Ann, William Breeze, George Albert, Lucy and Eliza. He was engaged in the mercantile business.

Leaving England, as before stated, he came to New York, and was for some time a broker on Wall street. His wife and the remainder of his family, about two years after his departure, followed him to America. She died January, 1833.

At the age of sixteen, the subject of this sketch went to Philadelphia, and served five years as an apprentice to the cabinet business; after which he returned to New York and worked at his trade for three or four years.

While here he made the acquaintance of Miss Ann McAdam, whom he married in 1837. She was the grand-daughter of SAMUEL NEILSON, one of the "United Irishmen" of 1798. Mr. Neilson was one of the most talented, as well as the most active and influential of the Irish patriots in that famous uprising of an oppressed people, and was imprisoned in the same prison with, and in the next cell to that noble martyr, ROBERT EMMETT.

Neilson, Dr. MacNeven and Thomas Addis Emmett were banished to America, and came to New York. The two latter remained in that city, where they practiced their professions, and the former went to Poughkeepsie on the Hudson, to take charge of a paper as editor, but died of yellow fever soon after his arrival. For many years he had edited the *Northern Star* at Belfast. His pen was more dreaded in England than a thousand bayonets.

His daughter Jane, who was born Sept. 9, 1791, married George McAdam. He was born in the North of Ireland, March, 1780, and died in New York, 1852. Ann was the first born of ten children, their names were as follows: Ann, Catherine, George, William, Neilson, Matilda, Samuel Neilson, James, Jane, Mary and Sophia.

Ann was born March 12th, 1814. She left Ireland in Sept. 1834, and sailed from Liverpool, England the 1st of October of the same year, accompanied by her father, mother, one brother and five sisters, and landed in New York November 7th. Her oldest brother, and Samuel, the third, remained in Belfast, where they were engaged in business; the former having to travel frequently through the British Isles. Her second brother, William N., in his sixteenth year sailed in a merchant vessel from Liverpool to Marseilles in France—thence to Mauritias in the Indian Ocean. While here he visited the tomb of "Paul and Virginia." After five or six years in the merchant service he entered the U. S. Navy. He was cruising in the Mediterranean in the years 1846-7 on board the Frigate "United States." He had rejoiced in the prospect of visiting a sister in the "Far West," the following Spring, and had written from Boston previous to this in reference to it. In September, 1848, the Frigate was anchored in the Bay of Naples—he was looking forward to promotion, being at that time captain of the mizzen-mast, which is in the stern part of the ship. He was up the mast about thirty feet, when losing his hold, he fell to the deck, and was instantly killed. He was much esteemed by his ship-mates, and had a wonderful influence over them. He in particular had the power of restraining, by his good example and advice, the dissipation common to seamen when on shore. "In life and death he was lovely." His remains were taken to the English burial ground in Naples—attended by the men who valued and respected him. The service of the Church of England was read, and all united in raising a monument to his memory.

George came to New York in 1849, with Samuel, the latter having married a Belfast lady. He was engaged for some time in a large agricultural establishment—purchased a beautiful house on the Hudson river for his mother and unmarried sisters—was industrious, energetic and faithful in all his relations to society. His health seemed impaired in the beginning of the year 1857, but no serious apprehensions were entertained in regard to him. He left home accompanied by a friend and went to Charleston, S. C., in hopes that a Southern climate would recruit him. His friend went into the country to prepare rooms for him in his father's house. During his absence he died suddenly March 29th, 1857, of heart disease, away from all he loved. His remains were brought back and interred at Yonkers, N. Y.

William N. was wrecked off the coast of Para, S. A., in 1838. [illegible] were five hundred souls on board of the vessel. He and two other sailors saved themselves by sailing out nine or ten miles in a canoe, and tying all they had of clothing together to make a signal—they were at last seen and picked up by a schooner bound for New York. They subsisted three days on wild fruits, and slept in the branches of trees to shun the wild beasts.

Mrs. Bock taught a select school in New York. During the last year of her stay in that city she was engaged in the "Monthly Meeting School" of the Orthodox Society of Friends—the committee being ladies of that sect.

She was married in New York, as above stated and has seven children. Jane, the oldest, married Henry Moore. His parents were old settlers of Sangamon Co. William Neilson married Elizabeth Soloma Hamilton, only child of Archibald Hamilton, an extensive cattle dealer. Her mother became the second wife of Judge Nolan of Hurlbut Township, who died in Feb. 1873, much lamented by the community. William owns a beautiful farm of two hundred and fifty acres, adjoining his father's. Little Nellie is the light of that household. He was in the United States service during the rebellion, and was acting Master's Mate on one of the iron-clad gun-boats of the Mississipi squadron.

Caroline Matilda married John M. Butler of the United States Navy, and resides in Washington, D. C. His paternal ancestor came over in the May Flower. When a boy he sailed with his brother on whaling voyages, and was shipwrecked in the Sea of Kamtschatka. He has been twice around the world. During the rebellion he was connected with the Atlantic Squadron as Acting-Master. On one occasion he captured a prize and brought it into port. He has been a Government Clerk.

THE LAST SAD RITES.

Funeral of William N. Bock, Whose Death Occurred Last Week.

The brief mention in last week's HERALD of the death of William N. Bock carried sadness to many hearts. He was endeared to a wide circle of friends by the possession of a strong and symmetrical Christian character, an amiable, unselfish disposition and the genuine manners of the true gentleman.

Mr. Bock left Lincoln for Larned, Kas., on August 16 to look after his land. He had been indisposed for several weeks and was worse on reaching Larned. On the 22d he wrote a cheerful letter home, but was worse the same day, and so rapid was the progress of his illness that he died on Wednesday afternoon of typhoid fever. His wife received a telegram on Tuesday, but the message was obscure and she telegraphed back for details. A second message came and she started on Wednesday, only to be stopped at Delavan by the heart breaking news that her husband was dead. Fortunately Mrs. R. M. Wildman happened to be at Delavan and assisted her to get her baggage and return to Lincoln.

George Layman, who was at Larned, arrived with the body on Friday morning and was met at the P., D. & E. depot by the Grand Army men and many friends of the family.

The funeral was held at 4 p. m. on Saturday at the M. E. Church, which was crowded with friends from the city and country, many coming from Mr. Bock's old home in Corwin township. Rev. C. B. Taylor delivered an address in which the fine character of his dead friend was strongly portrayed. The following are extracts from the sketch he read:

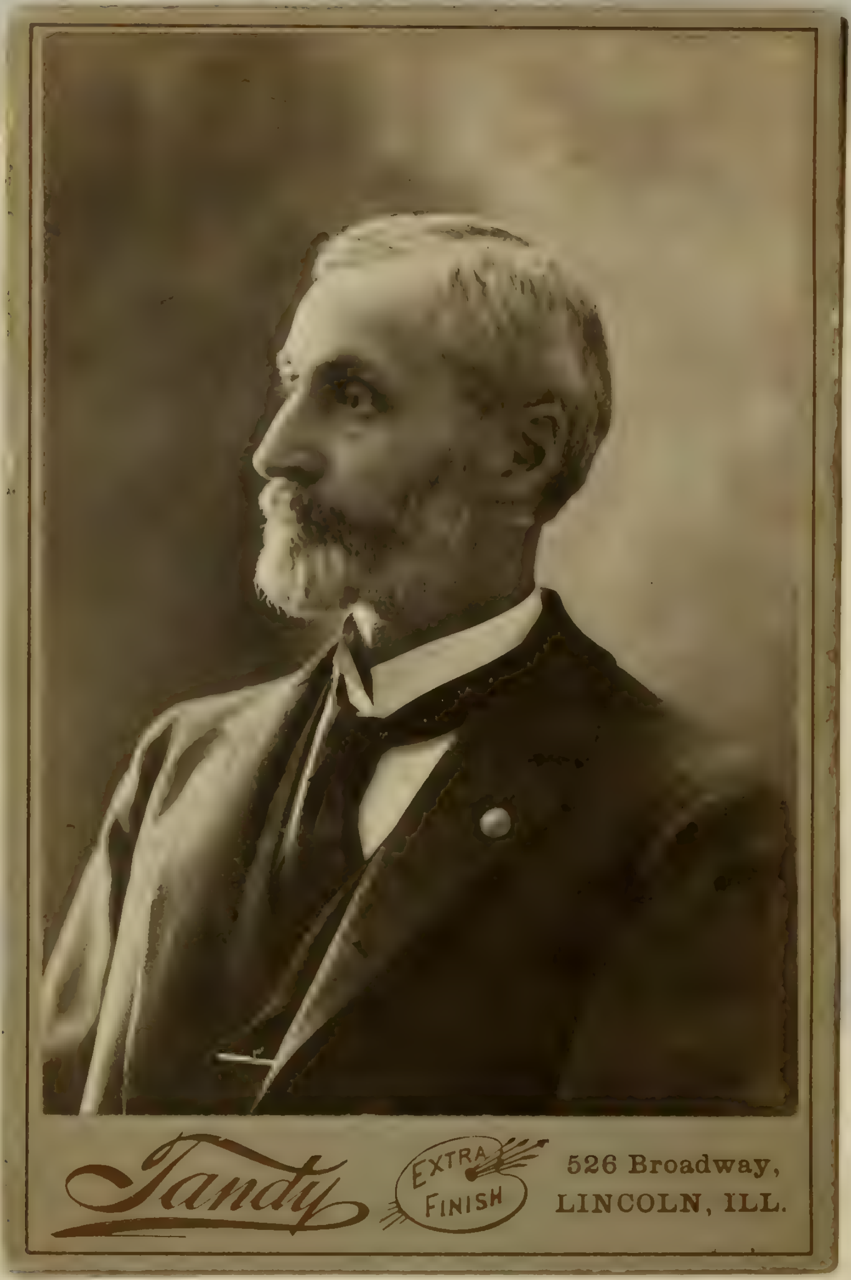
"W. N. Bock was a native of Logan County, born in Corwin township June 13, 1841, and died at Larned, Kas., August 24. His father, William B. Bock, was a native of Liverpool, England, son of a distinguished German and private secretary to the prince of Hesse Cassel, and his mother, Miss McAdam of Belfast, Ireland. He was a grandson of the Irish patriot, Samuel Neilson, who was imprisoned in a cell adjoining the martyr, Robert Emmett. The parents of the deceased were earnest Christian people, members of the Methodist Church, of which he also was a most devoted and helpful member.

On March 8, 1868, he was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth S. Hamilton at Spring Bank, Ill. For thirty years these two have walked the paths of life together in singlenesss of purpose and in increasing happiness. An only daughter, Helen, now Mrs. Holden, blessed this union, and with the mother survives to mourn their irreparable loss.

"In 1876 Mr. Bock and family moved to Lincoln, where he engaged in business and since has made his home. He was always a Christian and could assign no specific date when he was converted. Upon his return from the war in 1865 he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Of the church in Lincoln he has been an honored member, uniting by letter December 3, 1876, and served in an official capacity since 1878. For several terms he superintended the Sunday School and was our superintendent at the time of his decease. When not thus engaged he taught a class.

"January 7, 1863, at Cairo, Ill., he enlisted in the service of his country in the war of the States in the department of the navy and was appointed master's mate and assigned to the ship Rattler in the Mississippi squadron under Admiral Porter. After the sinking of the

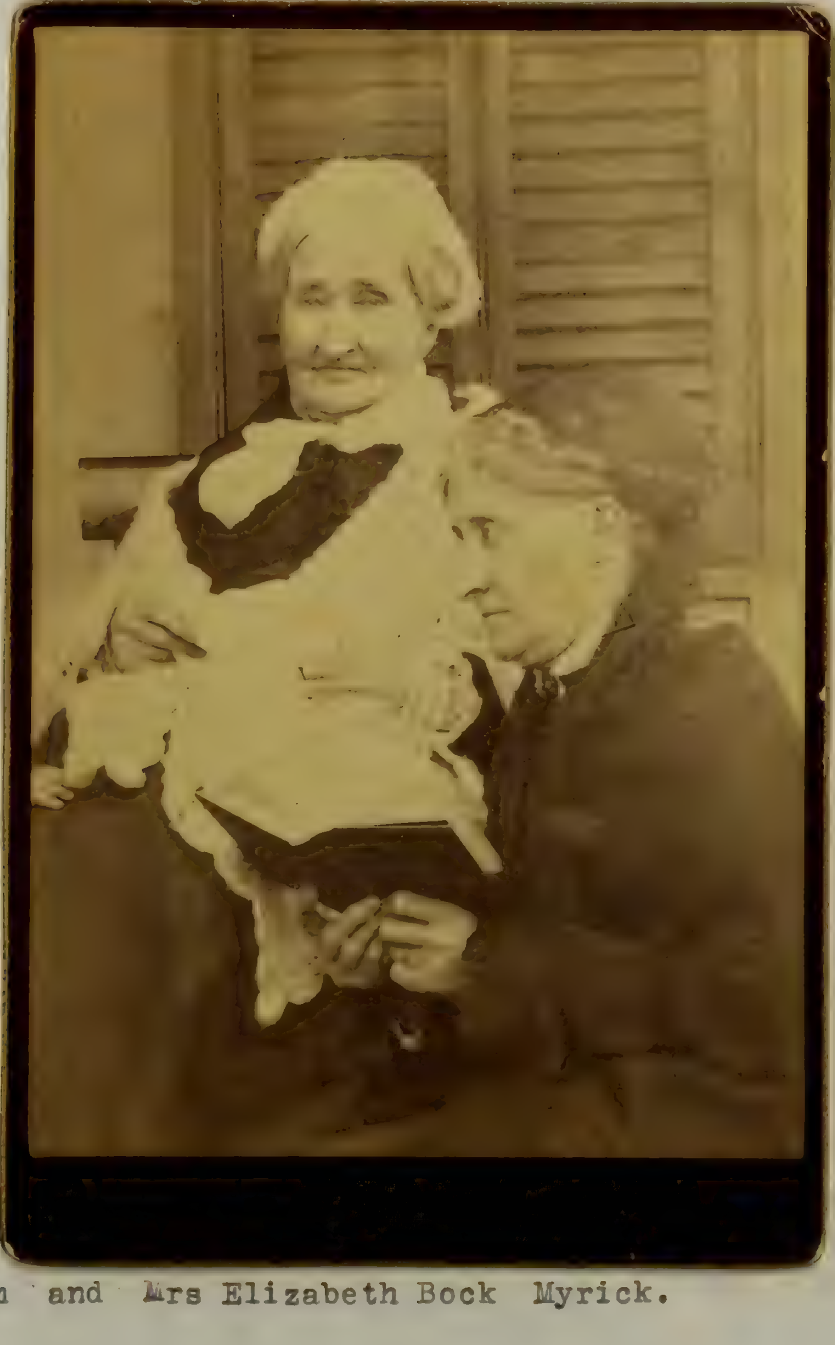
William Neilson Beck.



This my dear children is a picture of your great- grandmother's brother William Neilson Bock. Of course I never saw him but have heard many good reports of his character and worth. What I judge him most by are the books and presents he has given your grandfather at different times. One judges another , I think, by the things he cherished enough to leave behind. This Uncle had a good deal of land near Larned Kansas and was not well when he left his home to see about the wheat, and grew worse and died in a few days after arriving there.

Uncle William Bock's only child was Helen, who married a Mr Holden. He died early in life and left "Nellie" as they call-her with a small child Elizabeth. Nellie I admired a great deal. She had very bad eye-sight and wore glasses with thick heavy lenses. She was correcting papers for one of the Professors at Northwestern when we were there in 1914.

The photograph which I will show below is of your great-grandmother's sister, Aunt Lizzie. The older woman is her grandmother, I think.



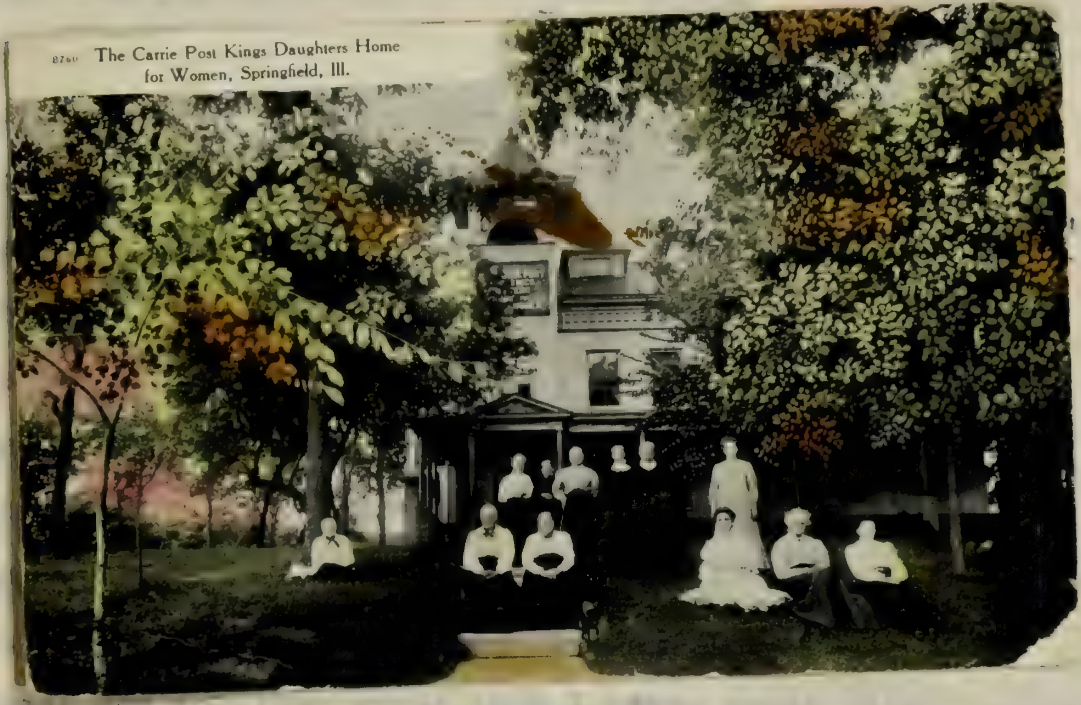
Jane McAdam and Mrs Elizabeth Bock Myrick.

We visited her on this trip but that will come later. The other sister was Lucy, who married John Butler and whose three daughters were very brilliant women. They were,: Lena, whose husband was a dentist and worked at his trade for years in Paris France. Beatrice who was a very talented musician. She taught in Chicago for years , receiving $ 10:00 a lesson even in the early part of the century. She married an Italian sculpturer, he was there when we visited them. He could speak little English, but did say of John "He is a beautiful child." They afterward had a son whom they called John after her father John Butler. The last I heard of her she was helpless and mentally ill at Woodstock New York . Mr Faggi was a very interesting man, and he found it hard to accustom himself to some of American ways.. One of things which impressed me was how he could hardly stand it for his wife to go any place she wished alone.

Lena, I do not know, or remember her husbands name was a very good Artist. We had some of her paintings for a long time but in moving around and the inability to make some things fit into another home and the fact that they will get out of date, have all contributed to their loss. She really was quite good however.

It turned hot while we were in Evanston and then I began to realize why it was thought distressing when the themomiter got as high as 80 degrees or a little more. It really was detressing. I never ared mush for Chicago. Not because of the heat, I'm accustomed to heat, although not that brand, but the Streets were dirty and the buildings old and blackened by smoke and soot. But we had a wonderful time and John who was two years og age was not ill for a minute and was a good traveler.

We will have to back-track, again my dears, for I took us to Chicago too quickly. Our next stop after Kansas City, which now is digging out of the "worts flood in the history of these United States, " , was Springfiled Illinois, to visit the Aunt Caroline Moore who spent a month with us in the spring of 1913. She lived at the Carrie Post Kings Daughters Home for Women, Springfield Ill. It is the old Post Home. The home of the C. N. Post of the Postum Cerial Co.



8760 The Carrie Post Kings Daughters Home for Women, Springfield, Ill.

Aunt Carrie's room was at the South East corner, and was the room of C. N. Post and the one to which he brought his bride. She is not in this picture but says she would have been at the feet of the dear old lady at the left of the two sitting ~~at~~ on the steps.

Aunt Carrie was very vivacious and sweet. I recall that she said in telling of the other ladies that htey complained about the food. Some were German and other peoples who did not cook as we do and therefore were unhappy All older people long greatly for the kind of food they themsrlves cooked or were accustomed to having. She told them, she said, that id they had eaten in as many restaurants as she had they would be satisfied, and then she shrugged her shoulders and with a twinkel in her eye said: "Some of them do not like me very well, but I don't blame them. I don't like myself very well sometimes. " She and the lady where we had a room, told us much about LincolnEspecially of what he said in his "Farwell Address" to his own people.

LINCOLN FAMILY

-------------" To you, my friends, I owe all that I have---all that I am. Here the most sacred ties of earth were assumed. Here my children were born and here one of them lies buried. Today I leave you. I go to awsume a task more difficult than that which devolved on General Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with ~~me~~ and aid and support me I cannot prevail; ------- To Him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that with equal sincerity and faith you will all invoke His wisdom and goodness for me.----- With these words I must leave you; for how long I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now wish you and affectionate farwell. " They told us there was not a dry eye in all the multitude. Of course we saw his home, sat at his desk and wrote our names and saw some of relics, but to me the most charming thing I saw was the beautiful buffett in the dinning room. It was very simple but to my mind beautiful. His desk was the ordenary one with shelves for books above the desk. His chair was well morn indeed. A Mrs Edwards, a relative, guided us and told something of Lincoln' life. She was very aged then and her voice very unsteady, but she was very interesting.

From Chicago we went direct to Western Pennsylvania to visit mye my father's half-brother and family. In my first"book" I told you of this family, so will only add a few things which come to my mind. When we reached Connaught Lake rather early in the morning, after having had breakfast in Erie Pa. we sat by the lakeside waiting for the children to come for us in a motor-boat. After a little we saw three girls and a boy get out of a boat at the landing. I wqs sure they were out folks, but I am sure I never saw a girl of twelve so fat as one of them was. She proved to be a little girl from Oil City, who was visiting the Gilmore family. One story Aunt Gertrude told me then has staid in my mind. The little boy she told of, was a friends little child, He liked to D. every thing the animals on the farm did. His mother did not object, but let him do what he wanted. One night he asked if he might sleep with the chickens in the trees. His mother said he might, but after quite some time out there he came in . She asked him if he did not like to sleep with the chickens. He answered: Ah! " Ah! I an't got a back toe."

When Uncle Joe came home at the week-end he rigged up his motor boat and took us for a ride, but I fear I'm not a good sailor. I was afraid of the old thing. Aunt Gertrude was some-what disturbed because she and her next neighbor had promised each other very solmenly that they would not put a table-cloth on, no amzzz matter who came. Of course I soon assured her she need not worry. I did not want a tablecloth. This was the last time I ever saw my dear grandmother.

Oh, yes, we did stop at Niagra Falls. We were some-what out of place with a two year old boy, but we did not let that bother us in the least. It was indeed a beautiful sight. John was so fussy for a while that we did not know what to do with him, until we discovered he was thirsty. Niagra was so beautiful that I felt like a man writing about it after he had seen it. He said he did not respond to its beauty as he expected he would and was disapointed, but every tine he thought about it ever after, he was thrilled almost to tears.

From Connaught Lake we went in to New York City where we visited Your grandfather's Aunt Elizabeth Bock Myrick. She had married late in life to an Episcopal Clerfeman and lived for years at Younkers New York. He was we were told a very inteligent man, but some what eccentric. He, a few months before he died recited the names of all the Popes of Rome. That did not impress me except as a test of memory . He worked in his garden early in the morning and expected his breakfast at a certain time. If he were called five minutes too soon, he went on working for that time. He also had to to have his claret every morning after his breakfast. Also he did not allow his wife to get up from the table for any thing after a meal was begun. It may be fine to repeat the names of all the Popes, but my idea of a gentleman is one who is extremely considerate of all about him.

At this time Aunt Lizzie was living at The Lancaster House ~~in the~~ on Broadway. Beyond Columbia University and The Cathedral of St. John the Divine., with your grandfather's Cousin Addie Hawley.Cousin Addie was the personification of the Christian Spirit. Dr Myric had died the year before we came and these two old ladies were renting part of their Apt. to aJapanese Ambassador to the United States. He was a charming gentleman and we afterward learned he lost his life on the Ship(I do not remember the name) which was bombed off the coast of Ireland, early in World Was 1.

There is much to tell of our very pleasant visit, but I must deny myself the pleasure of telling that.

We arrived late in the evening of July 3rd. 1914. The next morning Cousin Addie hurried down to the Hudson River, near by to show John the Air Plane which came over. That was the first one for her and she wated John to see it. All she could get him to do was to look down on the river and the Rail Road trains comming and going. All he would say was:" Toot toot, nay" She was disgusted. One incident stands out in my memory and that was of a fried of Aunt Lizzie's who came in on a Steemliner on Saturday night and sent a note from the Ship asking if she could spend the next day with her. Of course Aunt Lizzie sent word that she might, but was a little disgusted about it all, for the woman was a millionaire from Milwaukee, and was only trying to keep from paying an Hotel Bill. She also wanted to buy a silk shawl which she knew Aunt Lizzie had. Sunday afternoon they got them out ;Cousin Addie had a beautiful one too. This was my first sight of such beauty, and I was of course charmed. But also disgusted, for she took two for twenty-five dollars each when I felt sure she knew she would have to pay twice that for less beautiful ones. Another thing that annoyed me was that at the breakfast-table after these two old ladies had gotten the meal on the table, and I know now what it means for older persons to try to serve a meal. she asked for another spoon, said she could not eat her egg with the spoon she drank her coffee with. I can sympathize with the feeling but not with the thoughtlessness of asking for another. Those poor lovely ladies worried about that as they would have had they been caught in a rude or unkind act.

I did not expect to see much of New York with a two year old child but to my surprise they insisted on keeping John so we could go. And we did . They took us to Church at The Cathredal of St. John the Divine, and that divine means only St. John th Minister., I never having been in an Episcopal Service found it very hard to enter into the Spirit of it, and asked afterward if they really could worship that way. Of course they said "O, Yes". The room we were in was only the Choir Loft, or would be when it was finished and the acoustids were terrible. The ehho was almost as loud as the reader's voice and the monitone was new and distressiog tome. We were, of course, very glad to have had this opportunity.

Cousin Addie, whose father was an Insurance man in Springfield Ill. lost all he had during the Chicago fire, as he had much Insurance there. She gave me a beautiful tablecloth . three yards long and of the finest of satin damask. It was unusual not only for its fine texture but for its design as well. It had all kinds of fruits and vegetables woven into its design. A young woman who did my laundry during the Depression of 1930---- I do not know how long it lasted---- any way she hung it out with other things and left for her work and a neighbor's dog tore it all to shreds.

We left New York , as I have said earlier, onn a day near the time of the assissination of the Arch Duke of Austria, and of course World War No I. followed .

When we went down to see my mother we found that she had been dreadfully ill during this time and the neighbors were about ready to murder me. One or both of her sisters had been with her during this time and my Aunt Mary told me all about how she was. Late in November, Lottie, Joe's wife went down and helped get things thrown away, burned and collected so we could bring her and her possessions up to Winfield to live with me. I went down after an illness and got her . She was very ill indeed by this time. The next day after we got home I wanted to call a Dr., but she begged off, so as I was sure it would make little difference, I consented. When I asked the next day she was willing, and I called Dr. H. L. Snyder, one of the outstanding Doctors in in ~~the~~ Southwest at the time. His two sons still carry on the tradition. After Dr. Snyder examined her he said little, but ~~xxezz~~ when I followed him to the door he said; "Your mother has t.b. I do not see how she can live more than 60 days, I do not see how she can live over 60 to 90 days."I was struck dumb. I had seen her ill so many times that I could hardly believe my ears. That winter I spent in mortal fear of a hemorhage. John was still two years old and Dr. Snyder worried about him, needless to say I did too. I have firm faith, however, that if one does his duty, other things will turn out for the best for all concerned. Surprisingly enough she got better and lived with us for FOURTEEN YEARS.

Mother grew so much better that she went to California late the next summer and we spent some time in Colorado Springs. Below is a picture of our cabin home at Cascade, up in the Mts, North of The Springs.

Here Grace Soule visited us for a few days. I believe I never knew any one who loved the Mountains as she does. The Soule family were our neighbors in Winfield and had gone to Colorado for

Agnes Soule's health, and they still live there. That is Grace and Agnes do, their father died that same year. In fact he was ill before we left. That was in 1915. The altitude was too high for me , apparently,so after a good deal of distress, we decided that I had best go home. Your grandfather stayed on for several weeks. as the climate was very beneficial to him.

We began immediately after he came back to look for a perminant home.

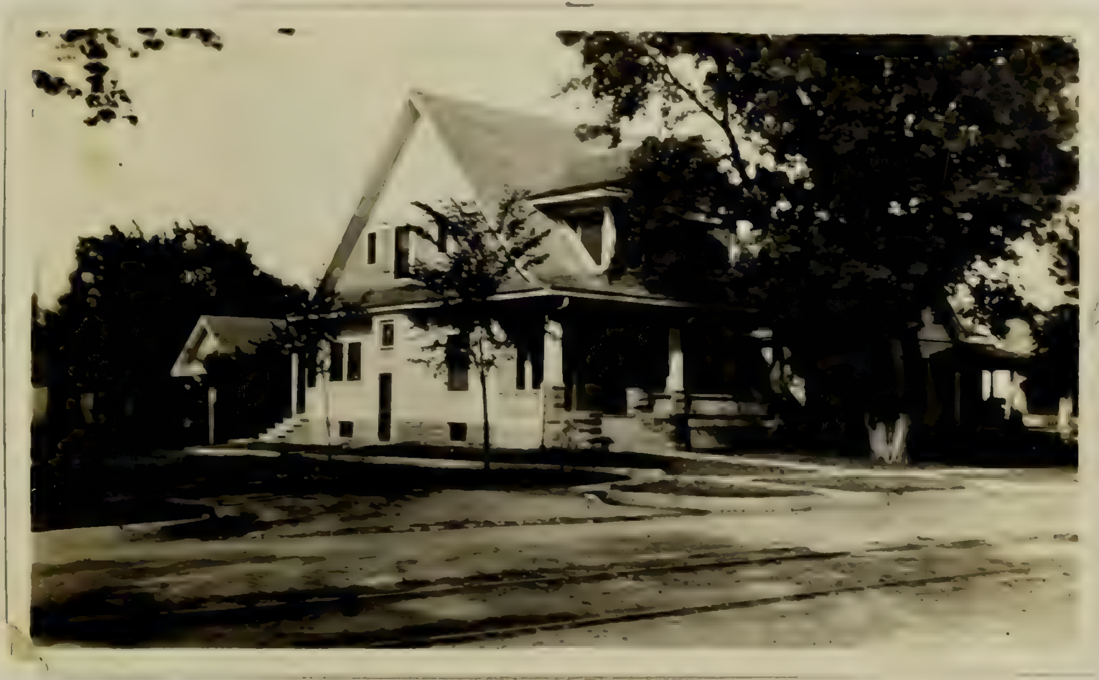
Below is John at this time.

I believe Real Estate Agents are as "Wise as serpents", in not "Harmless as doves", for Mr W. W. Dobson sure took us to look at the most impossible of houses , and then with apparent unconcern

cern took us to see the CKL'.

I shall never forget how I felt as I looked at it. When we were home again George said:"What do you think?" I was so tired and worn for it was one of those hot September days which few places can turn out like Kansas can. "Well" I said, " we have always gotten along and been happy and I do not want, even for a home like that, to be unhappy and miserable getting it payed for." He said: "I do not think we will be.". I was for it, as he was so he called Mr Dobson and told him it was a deal.

Our Home 602 East Ninth Ave. Winfield Kansas.



Tjere it is and we paid $ 3600. 00 for it. O, how we loved it. My mother had not returned from Pasadena, but we wrote her about it and she said she thought it was the very house she had admired when she walked down town. I had never, to my knowledge seen the house, but she always went down Ninth Ave. and I always went down eleventh as that took me pasr the Store, and of course I had to go there first. You may do doubt guess the reason. Not that my husband was penurious in the least, for he was not. But I usually needed some money. He and many Merchants tried to get to open a charge account, but I could never do that. I just could not compell myself to say;"Charge it,please." I hated debt and still feel that one buys things when he may "Charge them", which he would not buy if he had to lay the money down on the counter. When my mother did come home later in the fall, and we did not get possession of the house until Nov. 5th. 1915, it was the house she had admired, and she was overjoyed.

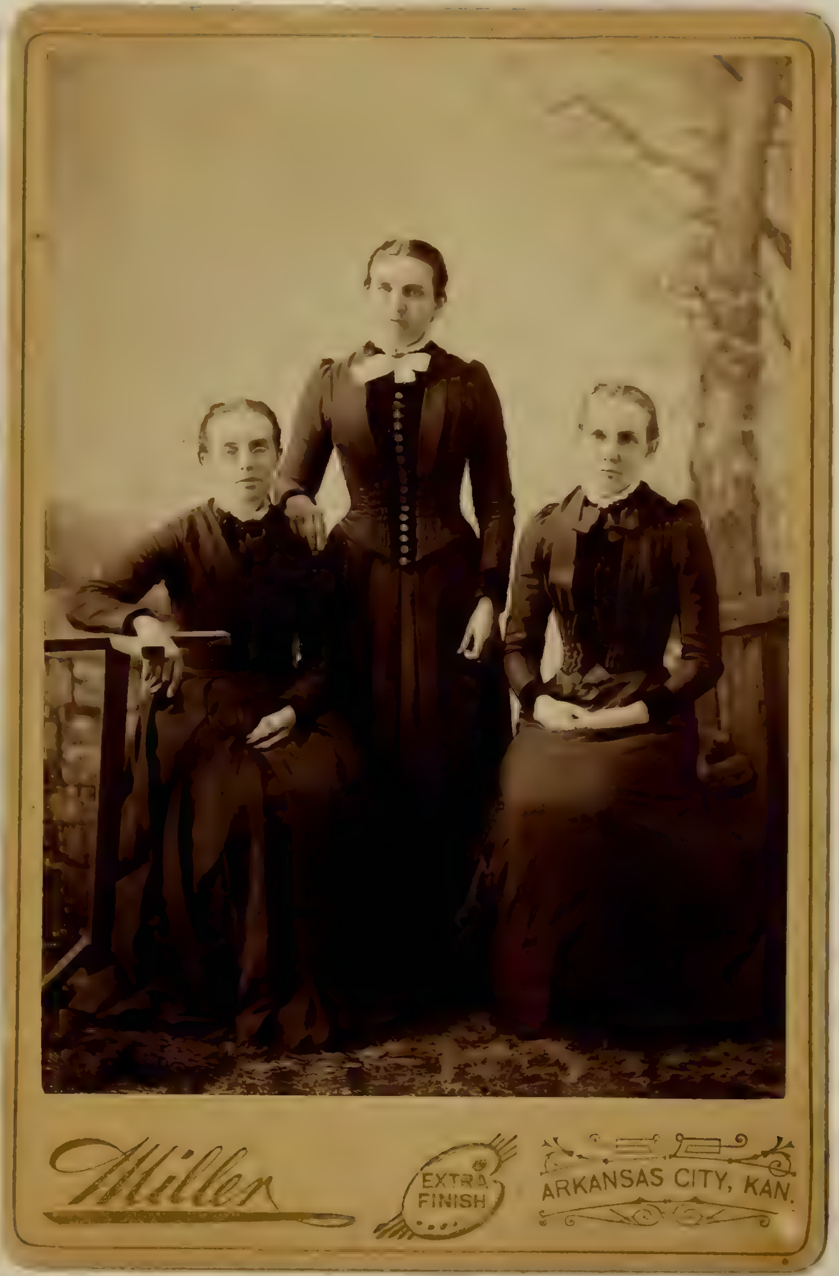
This picture of John was taken just before we moved into our new house.

The man who took this photograph, stopped as he was passing ~~th~~ while I was picking Strawberries, to say that he would give any he had for a boy like mine. I do not remember his name, but he lived in the next block east of us. It was impressed on me then how true it is that every man longs for a son to carry on his name and hopes. It now reminds me of a speach John made one day while he was only a young boy." Mother," he said," if one has no children , then all that has been done, by his ancestors to enrich life, goes for nothing."

It was I think, at this time when we were waiting to get into our new house, that my Mother's sister Mary Peek, died suddenly.It was a shock to me, but I do remember that Emalyn, her youngest daughter had said that she would not be surprised to find her gone ,most any night when she came home from work. That is just just what happened.

Below are""The Three Graces " as my mother called them. To my chagrin the photograph will have to come on the next page. One of my unforgettable experiences occured when I went down to Arkansas City whenI heard the news. My cousin Emma was in her room up stairs and after talking with her for a time I asked her if there were anything I could for her. She said she would like to have me take some of the flowers off her hat, as she felt she would be happier with it that way. I went down and to the buffett in the dinning room where she had said it was, got the hat , which was covered with flowers all over, hat. Some one else sitting there ask-if she might help and we were working like nailers, when in came my cousin Frank Peek and Ada his wife. Nothing was said for a little and then Ada is her sweet charming way said; "Just what do you ladies think you are doing to my hat." Well, I was speachless. I still am I guess. I do not yet know what to say. Ada said it was all right for she might like it better that way, but I noticed to my embarrasement that they were all back on, at the funeral/

Joe came down the next day for the funeral, and I do not know what I should have done otherwise, for Aunt Emma, who had come down from Wichita ,had one of her attacks and one of Emma('s husband's relatives, a sister I think, worked all through the funeral services over her out on the back poarch. Joe is a tower of strength in any emergency and did not fail then, When everyone had gone and Aunt Emma was better, we all went home.



Reading from left to right are Mary Robb Peek, Emma Robb Rambo, and Nora Ellen Robb Gilmer.

Our "Rainy Days Begin."

There is no statement more true than "Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary."

My sister Clara and her family had come from California, in March, of 1925, I think it was. Paul had traded some lots he had in Pasadena for an old house in Winfield and the family, all but Theron who was married , lived with us for ten weeks. This made a family of ten and I found it quite a strain to do that much, and plan her childrens clothes and other matters for them. Clara's eye sight was always so poor that many of the family's necessities she could hardly manage at all. George hired Paul Jr. for work after school and when they were in their own home had Paul make counters and bins for seed at the store.

We hafd bought a block of ground in the South East part of Winfield. I blame myself for this venture,for when we went out to look at the ground I did not want to buy it, but said nothing. If I had expressed my feelings then we would never have bought it. I always timid and uncertain about my own judgment thought I did not want to influence him for after all it is the man of the house who must do what he thinks best. We bought it. In order to give Paul work and to boost the sale of the lots which he had replatted, (it now goes by the name of Moore 's Replat") he decided to build a cottage on one of the lots. In order to do that he had to put a mortgage on our home. That was my first big wrench. When I objected to that quite mildly, they both assured me they could soon sell the house and pay off the mortgage pronto.

Mother was failing quite rapidly by the time the house was finished and our Doctor did not want her to go up and down stairs. We had no way to make her comfortable where we were so decided to move into this new house. There was nothing wrong with the little house, in fact it was very nice It had two bedrooms and a sleeping poarch, with windows across two sides. It was enough but it was not home. After consenting to the cecessity of moving out there the next hard thing and it was bery hard for me, was to show my home for rent. We had no trouble to find some one to want it for when George mentioned it was for rent the Realistate Agent Mr S. S. Dobson immediately said he would take it at $ 50. 00 a month. It was a real trial to me to show it to him; have him eye it criticically and weigh its merits and demerits. When he left, I sat down by my mother and we silently communed with each other. She felt as I did.

Neither my mother nor I would ever go past the house after we moved for we could not bear to see it. Lottie thought that about the most foolish thing she ever heard of and others who read this may agree with her but never-the -less that is the way we felt.George felt the same way for a time, but one Sunday he was not well enough to go to Church, so was alone out there. When we returned he told us he knew now why we did not like it out there. No one was to blame for the situation and therefore we lived on all right.

About the time we bought the Platter Building , at 1015 Main /St, and moved our stock into it, 1919 I think it was, George had a growth removed from the inside of his right elbow. Some time later a small red spot appeared just in front of his right ear. For years it did not worry us but when it began to grow larger he never allowed any one to shave over it and after we moved out on John St. and Myrtle Ave. (John said it was "Where John and Myrtle meet"), he decided to see a Doctor about it. He went to several Drs. but nothing they gave him improved the matter at all. Finally one of the Drs. advised him to go to

Dr. Yeager in Wichita . Dr. Yeager was a noted diagnostition. He and I went up in the Spring of 1927, and he said it was a mild form of skin cancer, and recomended Dr. Gouldner, also of Wichita. Dr. Gouldner applied radium and the spot healed up so nicely that we went to Sulpher Springs Arkansas, where Paul and Clara were both teaching in the John Brown School for girls. We took my mother with us and Miss Eleanot Hayes, who then taught English in Southwestern College, and who had been a friend of the family since 1898 when Clara lived at her home. Also with us were the Misses Flora and Anna Hight and their nephew Phillip. The John Brown School for Girls was at that time a school where each girl paid part of her expences by working. They did laundry work,Dormitory work and helped with cooking and serving of the meals We left mother there and drove into eastern Arkansas, to visit a friend of George's, a Mrs Batchelder who was a neighbor of the Moore's a one time.

We arrived at Yellville at evening time so decided to spend the night there so as not to rush them at night. George, always a friendly soul walked out after supper to find some one to talk with. He was not acquainted with the Arkasnaawers, and so got a good snubbing at the hands of three or four young men who were at the camp. The next morning when we arrived at the White River which had to be ferried, we found everything in confusion Some man had driven hsi car down into the river, without enquiring about its depth. It took a long time to pull that car back up out of the water and get it onto the ferry. They could not take our car on this trip .but took another, because ours was heavy and built too low. It had to go solitaire.

Oh, the roads in this part of Arkansas.. Mr Batchelder

They were terrible then, hope they are better now.

While waiting to get across the White River , we were interested in watching a family on the opposite bank of the river. They had evidently come down the river on a raft, for they were taking their bedding and clothing out to the grass and bushes to dry. To us this raft or flat-boat ~~wasx~~ had nothing for shelter on it and must have been a very distressing way to go places. Some peoples have such hard lives and other have too many luxuries, or so I think. I have a deep seated belief that no one has a right to live in ease and dxtreme comfort while conscious that others are suffering for the bare necessities of life.And that goes for even millionaaires.

When we stopped at a backswoods Grocery to ask for Mr Bathhelder's home, he was sitting in the store and was very much surprised to see George Moore. Mrs Batchelder was not a little disturbed to see company as she had not as yet gotten accustomed to living in the "back-woods" . She soon forgot her embarrassment, and we had a wonderful evening visiting. They had ha~~r~~d ground corn meal and it makes the best dorn-bread I ever did eat. It is ground much coarser than ours and therefore retains the real corn flavor.

Getting back to Sulfur Springs we found mother had been quite ill, but was better and in a few days we started back home. Miss Hayes decided to come back with us and that made the return trip doubly pleasant. At Yale Oklahoma, we stopped to see a cousin of mine,Dr. I. O. Rambo/ He was out of town, in the Aribuckle Mountains , his step-daughter told us. Arriving at Stillwater in the evening we appealed to a friend Mrs Dan Deil, who found us a room for mother who was almost in collapse.She, Mrs Deil and her friends were not the only ones who feared she would not live through the night. We arrived at home all right and she improved after a few days of rest.

It may be well to say here that for the two years and a little more, we lived here I never left my mother for even a little while, and do not think I ever washed disher without walking a few steps to look into her room to see if she were all right. And shall never forget how I felt on the mornings when she did not get up at her usual time, and how much courage it took for me to open her door to be sure she was there .

We went back to Dr. Gouldner on Sept. First as he had asked us to do, after looking at George's face said;" Come back in a month." We went back the First of Oct. and Dr Gouldner appliead stronger radium and sent us home. On this trip we went to see my Aunt Emma, who had done so much for us when John was a baby. Her mind was so bad by this time that she did not know us, and the only thing which seemed to bring any memories back to her, was when I mentioned my mother. She always called my mother "Nonie", and when I used that name to try to get her to realize what I was saying, light began to dawn in her eyes and she said; "My Nonie?" That was the last time I saw her until Oct 1st. 1928 when she was buried in the Tannehill Cemetry.

The clouds began to grow darker when I took sick myself early in Nov. I was down on my Birthday Nov. 5th 1927, for I remember my husband gave me a beautiful satin damask table cloth. Geogge had to go back to Wichita alone in November and and since my mother was very frail and something else happened, I do not know now what it was,but any way did not ask him until night what the Doctor had said. He replied that he had said this was a more serious matter than he had at first thought,and I think named the kind of cancer it was.As I lay there that night I faced for the first time faced the fact that he really had cancer. I guess I'm that way, it takes me a long time to realize some things,especially things I do not want to face.

I was around at Christmas time I know, and drove down town once, but was nto well. George always gave so much at Christmas that it was hard to keep up with him and doubly hard this time for I felt so little like driving around different places to take the things he wanted to give. Our own Christmas was quite belated that year for we had planned it for Christmas Eve. and he was very late comming home.We both, mother andI got up and we really did enjoy our Tree. George gave me a very nice parasol and a small clock. It was beautiful until some one took it from my rooma few years later,when I had roomers. The parasol is still good, after having its dress changed twice. The Children love to carry it around in the rain even now.

George's cancer grew rapidly during January of 1928 and at the end of the month he decided to go to Savannah Missouri and see what the Nichol's Sanitorium could do for him. He came home the first of February in very good spirits and the four places they treated all healed up fine and we had a good business that Spring. I however was the delinquent that time for after about eight weeks in bed I still was not well. Dr. Nellie Light Hollowell took me to Wichita to the Osteopath Sanitorium where I underwent a bladder examination The First day of March my mother did not get up and dress as she had always done and was never up again. The night before John was going to a play at the High School and George had gone to Wellington to some Church meeting. Just before John left he sat down to practice a few minutes and his Grandmother came to the door of her room. John stopped and said;" Grandmother!" in a tone I shall never forget.He jumped up and helped her sit down and said: "Don't you want me to play a hymn for you?" When I took her back to her bed she was so exhausted that I slipped in and told John to stop at Uncle Joe's and ask him to come over for a little while. When I started to take off her clothes, she grew so weak that I was alarmed and called the Dr. She was never out of bed again.

Joe came over almost every night and took the care of her the early part of the night and we got along until my cousin Grace Moore came to stay with me, and a little later we were able to get Miss Hattie Tucker, a splendid practical nurse. Hattie Tucker grew up in Winfield and saw many hard days but was always the most cheerful interesting person one would ever meet in a long search. When I took sick again she would come in when mother was resting and tell me stories. One I shall never forget I hope. She had had typhoid fever when a young lady and her hair all came out as often happens. She attended the Grace Methodist Church on College Hill and was so well known that the ushers knew where she preferred to sit so that her bald pate would be little noticed. She had purchased a net to fasten over her hair and it helped to keep her hat on straight. This Sunday morning she and a friend were a little late and the usher took them down more than half of the south isle to a seat. All went well until they arose to sing a hymn and she dropped her gloves. When she stooped over to pick them up her wide rimmed hat struck the bench in front of her and that hat raised up majestically and rolled down the isle. She was up and after it, bald pate, net and all. Her embarrassing moment was worse that mine.

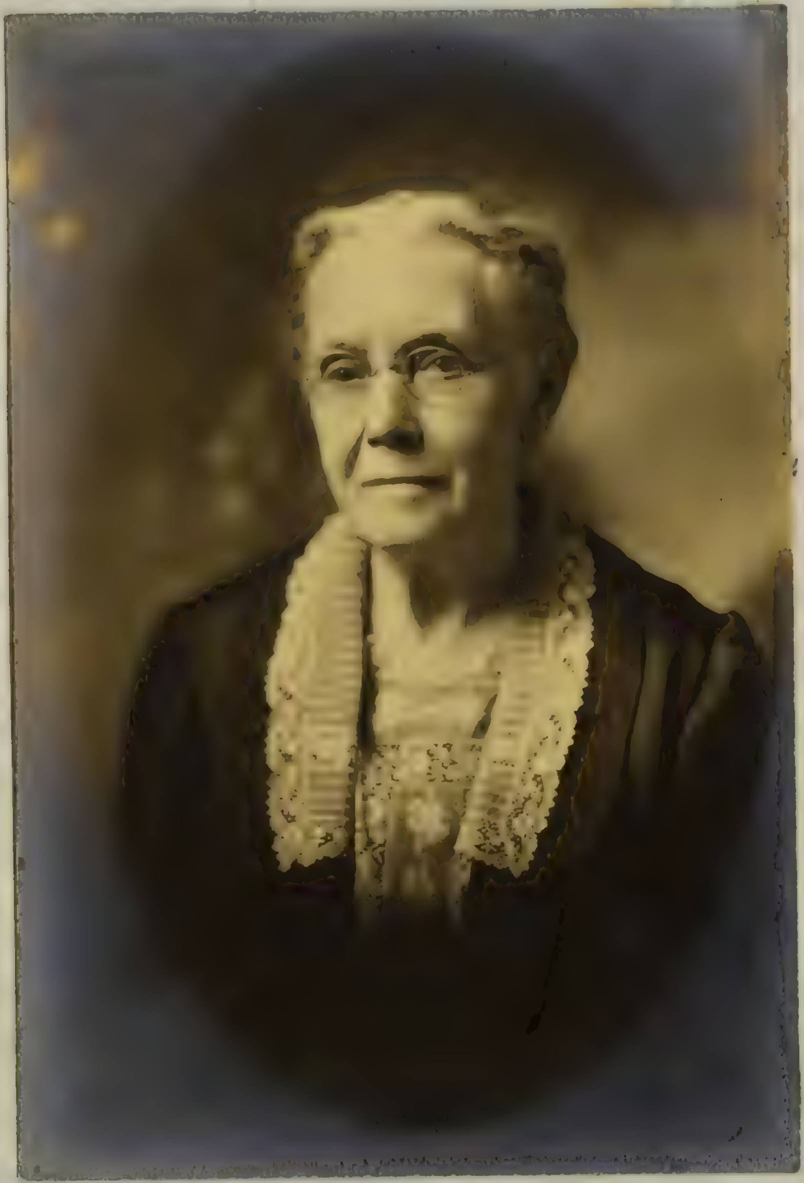
When I took ill this time I called Dr. Hollowell and told her I wanted to call another Doctor and she honest, generous understanding soul that she was, told me to call any one who could help me, for she knew her treatments were not helping me as they should, We called Dr. H. N. Snyder and he took me to the Hospital. The trouble proved to be cytitis, and after three visits to the operating room Dr. Snyder sent me home for a few days. My mother all this time was growing steadily worse. Miss Tucker, when she came to see me at the Hospital told me that my mother was slipping. My shock was not so great when I returned home as it would have been otherwise.

Sunday morning when I went in to see my mother, I said: " We have been partners for a long time" and my voice broke a little. She said:"Don't cry, I do not want you to cry." She said she wished she could hear the call, and I told her it could not be a great while. About noon she told me she wanted Clara to come, so we called her over the Telephone and she came the next day.It is very strange to me how impressions come to one so suddenly and how one acts to the impression at just the right time. On Wednsday after noon I lay down on my bed and pulled a blanket up over me and felt so comfortable, when without even a thought I pushed the blanket back,got up and walked into mother's room. A great change was comming over her. I stood a moment to watdh and then said;" Do you feel so bad Mama?" She said "yes" and I turned and called /Clara and the nurse. We called the Dr. and Joe and they both came and George came home too. She said:Death if not hard." and then repeated "Though I walk through the valley of~~xxx~~ the shadow of death , I will fear no evil." She was a little better soon and lived until the next morning about eleven -thirty, when she breathed her last.

Strangely enough when I went back to the Hospital the weeks later, the obstructions had diapeared and I was free. After the ~~funder z~~ funeral and the cleaning , fumigation and the dividing of possessions were all done, I felt unreasonably happy.

I remember speaking to my sister-in-law ,Lottie about being so happy. I thought it strange that I should be so happy. She said: You should be happy . You did all that could be done and could not wish her to live longer."

The Last Picture of my Dear Mother.



She was so sweet and gentle.How I would love to sit down by her now and feel the Holy calm and and the serenity of her soul. She was never strong in body ,but heroic in mind and heart.

After my mother's death and the attendent work, and confusion were over and I made another trip to the Hospital, all was well with us for a time. My mother died on April 12th. 1928, and was buried on her wedding anniversary, April 14th . Almost every evening we went for a ride, a thing we had not been able to do for years, as mother could not be left alone. We enjoyed this very much and even went alone a thing we seldom did, for my dear grandchildren, your grandfather was a very unselfish man.

After school was over that year /Clara's family came to spend a week or so and the rain which came at the time kept them until late in May. The last Sunday they were there we were all at Church. Friends told me afterward how they remembered George leaning across me and saying something to Paul and laughing. After our dinner that day I lay down to rest for I was not yet completely recovered from my illness. When I woke George came in and sat on the bed and told me that blood had appeared in his urine Then said: "You poor dear I keep you on the rack all the time, don't I.?"

The week before had been Decoration Day and we had all gone to the Cemetary where my parents and twin brother are buried, and after ward went to our old home in what we called "Egypt". I had never been there since we left but things looked familiar . George had run around over the rocks there and he felt that was the reason for this last trouble, but I was sure it was his condition instead, He went to see Dr. Snyder the next day. Dr. Snyder was out of town but came in the next day and George went down to see him. I was down town the next afternoon and shall never forget walking into the store to find out what the Dr. had said. He sat on the end of a counter and told me that Dr. Snyder had said he thought the trouble was prostate gland and he was to come to the hospital on the next morning, which was Wednesday June 6th. 1928.

Clara and her family left at six o'clock the next morning so we were up early---four o'clock to be exact. George slept well and was in very good spirits. At the breakfast table I said: "Why, George you look so well!" and he said he felt fine. When Clara was almost ready to go she said she wished they could know how George got along. I assured her he would be all right but the tears burned my eyelids. I did not know how many many times they were to burn them! I felt that not knowing just what was in store for us, I had best get the house straightened up, so did not go to the Hospital until near eleven maybe later for John had to go to the store while the men went to lunch. George was still in fine spirits when I arrived just as they were bringing him back to his room. He lay there laughing at me. He liked my new hat and liked me generally. When Dr. Snyder came in and George told him about his trouble with cancer, the Dr. looked pretty grim and said well the only thing to do in that case is to operate and then we can cure you or else we can't. When the Dr. had gone we sat and looked at each other and George said "Well. there is some business I would like to get done, --you won't feel bad?" O, I was very brave and told him I'd do any thing he wanted done so went to the Bank to talk to Mr John Hanlen.

I told George when I got back to the Hospital that I~~woul~~ would not come back that evening as I was very tired and John was too, for he had had to sleep in the living room and was the last one to bed and the first one up in the morning.

At about nine o'clock that night I had just told John that we were going to bed early for everything was uncertain at that time. The Telephone rang just then and when I answered Dr. Snyder toldd me to come up to the Hospital right away for they were going to operate as soon as possible. John and I got there as they were taking him to the operating room. John and I had robes and stood at the door. I am not very demonstrative, I fear, but do try to show my love by my actions rather than words. At any rate it was a very great comfort to me at that moment to remember that before I got out of bed that morning I had thrown my arms around his shoulders and said: "I do love you even if I do not act like it." He replied,"I know you do dear."

About two o'clock that night George told John to go home and told me to get a cab when I wanted to go home. That is how bad we needed some one to tell us what to do.

When I got back to the Hospital the next morning I thought he was very bad,but of course was not conscious of his suffering.Of course we had a nurse. Toward evening I went home. I had ordered a half crate of Strawberries for jam, and when the two girls brought them over they sat down and got them ready for me and I made short work of them. Mr and Mrs Root came as we were eating our evening meal to ask how George was and I told them what I thought.John and I then drove back to the Hospital and as we walked in George roused up and looked at John and said: "It has been so nice to have you." Then he turned to me and said:" There is no hope for me, you know that ,dear." But I assured him it was only the terrible operation which made him think that." I could see his effort to think what I had said, then he looked up into my eyes with his whole soul in his eyes and said, as he had often done before we were married and he was just leaving, "God bless you." And those were his last words he ever uttered.

They had told me at the Hospital that they would call me if there were any change in him or if he asked for me,so we went home and strange to say to sleep. I woke with a start just before the Telephone rang . When I answered a voice said."Mr Moore's condition is not a bit good." There was no mistaking that tone. John was out of bed and trying to get dressed. It seemed to me I would never get my clothes on. I called Joe before I did anything else . He was standing in the street waiting for us when we drove up. A storm was comming up and we had to stop and get the windows closed.. When we arrived at the Hospital Dr. Snyder was in the lobby. He rose as we came in and reached out both his hands toward us and "Well it is all over."

And so passed away one of the very finest men one could ever meet, on Thursday at ~~1108~~ 11:08 P.M.just eight weeks after my mother's death, which was on Thursday also.

George Bock Moore

It is impossible to convey to another who has not had such an experience, the agony of such news. I went down as though struck by a bullet. After a few minutes we went up to his room and I, with my faithful brother's help went to the bed and put my hands on his peaceful face, but the coldness and lack of

PORTS

LEADING PLAYERS

(Including games of June 7.)

on suspicion. There he gave the name of Fred Petters.

At another time he served 30 days in the Marion, Arkansas jail on a vagrancy charge under the name of Joe Williams.

Hammer Must Pay

H. H. Hammer must pay $150 a month back alimony within 10 days or be committed to the county jail. This order was made today in district court by Judge O. P. Fuller where a citation hearing was held. Hammer was cited for contempt of court in not paying alimony to his wife, Grace Galbine Hammer from who he has been divorced several months. The Hammers formerly lived near Silverdale.

Painting Interior

The interior walls and ceiling of the office of Probate Judge J. W. White is being re-painted. Last year when the general painting was done in other offices in the court house the judge's office was not included. New awnings have been hung on the south windows of the same office.

Sues For a Divorce

Chicago, June 8. (AP)—The third wife of Alexander Carr, who was "Maw Russ" in "Potash and Perlmutter" stage success, has sued for divorce here.

Mrs. Carr, who was Helen Cressman, a bathing beauty of the films, charges in her suit that her husband fled from New York to avo paying her $100 a week alim for herself and 18-months-old While he "langushed in luxu indulged in "drunken brawls

ARE TO PLAY JAYHAWKS

Oxford Oilers Are to Clash with Wichita Diamond Team

Several stalwarts who last year helped Winfield win a pennant in the Kansas Independent league are appear at Oxford Sunday when e Roxanas meet the Wichita Jaywks in a game at the new Oxrd ball park.

Jim Green, Hubbell, Wentworth, ill Martin, Charlie Lee, and Chief" Sanders all saw service last ear on the Winfield club. Last Sunday the Roxanas defeated Anthony, 5 to 4 at Anthony with Sanders pitching.

The team has been strengthened recentl yand now has a strong lineup, as shown by the defeat of Anthony.

Hooks and Slides

Did You Know That—

They are saying the Athletics also lack what they say the Pittsburghs ain't got . . . Tom Keane, Syracuse coach, copped a roll when Barbuti won two races at the intercolegiates . . . And Chick Meehan, N. Y. U. football coach, had a coupla centuries riding on his nose . . . And Barbuti turned down 10 grand to

Funerals

George B. Moore

The auditorium of the First Pres- terian church was filled with nds and relatives from far and ar Sunday afternoon who gather- to witness the funeral rites of eorge B. Moore, a well known and hly honored merchant of Win- eld.

The service was beautiful and was conducted by the pastor Dr. Joseph F. Clokey who opened with a prayer and read several passages of scriptures. He spoke impressively and inspiringly of the wonderful character of Mr. Moore, praising his fine devotion to his home, church and business and eulogized his Christian life. He remarked that Mr. Moore was a man who really exemplified Christ not one day, but every day and in this characteristic the fullest flower of a strong and useful life was attained and had been brought to a glorious close. That he was universally esteemed was evident by the large audience gathered to show their appreciation of a life that came into their midst ot to be ministered too, but too nister.

he many beautiful floral tributes more than covered the casket d chancel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Morris and Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey Miller sang "O God Our Help in Ages Past," and "The King of Love My Shephard Is." At the close of the service Ray McKown sang "O Rest in the Lord." Mrs. Cora Conn Moorhead presided at the organ. The ushers were L. B. Crawford, W. W. Cunningham, Oscar Spoon and Newman Bartlett.

The session attended in a body preceding the casket while D. L. Pontious, H. W. Herrick, N. A. Lapsey, L. R. Trego, Dr. F. A. Kelley, nd E. L. Terrey of the session were sket bearers.

The members of the Sunday hool class of which Mr. Moore s a member and the Gleaners ss of which Mrs. Moore is a nber attended in a body.

terment was made in Highland etery.

Ms. Paul White of Sulphur

the fog, which would have cut
ore than six hours from the pres-
nt trans-Continental non-stop
ecord held by Lieuts. John A. Mc-
Ready and Oakley G. Kelly. The
rmy pilots flew from Roosevelt
ield to San Diego in 1923 in 26
ours, 50 minutes.

The Yankee Doodle took off from San Diego, Calif., at 3:20 o'clock (New York time) yesterday, and flew most of the distance across the continent without even being sighted.

GEORGE B MOORE DIES

(Continued from page one.)

Winfield and a few years ago added a stock of hardware and was very successful.

On May 10, 1911 he was united in marriage to Miss Frances E. Gilmer at Arkansas City, Kansas, and to this union was born one son, John 16 years old, who with the wife survives. Mr. Moore became a Christian early in life and united with the First Presbyterian church of Winfield.

Mr. Moore's devotion to his church was outstanding, being a member and regular attendant of the First Presbyterian church where his wise counsel was exceedingly helpful. He was a member of the session for fifteen years, serving on the house and grounds committee in a very capable manner. His was a broad Christian life, so loyal and faithful and one who delighted to serve his Master. He was husband, friend, counsellor and sympathetic companion and made his home a haven and sanctuary, and there he will be missed by the wife and son. He built and maintained a beautiful home life amid all the many other interests. He did not limit his efforts to large business enterprises; the stranded youth and the perplexed citizen, however humble and obscure, found in this princely soul a kindly welcome. He was always congenial; he never held himself aloof from others for he was truly a friend to every one. His love for children stands pre-eminent and especially took deep interest in his only son, John and he returned the love of his father with a glad and deep response. It is these things that made George Moore loved and respected by all who knew him.

He was a member of the I. O. O. F. lodge, Chamber of Commerce and the Winfield Retailers Association.

The many friends extend their deepest sympathy to Mrs. Moore and son. On April 12, 1928 Mrs. Moore's mother, Mrs. Nora Gilmer died at their home and the loss of her husband makes her sorrow doubly hard to bear.

The funeral will be held from the First Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock conducted by Dr. J. F. Clokey.

Interment will be in Highland cemetery.

George B. Moore, owner of the George B. Moore Seed and Hardware store died at the Newton Memorial hospital Thursday evening at 11:08 o'clock, following a major operation performed Wednesday. He was thought to be progressing nicely when he took suddenly worse and died before his wife and son reached his bedside. News of the death of George B. Moore came as a distinct shock to hosts of acquaintances and business associates in this city and brought sorrow for he was esteemed by all and was one of the influential business men of Winfield.

George Bock Moore, son of Henry P. and Jane Bock Moore was born in Elkhart, Illinois October 10, 1872. They moved to Cowley county, Kansas in 1884 when George was 12 years old and here he grew to young manhood and lived a useful life in this community for 44 years. They first located on a farm near Tisdale and later moved to Winfield and for seventeen years resided at 802 East Ninth. He attended the city schools and in the nineties was a student at Southwestern college. His parents and
e brother preceded him in death.
1911 he opened a seed store in

Continued On Page Thirteen.)

Frank Lockard, and Arthur Schroeder, took place at noon Wednesday at the United Presbyterian church at Emporia. The Rev. C. Hoffman read the service. Before the wedding party appeared Miss Helen Blakely played a violin solo, accompanied by Mrs. J. T. Nicholas and Mrs. George Lockard sang "At Dawning," also accompanied by Mrs. Nicholas. Miss Marian Hoffman played the wedding march and during the ceremony she played softly "To a Wild Rose."

The bride was attended by Mrs. Frank Cochran, of Wichita, as matron-of-honor, and Misses Celia and Alice McCue as bridesmaids. Frank Cochran was best man. The bride's gown was of white satin crepe trimmed in lace and she wore a tulle veil and carried a bouquet of roses, sweet peas and snapdragon. Mrs. Cochran was gowned in sunset taffeta with which she wore a white hat. The bridesmaids' frocks were of rose and orange taffeta and they wore orchid and yellow hats. Mrs. Cochran and the bridesmaids carried bouquets similar to the bride's bouquet. The bride was given in marriage by her father. The ushers were Catherine Sarby and Thelma Fields.

Jennie Lucella Williams was bearer and carried the rings in lillies. Her dress was of white lace.

Following the double ring ceremony a reception was held at the Lockard home, 901 West, for relatives of the bridal couple and members of the wedding party and their families. Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder left immediately after the reception for a two weeks wedding trip to Los Angeles. Mrs. Schroeder's going-away dress was of orchid georgette and she wore an orchid hat. Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder will live in Emporia at 1102 West Sixth avenue. Mr.

ZIMM

response chilled me to death, or so it seemed to me. We drove back to my brother's home and Lottie came out and they went home with us.Death is so final. There is nothing one can do except bear it and that seems impossible. Mr and Mrs Wright came over and she stayed with me, and Mr Wright went home. John thought when he woke the next morning that it was all a cream,but when he heard Uncle Joe walking about he knew it was not a dream. One of the men who worked in the store lived only a block from us and when he came for the Truck,Joe went out and told him what had happened. He could not speak a word but turn-and walked back home. Lottie called my cousin Grace at Arkansas City and told her; she too could not speak.The whole town was shocked. The neighbors at the farm heard the news over the News broadcast from Wichita, and started to tell the tenants on the farm and met one of them coming over to the Atkinson home.

It is wonderful to have friends at such a time, but more gratifying to have a firm faith in the Father of us all, Who is the Father of our Spirits and gives us the Spiritual strength we so much lack and need.If it were not for friends at such a time I do not know how any one could go through the details of a funeral like that.

Just one week from the day we were all at Church, we laid away all that was mortal of our husband and father.He was so well known over all the country-side and so universaly respected that peole from all the samll towns,the neighbor-hood about our farm and a good many from Arkansas City came to paya last tribute to our George B. Moore.

It is a gracious provision of Providence that one is almost entirely bemumbed at such a time, but the worts is yet in store,for the numbness wears off after atime and one is left to realize how alone and helpless he is.

The first thing which had to be done was to go to the Court House and register all my deeds. I wish I could impress on all who reads these words, the necessity of making out deeds to all property-----I mean for the head of the house to have these deeds all made out to his wife, give them into her hands with the keys to the box at the Bank, so that in case of his death all she would have to do is to have them all recorded and the property would thus be hers without the expense of Probate Court. This is what my husband had done and he made me pay the one dollar fee, too. All I had to pay for Probatecharges was $ 13.75.

The next hard thing was when Arthur Terrill came in to ask me what I wanted done with the wheat. I did not know what to do, but since I had to decide I said we would sell it.

My Financial Report.

We had 500 acres of land with a mortgage of $ 7000: 00 on it
Our home 602 E. Ninth " " " $ 5000 onit
A cottage on John St.. " " " $ 3000 : onit.
Store Bldg 1015 Main St. " " " $ 9000: on it
A Bank mortgage on the farm " " $ 1654. and
A blanket Mortgage on Block L Moore's replat
I do not remember just how much that was, but do remember that the whole amount was something over $27, 000.)) . You will not be surprised that business appeared to me as a big black burden just back of my right shoulder. Our collections were good that fall, and we sold our stock to Mr John Martin for $ 6,680. 49 . This and our Life Insurance we paid on the mortgage on the Building and by late fall had that out of the way. We had Mr Scyler Bloss as our Lawyer and he was greatly impressed with the comprehension John had of business and its requirements. He charged us only $ 15 .for his services, making only $ 28:70 for Court and Lawyer fees. With only $ 3:45 for Regestering of Deeds. It was such a relief to me that I would like to recomend the thoughtfulness to

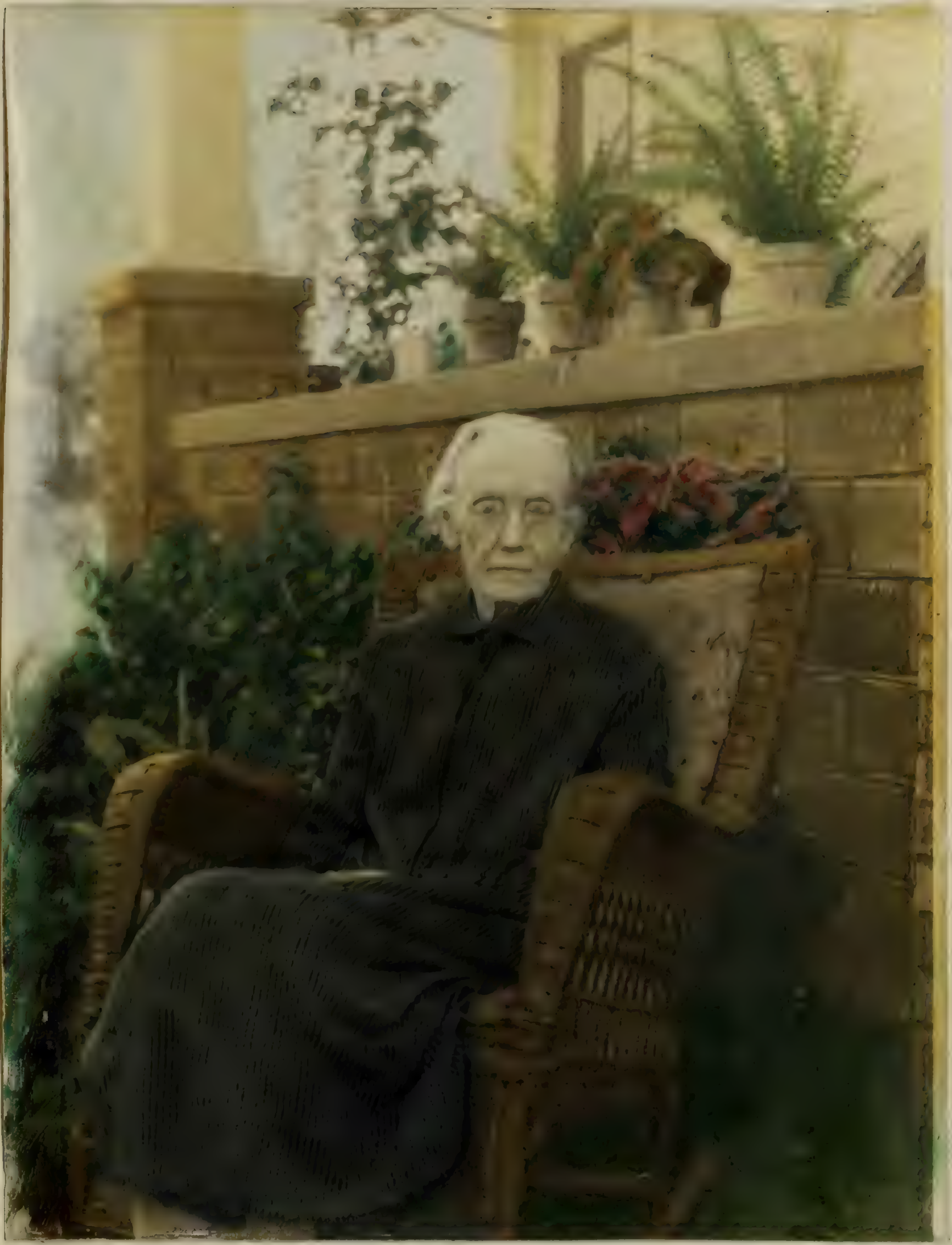
to other men whose wives may possible be left to struggle with this kind of problem. One of my friends who was left in just my position, paid a lawyer $200:00 at one time and that was not all her payments.

For several years I had had a feeling that I should be at the Store and learning something of its workings, but with a mother who needed constant care and a son and a husband who were not too strong, to say nothing of myself, I never could see a time when such a thing was possible. How I ever got through that first summer I'll never know. With no former training, knowledge or experience all these important questions had to be met. Grief, illness and the weight of decisions no one else could make for me, almost overwhelmed me. I lost weight at the rate of five pounds a week for four weeks and then not so fast.

John and I moved back to our home early in July that year and that eased my sorrow a little, and we sold the Stock and fixtures on Sept. 1st 1928 and a little later sold the cottage on John St. We rented rooms to teachers and by being careful we got on very well.

My first thought as I remember it, after George's death, was #"O, if I only had my mother", then I felt that was not right she was safe from sorrow. The next thought which was a comfort to me was" The Lord will give you peace.". I was glad of that for I knew nothing on earth would help. Then one day after we had moved back to our home, as I crossed the kitchen I thought "There are lots worse things in life than the death of a good man." Altho it was all very hard, I always called my trouble "sorrow" and never thought of it as grief, for grief, to me, means remorse or shame to some extent and I knew mine had nothing of that kind with it.

Below is the Last Picture of my Dear Mother.



On "Mother's Day" 1928, which was about one month after the death of my mother, Mayme and Sue Chapman came up from Arkansas /City in the afternoon and brought me this lovley picture of mother. They had been up in October and Sue took the picture in front of our front poarch. Most of the ferns were from my mother's room. Sue took this picture, enlarged it her self and painted it in oil. Sue Chapman had a good many talents, but the duties of life seemed never to leave room for her to develope them to any great extent. She did very creditable work in designing, photography and painting. She designed and traced a Rose pattern in "cut-out" for a dressing table, for me which I admired and used for years on my own table. She also made a beautiful piano scarf with a Lyre on either end , in "cut-out" design. For years she did all the developing of Kodack pictures at Harry Long's Drug Store. Now she has arthritis to such an extent that it is very difficult for her to do their house work and wait on Mayme, who has been bedfast for about three years.

This picture of my mother I have prized all the years since that Mother's Day when they brought it up to me. Both these women have been wonderful friends since we met when Sue was still in High School and Mayme just launching on her career in Music. This gift is the high peak in the eight weeks between the death of my mother,~~andx~~ which I thought very hard to bear and the overwhelming blow of my husband's death.

I feel sure that you, my dear grandchildren will love and treasure this picture as a token of love and respect to one who was worthy of every manner of regard which could have been shown her.

Before returning to my "Story", I reread what I had written, and find a good many mistakes, which you, my dear grandchildren must over look, for even after twenty-three years the experiences of life, some of them I mean, are hard to live over.

For two years John and I lived in our nice home and through all that time money matters grew tighter. The Depression came on apace. In these two years I paid $ 1200, 00 taxes on our property, and $ 1200.00 Interest. A drouth came on and the returns from the farm grew steadily less. We had leased the West Quarter Section for Oil and that helped to pay the Taxes.

John, in the spring of 1929 took a State-wide examination given by the Emporia State Teachers College, and won First place in the State of Kansas, (59 Counties I believe). That was a great day for us. The Subject was World History.

Long before this time I realized that we could not kkep up a home like that one, and in late summer, when we had to take lower rent for the Store, we began to plan to move in the Apts. over the Store. No doubt some must have criticized me for trying to live there, but it was impossible for me to stay out on John Street, and this location took us up-town where we were near most of the places we would want to go and near the Bank, Church, Library and all stores.

Two things were a great help to me during the first hard year we were alone. Both were poetry. One I found soon after we moved into our home. It was among a lot of light-bulbs. How it got there I'll never know for I had never seen it before. It was---

Oh, soul of mine what makes you
Grieve and fret?
Why linger in the shadows
We have met?
Why not recall the hours
Of sunshine and the flowers,
And all the dreary showers Of tears that have been ours
Just forget?

M J Mc Leod.

This I have kept in my little book where I kept a record of all all that came in and all that went O U T.'. I copied this but copying is very difficult. I shall write the other from Memory.

GOD MAKE ME BRAVE.
God make me brave.
O braver than this.
Let me straighten after pain
As a tree straightens after rain.
Shinny and lovely again.

God make me brave.
Much braver that this.
As the blown grass lifts
Let me rise from sorrow
With quiet eyes
Knowing, Thy will is wise.

God make me brave.
Life brings such blinding things.
Help me to keep my sight,
Help me to see aright
That after the dark comes light!

This poem I found one after noon when I visited Mrs Wright. I saw itblocked on a page of Good Houskeeping. When I caught the first glimpse of it I knew "hHere is something which will help me." Both are by Grace Noll Crowell. She wrote another which I shall leave with you in the hope that some time some one will see it and find it a help as I did.

A Pilgrim Prays.
1 So long I have been guided by your power,
Up many a tangled path and stony hill,
And now O,Lord in this strange darkened hour
Be with me still.
3 If I could only some how keep recalling
The darkened roads I've traveled in the past--
How when you had long guarded me from falling
Light shone at last
4 Then I should go foreward knowing
That somewhere on the hills the light will shine
And I shall reach it safelyif [illegible]
You still lead on.
The second stanza I have omited it reads-----

2 Be with me for the way is lonely.
I am bewildered, and I cannot see,
But, Lord I will not be afraid,if only
You walk with me.

One's friends, at such a time as that of which I write, with the best of intentions ,soon,too soon, begin to tell one to "Count your blessings", " "Think of your boy" "Thousands have gone through the same thing," and other things calculated to help one adjust themselves to an entirely new life. With every respect and appreciation of efforts of my friends to help me do the thing they think they would do under these circumstances, I still turn to the words of Oliver Goldsmith, , when in "The Vicar of Wakefield", ~~when~~ he has the Vicar say after the loss of their money, that he ~~did not~~ "Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their sorrow; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow."

Under the best of circumstances there are always some who make ones sorrow harder to bear in their efforts to help.That may be only to teach one a better way to be of help when trying to be a comfort to another.

Every one must work out his own life , for as Miss A. R. L. Wylie says in "My Life with George", "We are conceived in loneliness,, we are born alone, and we live and die alone."What we can do it seems to me is to put forth every effort to keep our Spirit of love always keen and active , always interested in some one else. One thing was a great pleasure to me at this time was that as I walk-through Memorial Park on the way to Sunday School , the flowers were unusually bright and cheerful. As I walked home from Church one morning, in front of the Central School grounds,I saw a man stop and look intently up into a tree. I walked slowly so as to seewhat attract his attention and saw a Squirrel who had been run over by a car, fellpart way down and then with all the strength he possessed hung on until he fell down lifeless in front of me. I realized that he had done what I must do.

Our home was across the narrow street called Bliss, from The High School.

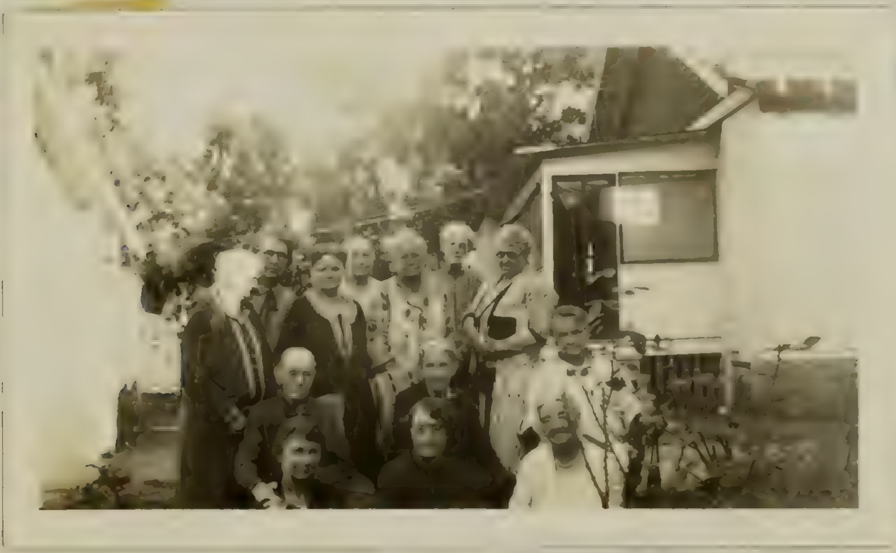
The two buildings to the right were built after we moved to 602 East Ninth John had gone to the First,second and third Grades in the Old Central Bldg. To the fourth grade at Lowell, the Fifth grade at Stevenson, Sixth grade at Webster, while we lived there and when he was about one half through the first of Junior High 's seventh grade we moved out 15 blocks away. Now when he was ready for his Senior year, we moved to the Store.

As is usually the case the Apts. were very dirty John bought a lot of paint and a brush and went to work on them. One night soon after we were left alone Joe and I drove to Island Park one evening to hear the Band Concert.Sitting in the car we got to talking. I,of course was "Scared to death", he said and could not see how we could get along. Joe, always sympathetic said: "Well, Sis, I have watched a good many women in your position and I cannot remember one whose son did not make a man of himself" That was a great encouragement to mine,

I am working true to form for I always get myself moved to a new home before I'm ready. Suppose I am not the only one who has done that, but it is rather embarrassing. Never the less I want to tell you about a Bible Study group which my mother and I attended every week, when possible, from November of 1915 until her death in 1928 and which I attended until about 1933 or 34 I snluld think. We studdied the Sunday School L esson, and I have never attended any gathering which helped so much as that one. Mrs Pugh used to criticize us a good deal for not taking up some regular study course, but we enjoyed this since many Churches were represented and we had the benefit of each view-point.

Below is a picture of the Class.

Standing, left to right are: Mrs Lucy Wilson, whose husband was a Doctor, and who lived for years at 702 East Ninth. She died of cancer in 1936 I think, leaving a daughter Elsie, who is some what handicapped, but who has carried on alone ever since.



Standing left to right are: Mrs Wilson, just back of her is Mrs Victor Auhage, who still lives after a good many "close calls" . A little in front of Mrs Auhage is Mrs J. L. Winner, the mother of three beautiful girls.

Somewhat back of Mrs Winner is Mrs Sunderland, who was not one of the original members, but a faithful one. Next standing a little in front of Mrs /Sunderland is Mrs Henderson, last on the back row is Mrs J. W Bzgatz: Wright. a wonderful friend of mine for years.,and Mrs Florence Godding, a noble woman. Seated in chairs are: my own dear mother, Mrs H. S. Silver, whose husband had been proprietor os the Seed Store since 1875, and Mrs R. B. Baird an other "saint" if such there be, and "Down below" are : Mrs Della Lambrecht(with a checkered history) ,myself and Mrs Alice Palmer. When Mrs Palmer first entered the Class I thought "Well, she will never be interested" but the fact is that she in the years we were all together, made more progress than did any one else. There are but three of this group who are still living.

The two pictures below are of John and myself in 1929. In the lower picture is Miss Margret Zielski, a nusre who roomed with us. She had to have an appendectomy later and flebitis developed after it and her mother came down to stay until she was able to go home. I enjlyed Mrs Zielski very muchShe would take up my work where I failed and have it done before I could realize it.

During the two years we lived at 602 E. Ninth we had as our first roomer, Miss Wilma Tullis, who is still teaching in the Junior High School in Winfield. Later in the fall we had Mr and Mrs Shamblin. They were from the South and found it hard to accustom themselves to the attitude we took about the negro in Winfield. Mr Shamblin came home one day very indignant because in a Barber Shop he saw a Negro come in say something to a man at work there and slap him cpmpanionably on the badk. That was too much for Mr Shamblin. The Negro problem is a great and disgraceful one. I call it "The white problem", for I feel sure that if the so-called white man treated the Negro with the respect which is every man's right, there would be little trouble about the matter.

We had a bad flood in the fall of 1928, and I was very glad indeed for the experience of having gone through a flood, before. This time the dike broke in the evening about five-thirty and all the lights went out. Willma Tullis and I had gone down to Eighth Ave. to see the water, and suddenly it began to rise so fast that we turned back and the wave of water which had caused us to turn back went up Bliss St. as fast as we walked. It was soon flowing across Ninth Ave. and into the basement of the High School. John came in and we three ran down into our basement and got all the things out which we could carry. Between times I ran over to my neighbor's, Mrs Pugh and rang her bell, forgetting that all electricity was off. Finally she called me through the window and I anked her to come over and stay with us and if the water got too high I would have John go over and lift her furniture up out of the water. I had no light at all. She brought a coal-oil lamp and a lantern, so we had a little light. By this time the water was all over both yards and roaring into the basement. If there is a worse sound than water running through the w wall of your home it must be the crackling of flames.

Our car would not start so we were caught with it in the garage. The water came up over the seats of the car,and of course the engine was filled with sand and grit. Mrs Rowland, who lived back on Eighth Ave. had her neighbor Miss Fleming (I hope that name is right. She had lived for years on the 600blk. on E Eighth ~~for years~~). Any way Mrs Rowland had asked her to come over and stay with her, and when the water got too high they got up on the dinning table.When the water got high enough it put out the fire and the gas began to leak out. One had to get down and shut off the gas. All night long they had to camp on that table, and it was cold too.

Bob, my brother's boy came and stayed with us until the water did not rise any higher, then he went home. He had been asleep by the fire and when he waded out into that cold water,he was almost overcome with it. Some man saw him and took him home. It was very hard for me to keep calm that night. Mrs Pugh, was a accostomed to thing being very comfortable for her, so I asked Wilma if she would come in and sleep with me,so Mrs Pugh could have a bed alone. Otherwise I feared she would not sleep at all. When the fire sirens began to scream a fire, I almost lost my self-control, but Wilma was ca;m and comforted me. It was an awesome sight however to see red glare of fire over this wide expance of water. Many,many people were caught down town as it was Saturday evening and could no possibly get home. A large area of the central and south eastern part of Winfield was under water and lots of houses were flooded. The Durin-Swisher Mortuary, across the Stereet in the next block, had a number of caskets carried away by the flood. All the basements in the High School were full of water and much equipment was ruined.

September 20th. 1951.

One night not long ago I woke with a start to find myself conjugating a Latin verb. I have never had but three months of Latin in my life, but the verb "amo/" did stick in my memory. But there I was repeating

amo- amos-amot- amomos, amotis maont.
amabam, amobas - amabot. amabamas, ambotis , amawarunt.

Never a good speller I do not know how to spell the thing.

A few nights ago I had another idea, and here it is.

The Twenty-Third Psalm

Love is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
Love maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
~~Love restoreth my soul;~~
Love leadeth me beside the still waters:
Love restoreth my soul;
Love leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
For His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley
Of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil:
For Love is with me;
Love's rod(of trial) and
Staff (of support)
They comfort me.
Love prepares a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies.
Love annointest my head with oil.
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Please do not misunderstand me, I never want to revise or tamper with the Scriptures, much less mutilate them in any way, but this seemed so intimate and comforting to me that I took the liberty to put it here hoping some one some day might get a great uplift by it as I did.

There is another part of the Scripture which I should like to speak of. It where John in his First letter, says ----- and they cannot sin, because they are born of God." The meaning is, as told me: ---" -he has power not to sin, because he is born of God."

Well, "To resume and continue on--" as Samantha Allen would say, we decided, or sircumstances decided for us that we had best live over the Store where there were three Apts. It really was hard for us both to leave our nice home. I speak as if no one but we ever had a nice home, but we had no other at least and it was a blow to leave it. John who had always been hard to keep happy, suddenly changed when things grew hard and he was as cheerful and eooperative as any one could wish.

As I have said he got him a lot of paint, and I say "a lot" with reason for that was an immense place up there. The four front sashes were nine feet and four inches long, the ceilings in front were 13ft. high. Five doors up there had transoms over them. The rooms were large also, most of them. Two were 18 by 15 ft. the others not so large. He painted all the woodwork and windows andI washed the hall (75ft) and cleaned the floors and stairway the best I could.The men in the Store marveled at the way John stuck to his work. We had to. School was upon us and when John goes to school there is not much time left for any thing .

We rented the front Apt. to Mr and Mrs Kiser. He was---well I guess he was a typical Barber. We had most all kinds in the fifteen years we lived up there.Some good some not good and some unpredictable.It is really surprising what most people think one should do for them in return for the pittance they give for your services. More and more, it seems to me people are looking for something for nothing.

The first few months of John's Senior year he did not do very good work. He had always done excellent work and it broke me all up. I shall show on the next few pages some of the letters he or I should say I received from his Instructors in High School.

Believe It oor Not

I am no Ripley, but I want to tell a story which is as unbelievable as some of those stories. This I know to be true for I knew all the "people who lived it". My friends, Mayme and Sue Chapman of Arkansas City had a neighbor next door to their home whose name was Vernon Fierce. Mrs Fierce, her husband and daughter went to New Mexico, I think it was, to visit her mother. On the trip down Mr Fierce decided to take a "short cut", and save some time. After a stop at a small town in the desert country, they drove on hoping to shorten their trip. In a very short time their car stalled in sand, and Mr Fierce walked back to this little town to get some one to help him get the car out of the sand.

While he was gone the women feeling they were discheveled began to clean their hands and nails. Between them, the women had three diamond rings. They removed their rings and began the clean up job , laid them in their laps while they worked. A man with a team of mules came along, saw their plight and asked if he might help them get the car out of the sand. They clambered out and he soon had the car out on solid ground, again. Mr Fierce appeared at this juncture and they went merrily on their way.

Very soon it dawned on one of them that they had forgotten their rings. They begged Mr Fierce to drive back and look for them, but he said there was just no earthly use in trying to find three rings in an ocean of sand. They went on but Mrs Fiefce did not enjoy her visit and came home very much distressed. One evening /Sue Chapman ran in to talk awhile, as neighbors do, and said "Vernon, what is the matter with you. You have not been like yourself since you came home from your trip. What in the world is wrong.? She broke her silence then and told Sue all about the lost rings, and ended by saying: "I will never be satisfied

until I c

I can go back there and hunt for them." Sue said: "Well, I'll go with you." That delighted Mrs Fierce, so they began to plan what they would do. First they had two large sieves made and one morning set out to "pan " for di diamond rings. At the small town where they had stopped, they engaged a room, dressed for the job and walked out to the sand hill where several months before they had lost the rings.

They worked hard sifting the sand and keeping each other's spirits up, until they were tired and sat down to rest. At the same moment each gave a scream, for on a weed which had grown up since they were there, they saw one of their rings. This delighted them so much that they set to work again with renued vigor. Before too long one of them found the second ring, and with elation they worked harder and before ~~and~~ and really, "Believe it or Not" they found the third one. When they returned to the Hotel Mrs Fierce opened her hand and showed the lady who ran the Hotel, what they had come for. There in her hand she held three rings covered with sand. This lady said;" I did not know what you could have gone for, but had I known I'd have told you it was no use to go, for a herd of cattle--a big one, went through here since you were here before.

" THE SUFFERING SERVANT" Isa. 53.

Some 700 years before the "Suffering Servant" was born Isaiah saw before his eyes this "Servant" as he was to appear. In spite of his clear statement of Messiah's mission in the wprld. most of us, even in this day , are not satisfied with Isaiah's description of ~~kixm~~ Him as appearing with a countenance "marred more than any man" and "His form more than the sons of men"; we like rather to picture Him as beautiful , as very attractive,even in dress, indeed as emminently to be desired.

The things this "Servant " came to teach, both by word and by example, are not the things of ease, ,comfort or beauty. (Although they are beautiful and greatly to be desired.) but DUTY is never glamorous , never beautiful; but if met with courage equal to that of the gladiator before the lion, the reward is more satisfying than the praise of a throng. Never put "The cart before the horse", Never can the reward come before the duty is faithfully done. Spiritual exstasy can never be substituted for good old hard duty well done . That is what Jesus stood and no claim cansupersede this clainm of His.

So although his "Visage was marred more than any man" He also was "extolled "Above all other men." It is not then surprising that Isiah exclaimed "When we shall see Him there is no beauty that we should desire Him," He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief and we turned our fazes from Him" When he was despised we were indifferent. He did bear our griefs and carried our sorrows, but we thought God had smitten Him. But wonderful to relate, "He was bruised for our iniquities ---- and with his stripes we are healedOh! that the blowswhich which fall on us, because of Him, be healing to some one.

Nov. 13 - 1949 Mrs Frances E. More.

There are several other portions of Scripture which I wish I might have had a little fuller teachings on, beside Isa. 53. My religious teachers, when I was young taught that according to Ist. Peter 3: 3, it was sinful to wear gold or costly appareal", What disrtresses me is that they did not read farther and see what it was one should wear, which is " A meek and quiet spirit which is in in the sight of God, of rare value. " I did however make up mty mind that a person who really tried to reflect honor on the God whom he served should look as well and tastefully dressed as was possible while giving due regard to others of his family who would also be effected by what he did.

There is another matter which a matter of concern to me while young. I never could find an interpretation of the Day of Penticost and the fact that all who heard Peter that day understood the message, although theywere from all the provinces in and around Jerusalem. After a great deal of thought I came to this conclusion, and all who read may take it for what is to them. Here it is; The Holy Spirit was poured out that day,. He is the Spirit of Love, and Love speaks a universal language. Love is one thing we can all understand regardless of speech.

Another is in the report of each time Moses appeared before the Pharoah and asked that he "Let the people go," the words which follow are "And the Lord hardened Pharoah's heart." If one take that to mean as the words would indicate, then Pharoah had no choice in the matter. It was disobedience on Pharoah's part which caused his heart to grow hard, just as disobediance hardens all hearts.

My Little Kittie

Was Miss Ketura Dilts, the older daughter of Mr and Mrs J. S. Dilts . She was named after the wife of Abraham, whom he married after the death of Sarah. She had beautiful brown eyes, and a fetching smile which would melt a heart of stone, if such a thing were possible. She was born in Illinois, I think, but came to Winfield with her parents, after teaching there for a number of years. At first she helped her father in a grocery store which he owned, Later she kept the books for the "General Delivery " system of Winfield Kansas .Most Grocers used this system to deliver all their goods. When I first came to Winfield she was doing this kind of work and I often meg her on the Streets, as she went to all the Grocery Stores each day.

The first time I met her was a good many years earlier, when she attended a Cristian Endeaver Convention in Arkansas City, with Miss Mollie Kennedy and others. She was striking figure------ and I hate even now to write it-------- but she was a cripple. Her mother, whom I loved as I did my mother, told me years later, with tears just how she was injured. She was but a baby sitting in her high-chair, at noon one day when some relative of the family was very ill indeed, and grew suddenly worse as they sat at table. All rushed out to the sick bed and little Kittie left alone began to push with her little feet against the table. How often the seeming-impossible happens! She fell backward across the threshold, and the blow injured her spine. At the time no one thought it a searour matter, but as she grew older the result was a very badly shaped figure. When I turned around that day at Arkansas City and looked into her loely brown and saw hef charming smile, they captured me and have kept me captive ever since, although she has been gone for several years now. Later when I went to Winfield to live

I became acquainted with Mr and Mrs J S Dilts and their daughter, Mrs Frank Huston, who was Librarian at the Public Library. I soon grew to adore Mrs Dilts. She taught "The Gleaners" Sunday School cClass to which I belonged, for many years. The condition of this beautiful daughter of hers, was a great grief toMrs Dilts, all of her ~~lifi~~ life .Kittie's physical injury left her in body much as that of Mr Bernard Vessey of Colorado Springs, who is so widely known for his beautiful voice and his charming personality. He has the same matchless eyes and the same charming smile. It takes a life-long grief to produce shch a personality as they possessed.

I believe it was fourteen years that dear Kittie worked for the "Merchants Delivery Co.", and then she spent about the same number of years in the Office of the County Clerk in Winfield. At something past seventy she had to give up outside work and take care of her sister Mrs Huston who had been bed-fast for more than three years. Mrs Huston had lost her husband a good many years before this time, but she had a daughter Glide, Glide had married Mr G. Vernon Kelley earlier, and the two sisters lived in the old home place on East Tenth and were renting rooms, at the time of which I write.

I went to Bueblo Colorado in the summer of 1939 to see my son John married, ~~anx~~ and when I returened was lying on the floor reading the daily pspers which had accumulated while was gone. It was a good thing I was DOWN, for one of the items I read was one of the marriage of Mrs Jessie Huston to Mr W H Holmes. "Little Kittie was alone. I got up as quickly as possible and called her up over the Telephone. She was as bright and cheerful as ever and when I was sure she could not life alone, she just smiled, I could feel that one and assured me she was "Just fine." Jessie and her husband were living in Wichita Kansas, when I came home, but in a few weeks Mr Holmes was transferred to his old home town, Port Huron Mich., and Jessie came home to await his decesion on a place for them to live.

Christmas came along and they were so kind as to ask me to spend the dat with them, which I was overjoyed to do, forSm All these family Days are not easy on those who have no family . Thet day I fell more deeply in love with Kittie. Very soon thereafter all plans were complete. They were all to go to Port Huron to live. I had a grest desire to have Kittie stay withme , for a time at least. When I heard through mutual friends that Kittie did not want to go, at least at that time, so made up my mind that I would ask them to stay with me while packing and selling the things which they did not want to take with them. They seemed as glad to come as I was to have them, It was very hard for Kittie to leave her home and her friends in Winfield. I asked her to stay with me. She did not answer , and I did not want to push her into any thing so waited. One Sunday Evening as we were eating our evening meal, the three of us, I asked her again if she would stay. I could see that she was deeply moved but still she did not answer. Her eyes filled with tears, but that wonderful smile relieved the situation . Still she did not answer.

The next day after Jessie had gone to attend to the shipping of the goods, and we were alone, I was lying on a couch((another bad habit I have) when she said" "Are you asleep?" I assured her that I was not,she got up and took a chair more nearly in front of me and said; ""I want to talk to ypu." I said"Have you a skeleton in your closet?". She nodded her head, and I said "Well, get it out and maybe it will not be too bad." She began her sad recital by saying "I want to stay for a while, but I cannot without telling you somethingI have sick spells and become unconscious ." When I asked if these attacks came on at night, she said "Yes sometimes".

I asked if I would know when one came on, and she said she thought I would. "Well. I said you stay as long as you are happy and if you get sick I'll just love you more than ever and we will be all right." I also asked her if the attacks came on more often when she was worried, and she said she thought they ~~were~~ DID. She ataid with me for several months and I never enjoyed ant one more that I did her. She had such a charming sense of humor , and would come out with the wittiest things in the most unexpected of times, and charm me beyond words.

At first she waxs very sensitive and afrain she would get in my way . We divided the work. I took the 75 foot hall and the 28 steps down to the Street door and bath room and beds,; she was the dishwasher. At first she seemed timid and afraid she would be in my way when I came near , but I told her she could not get into my way and she seemed satisfied. While with me she made a trip to Dallas Texas to visit her brother Lyle and his fqmily, and also to see Miss Mollie Kennedy.

Miss Kennedy was keeping house for her brother, and the brother's daughter's family lived near. She used to love to tell of this little boy who called" Mrs Cat". The mother of the boy said to Kittie;"What is he calling you?" Kittie laughed her wonderful laugh ~~and~~ in telling it and said "He knew I was no Kitten". On this same visit she went to call on Mrs Harriet Veris who was at the home of her son Mills. Mills had a small boy too, and he was greatly interested in Kittie's new hat, which was a little unusual. He walked around her and hesitated then said "What smashed your hat?" She told him it was not smashed, but he still studied it and finally said;" Do you like it smashed?" In telling the story her eyes began to twinkle as she remembered telling hime "Well. yes I thind it fits my peculiar type of beauty, pretty well."

Later in the dummer John and Ina were going to Claifornia and they asked me to spend the winter with them there. I told Kittie I waoud not go if she would stay but she said she must go on to Port Huron and get accustommd to the climate before the winter set in.

I was never very good at planning social affairs, but decided it would be very nice to have a picnic in Kittie's honer. I called Mrs L. H . Cramer and told her my thought and she said that would be fine and she would tell others about it. Our Little picnic was very enjoyable and pleased dear little Kittie very much. The day after she left every one I met said to me, "So you friend is gone". I felt like Elisha must have when the Sons of the Prophets told him the same thing after Eiijh was taken from him.."Yea I know it hold ye your peace."This was in 1940. Kittie died a few years later and her body lies in the Graham Cemetery, where just this Spring Jessie too was laid to her rest.

Father's Illness.

When our little son John was about four months old.

Uncle Henry came to visit us all, and came up to Winfield to see me. He said then of my father,,"He is good for twenty years yet". But within six ~~months~~ weeks he was so ill, that he was compelled to go back home, when he and mother came up to Lottie's Birthday on Oct. 5th. 1912. It was only a few weeks later that Joe stopped to see me as he went to work on Monday morning after having been at home over Sunday, and told me one of us must go down and stay with them for they could not stay alone. I told him I would go and did. It was a time of local election and every one who came in wanted to talk poletics. My father was always interested in every public matter, but he would grow so tired when they insisted in talking on the subject that he would be worn out when they left. It developed that he had pernicious anemia, and at time ~~on~~ no Dr. knew a thing to do for that. In fact when Joe's eldest daughter, Elenora went to Chicago in 1917, she reported that they knew no help for it in1917.

He grew steadily worse, and I stayed on, only going home to get John some warm clothes, and came back to stay.One morning late in November, after an interminable night of wiping blood from his mouth, we called the Dr. quite early in the morning. He brought another Dr. with him. A Eye , Ear and Nose specialist, who tried to block the nostril with an inflated bloonlike instrument, and while Dr. Day was gone to get something more my father had a convulsion. At the corner, Dr. Day met Miss Theda Downing a nurse, and asked her to come back and help. We always looked on this as a myracle, for she had ridden past the corner she had intended to stop at, and here she was to help us in our most sore need. My father was never at all like hinself after that but lived on until the Twelfth of December. Joe came down and staid all the time after that and that is when the baby was such a blessing to the whole family and the Dr. too. Dr Day would stop and play with the baby when he came, for he was so distressed at not being able to help. And so passed a good man. I never knew my father very well but these last few weeks we were nearer than we had been in health. That I believe is true very often. It was a very distressing peroid in our family history, made more so by the illness of my Aunt Emma, who was there after father go worse. She had seizures, of some kind and would be unconscious and rigid . She was stricken with one of these toward the last and nearly got the best of me. Lottie came down during the last week and I went home.

John had taken cold and needed more care than I had been able to give him. Your grandfather, took two picture during those few days, you will se them below.

Early on Friday morning , we received a call to come. I kept my suit-case packed all the time, so in a few minutes we were ready to go.. My father died very early on Saturday morning and his funeral was conducted from the Methodist Church on Sunday afternoon.

Father was not quite sixty- eight years of age. He was so strong and active that one would never think he would be taken so early. He used , in his last illness say"Do with me as seemeth good in Thy sight."

This photograph of my father was taken by Mr Cornish in about 1907 or 8 I think. It is a life size photograph and such a good likeness of him that he looks to me, as though ready to speak. His head is so turned that his cross-eye does not show.

The morning after his burial, I went down to have John's picture taken while he was still six-months old. I hated to rush matters but wanted Mr P A Miller to take it and the time was short.

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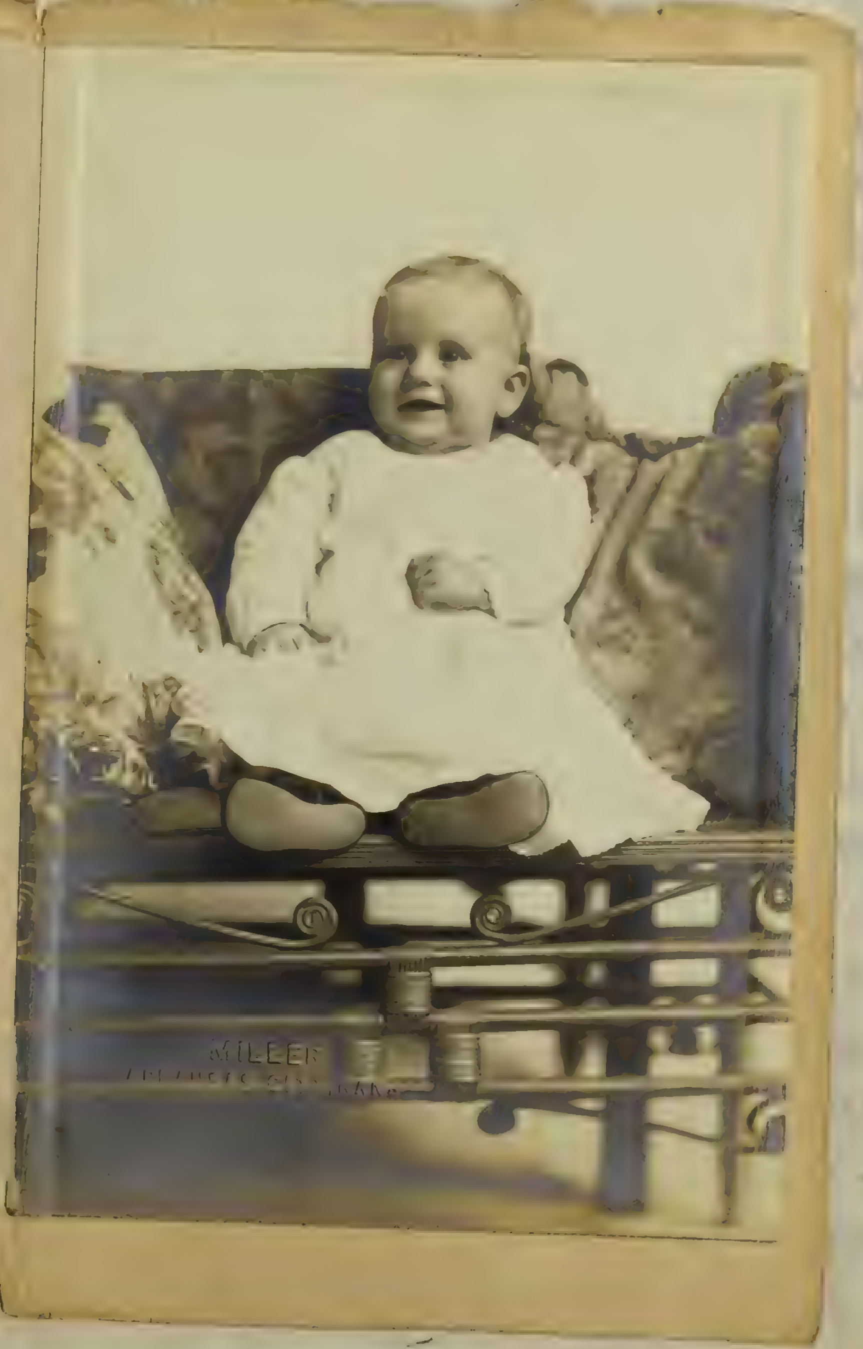


I knowing very little about my condition, and having some peculiar pains, decided to tell my Aunt Emma, who lived in Winfield the remarkable news and ask if she thought it would be all right for me to make the trip. I was very doubtful about it myself. When I broke the news to her in the afternoon of the day before we expected to go, she drop;ed down on a chair and laughed and ~~la~~ laughed. When she could get her breath she said " Oh, yes go on it will do you good."

We drove a young horse belonging to Mr Silver, our partner in business. In the first place we met a threshing machine and our horse tried to turn round in the shafts of the buggy. When we arrived at the farm----see below

Oct. 12th 1910.

George wanted yo drive past the kaffir field to see howit was coming along. He drove over the fidges of the kaffir rows and I did my best to hold myself up enough to escape the jar of the buggy. Soon we came to the pasture gate and the horses and mules ran up to our horse and he began to get excited. I would not drive through the gate , so got out and opened it for George. By the time we got to the house I was really ill. George's cousin Frank Moore lived on the farm and Mrs Moore put me to bed. When we got home the next day George helped me get a bath and get into bed, and there I was until ------well, the Twentieth of January I walked into the next room.

Do not waste any sympathy on me. I felt better then than I had ever felt in my life, so far as I can remember. No one could be kinder than George was to me nor could any one have done more for another. My Aunt Emma came each day and took care Of me, got our lunch and our dinner ready at night before she went to her home. After the first few weeks when I was so ill I did nothing but lie still and later began to play with my fingers and finally to look at pictures in a magazine; this was a time of great pleasure to me. We were both so happy, and enjoyed our evenings togwther so very much, he reading aloud to me and I just listening.

One day Mrs McQuillen came in to see how I was getting on asked , when I told her George was reading to me, what it was we were reading. I answered "Great Expitaions". She gave one great gasp and began to laugh . That was the first time I realized that there was anything amusing about it. Mrs ~~Daton~~ Dayton Winfield, another of my good friends, wanted me to go for a ride, after I was able to walk about, but I refused. Of course I would have been glad to ~~xxid~~ ride but did not want to take the risk.

One evening, I think it was the Saturday evening before John was born, I picked up the evening paper, the Courier, and the first thing which stared me in the face was a notice of the birth of a baby girl to Mr and Mrs Geo. B. Moore. The address was very near our home too. That gave me the strangest feeling. Something like reading ones own obituary while he is still living.

The next morning Mrs McQuillen called and when George told her she might talk to me, she nearly fell over. It took some time to make her realize that I was really talking to her. She told me afterward that she had said when she called, "Ring them easy, Central." The next day my next door neighbor knocked gently on the door and when I opened it she stood and stared at me. She looked petrefied. It turned out that this George Moore had just come to Winfield a few weeks before to work on the Courier. He did live near us but soon moved away.

Mr Geo. B, Moore made a different woman of me, by his great appreciation of a home and his wonderful ways of expressing this appreation. The first summer we were married he very often in the evening as we ate, reached his hand across the corner of the table to take my hand and when I looked up the tears would be running down his face. He so often said; "O, you'e just so nice." Now of course I knew that was not really true, but it did very much for me to know that he thought it true. I had been so ill for such a long time that I had grown to think I looked as bad as I felt. Now I felt a new outlook on life, and it transfformed me. It always seems to take me about two years to even begin to appreciate the great moments of my life. He loved his home dearly and put every thing he had into it and his family,; my mother included when she came to live with us.

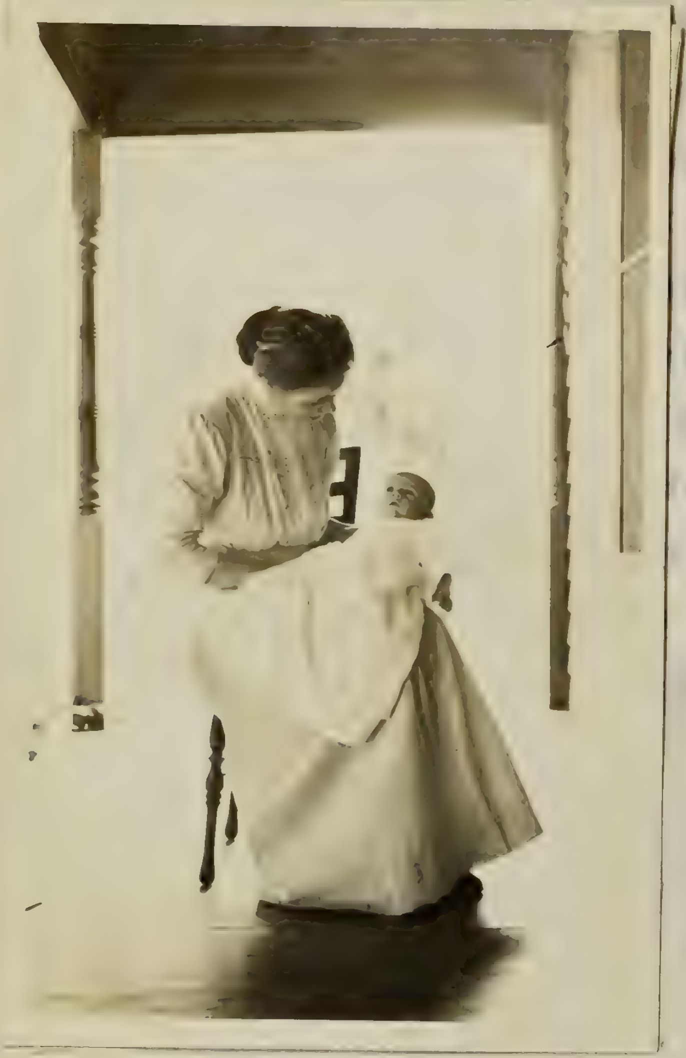
The farm of which I spoke is nine miles East of Winfield Kansas, and consists of 320 acres, except for 19½ acres off the South West corner, and two acres from the North west corner for the Tisdale cemetry. The Moore family bought this farm soom after arriving in Winfield in 1884. I could be mistaken in the time but it is true that when I sold the ~~ixxx~~ land in 1930, 7 this was only the third time the land had changed hands since it was homesteaded by Mr Tripplet.

The picture below is of George's mother, taken down by the wonderful spring of cold water, a few yards form the back door of the house. This spring has never been known to be dry, through all the heat and drowth which Kansas has been able to produce in the last seventy-five years.

It was indeed hard for me to sell the farm, for my father al--ways taught that one with land was pretty sure of something to fall back on in time of distress, for it cannot burn up nor blow away. It is true however that one must do the best he can, and that was not the only thing which was hard to do.

John Gilmer Moore

was a beautiful child, if I do say it and should not.
He was bron May 22nd. 1912 at 1011 Lommis Street in Winfield



He was four weeks old when this, his first picture was taken. and two months of age when the one at right was taken. His father brought scales from the store and set up the scene in our back-yard.

Being our one and only, we took pictures of him every few weeks. It was thirty-nine years ago that these were taken, and they have kept their distictivness for a long time. George was very careful and usually had very good pictures. Of course I prize them very highly now.

"The Cart before the Horse."

When or if a woman of 77, undertakes to do a job as big as I have undertaken she should remind herself of the words of Challes Dickens when he said: "It is necessary always to have patience." and also add, "espedially with ones self". I find it impossible to keep every thing in proper order, therefore I now must go back in telling of my engagement and marriage.

When we became engaged, Mr Geo. B. Moore and I, my friends were not surprised I think, but they were, some of them very good actors. I went to call on three of my friends who were teachers and all lived together. After we had talked for some time about every thing except the thing we were most interested in, one of them began to t ell of her visit to Miss Mildren Rife, in the western part of the state and of the men she met and ended up by saying to me, "Don't you want me to find one for you?" That was my chance, and to my own astonishment I took my left glove by the cuff and stripped it off, saying "No, I wqnt to show you I don't need any," They all screamed until one could have heard them in the street, and all "rose as one man " and ran to me. One said "Oh, we'll give you a "Shower" , and they did. Below, my wedding announcement, it will have to come on the next page. As I have said my Grandmother was visiting us at the time and took a lively interest in all that transpired. Those days were very precious ones to us and it was then that I learned how much George loved poetry and good books. He often repeated James Whitcom Riley's "Clover." I can hear his voice yet saying------ Ane so I love clover, It--~~it seems like a part~~

It seems like a part
Of the tenderest sorrows and joys of my heart;
And wherever it blossoms,oh, there let me bow
And thank the good Lord as I'm thankin' Him now;
And I pray to Him still for the strength when I die,
To go out in the clover and tell it good-bye,
And lovin'ly nestle my face in its bloom
While

While my sould slips away on a breath of perfume."

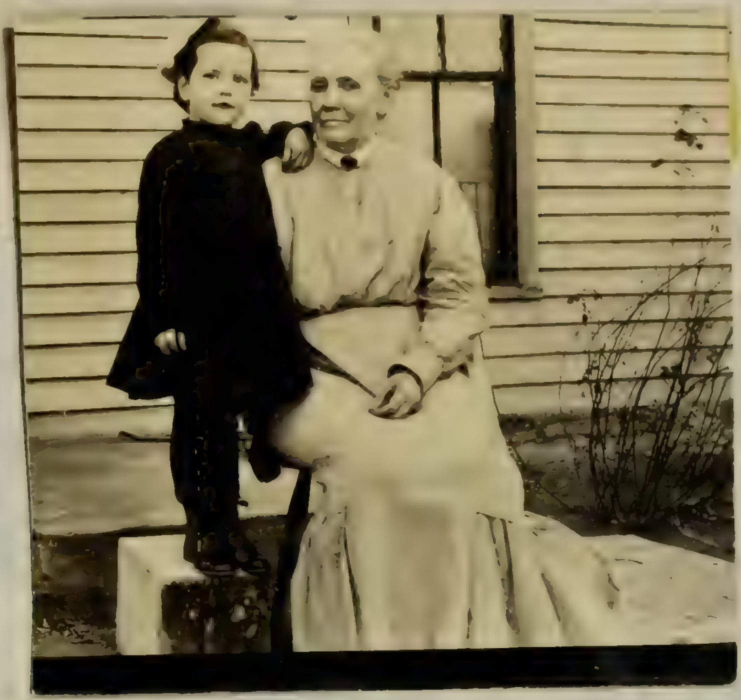
My "edding Announcement

My Wedding Announcement

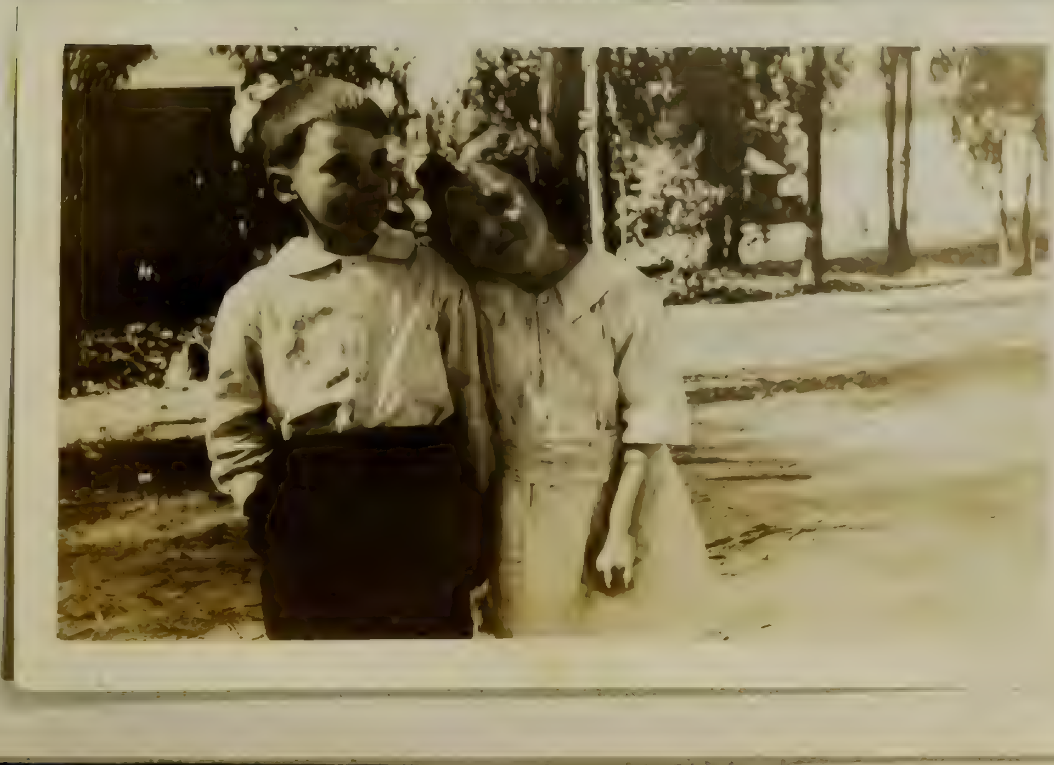
The time for the wedding had been set for Eight O'clock, but a wild rain and wind storm came up at that time, so very naturally we waited a few minutes. Rev. L. M. Riley had been the Methodist Minister for a number of years and it was he who performed the simple ring ceremony.

Almost the first time we were at home after we were married , my parents began to urge us to take the piano. I could not bring myself to consent to do it, for I knew what a hole would be left in the living room. My father however insitted telling me he had bought it for me and it was to be mine. We finally set a day and had a man from Winfield go down and get it. It proved to be true that they had not fully realized what a bare spot like that could mean.They both admited that it was terrible but of course were still of the same opinion.

Below are the two pictures I have ever taken. My Mr Moore left his camera for me to use before we were mar5 ied and the first picture is the result. It is of my mother and Hazel Beth. taken in the spring of 1910.



The other I took in Pasadena, while visiting Clara and family in 1918. With John is Ruth, Clara's second daughter. When ever near him she would always lay her head on his shoulder.



Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Gilmer
announce the marriage of their
daughter
Frances Emalyn
to
Mr. George Bock Moore
of Winfield, Kansas,
Wednesday, the tenth day of May
nineteen hundred eleven

At Home after
June 15, 1911
1011 Loomis Street
Winfield, Kansas.

The Family, Picture, on the opposite page, was taken In Arkansas City in the summer of 1910 while Paul and Clara were there on their way to Pulman Washington, where Paul was to teach in the State Agriculture College. My father, I recall was very anxious to have this picture made, so much so that it made a deep impression on me. It was well that he did for in a year and a half he passed away.

To the left is the Paul J White family. Dr White standing, Clara seated in front of him, with Theron, on her left adn Paul Jr. at her right and Grace Rose on her lap. Standing at back are: Myself, George , Lottie, Joe's wife with Elenora to her right. Joe is seated at right in the picture with Florence standing behind him and Bob in hisxallap. In the center are our father, mother and Hazel between them.

Mr Plesant A Miller who had taken pictures of our family for many years was I remember quite proud of this effort for he said he had never seen so many children sit still long enough to get a good photograph of them all. Not a child moved and he was delighted.

All are grown up now and six have passed away., and the remainder are separated .Paul White, Theron, Paul Jr. and Grace White are in California, as is Florence. Elenora lives in New York City, Joe is living in Hot Springs Ark. and Hazel is now in SanFrancisco.

Presbyterian Church.

Soon after we were settled in our home in Winfield Kansas, I joined the Church of my husband, where he soon was elected to the Session. The picture on the opposite page is of the members of the Session tzken just before our Minister Rev. W. B Lampe, left for Chicago's Northside Presbyterian Church.

Left to right , standing are : Mr L. R Trego, who is the same age , to the day and year, as George Moore.; Mr E L Terrey, who for years was in the Insurance business, and as fine a gentleman as one could wish to find; Mr Geo. B. Moore; Mr Phillip Weinrich; Mr James Gowens , Supt. of Schools, Mr D. L. Pontious, of the Kerr's Ready to Wear Store; Second row Me A F Dauber long time merchatr in Winfield; Mr J Y Wier a farmer; Rev. W B Lampe, now in St Louis; Mr C. P. Murray and accountant; Mr Sommermier a Drugist; and the ones seated are: Mr J. S. Dilts; Mr W C Root all his life in the Shoe Business; Capt. T B Myers , a Civil War Vetran and an admirable Dr J S Guy one of the early day Physician, and a good one. And last is Wm T Orr a kindly gentleman.

All five on thefront row are all long ago laid to rest. Mr C P Murray and Mr J Y Wier were both stricken in health at the time our own Geogge Moore was. They both lingered on for years a trial to themselves and a sad sight for their friends .Sudden death is hard to bear but there is the relief of knowing that they did not have to suffer long. Lord Haldane's autobiography describes his happiness during a six weeks' period when he was engaged to a woman whom he deeply loved Then she broke the engagement without any explination.He says his only attitude was one of profound gratitude to her"for that perfect six weeks" If you can be thankful for past happiness without becoming bitter , --- you have discovered one of the secrets of victorious living ." July 13: 1951

Prows Studio

When the Presbyterian Minister, Dr. McKane, came to get my letter, when I had indicated I would like to join, my wonderful friend Mammis Rogers was there. He came in and I gave him my letter from the Methodist Church in Arkansas City Kansas. He quite embarrassed me when he said, after reading the letter in which Rev. Riley had said he thought I was doing the wise thing to join my husbands Church, and hoped I would find a real Church home and all would be well; by saying "Well, the Methodists do not like to loose their members very well." Then after looking at it a moment more he said:" Oh, you come from Arkansas City, I was there yesterday and I thought I never had seen so much sand and such heat." Was Mamie ever mad when he had gone and I went in to the room where she was sitting!

In spite of my rather embarrassing reception I never-the- less found a wonderful Church and became acquainted with a group of women who have been an inspiration and a joy to me for thirty- four years while I lived there and most respectful and extremely kind during the six years since I left Winfield.They were my stay through life, death, joy and sorrow.No group of friends could have been more loyal through the years than were they. When I joined the First Presbyterian Ch. the families which stand out in my memory are: The Dilts, The Dauber, the Kennedy, the Orr , the Denney, the Dyer and Dr J S Guy family and many others.

When I started to Sunday School, Mr D. L. Pontious was Superendent, and Miss May Adams taught the class I went in. When the new Church was built our class was devided and took the name of "Gleaners" and Mrs J S. Dilts began teaching. O, how I loved Mrs Dilts, and was not alone in that! We all did. Dr. Lister taught next and Mrs Trego took over the duty and is still teaching yhe

Retired in Jan. 1957

the "Gleaners Sunday School Class. She has now passed her twenty-fifth
fifth year. There are a number of ladies who were in the first class I attended in 1911. Mrs Redding stands out as foremost of these members for she was in the class which Miss May Adams, afterward Mrs C. R . Glass, and who is now gone to her reward, which will be great, for she gave herself to not only the Class but to the Missionary Society in almost every position it was possible to serve, ~~in~~. Her Devotional lessons were deeply spiritual and were outstanding in their value to the Society. Not only to the Church did she give so generously of herself, but to the young all through the years she taught in the County and City Schools, but to those who must make up some work or wanted to reach a higher grade by extra work, she was untireing in her efforts to help. There are a large number Of the young and those not so very young who bow their heads to her memory and her kindness.

I do not think of any one except Mrs Redding, who has been in this class all the years, but there are a good many there yet who have been in the CLASS for all this time. Ruth Mendenhall, who gave her life to teaching, amd in later years to a sister in her ill ness, to such an extend that she was unable to go on teaching,. Then there are Bess and Bertha Bloomfield, who have been faithfulness ~~it~~ itself, Miss Ada Mc Quiston. , who represented our Class in the Choir for a good amny years and there are also others. Mrs Nina Gardenhire and Mrs Margaret Cloud, who is now more than Ninety years of age.

So here's to Mrs Trego,. How I have loved her through all these.years. May her courage never fail. Oh, yes, there is another beautiful character whom I forgot for the moment. I refer to Mrs A F Dauber. A kindlier soul one could never find. And then there is our beloved Mrs Ewers. She was so pretty and so charming all the time. These last have all long ago been laid to their rest. It is is a great privilege to have known these wonderful women. I doubt that it is true as some would have us think, that "Absence makes the heart grow grow more tender." It seems to me that we all appriciated these ladies in life and mourned them in death. How lovely they were!

Sixtieth Anniversary Celebration

OF

First Presbyterian Church

Winfield, Kansas

Minister

Rev. Roderick Colin Jackson

Missionaries

Dr. and Mrs. Everett Murray
Weihsien, Shantung Province, China

Miss Janet Hodson,
Presbyterian Mission, Ambala City, Punjab, India

The Greatest Thing in the World.

By Frances E. Moore

In these few minutes I want to talk to you about the greatest thing in the world. It is neither the Atom bombm the Hydrogen bamb mot all the atmies thathave ever been marshalled on the battlefields of the world. It is the smtill small voice which spoke to Elijah in his cave on Mt. Simani , the voice which called Abraham out of Mesopotamia. It is the voice which stopped Paul when he went forth to deal death and destruction.

This magical force is Love. God.

Love can create can re-create,can make the bad good, the good beautiful the the beautiful sublime.

But Love is however a hard task master. Love led Jesus to the cross. Love led Moses through forty years of desert wanderings and murmurings. Love led Paul.the great Apostle "Called yo suffer greater hardships, To encounter more temptation, Disapointment ,pain, affliction than that fell to any herald of the cross of our Redeemer."

If we in our day and abd generation accept this Love so freely offered, we too must suffer hard things. We often speak of the joy of the Christian life,and they are many, unsyrpassed by any joy satisfaction to be found in this life. But we must not forget that that cross comes first and then the crown. We like the joy but we do not like the trials which brings us this joy.

It is useless to look for the joyc reward before the work is well and faithfully done.

SSpiritual ed stacy can never take the place of good old hard work well done.

There is no substitute for the strength of charac ter to be gained by the patience endurance of pain and suffering. Mush as we would like to think there is.

Let us try to remember that these trials faithfully endured are the means by which we gain the strength to meet the hect one whidh may be harder to bear.

Thand God for your trials for these are they which bring you your reward.

Sept/8th/ 1054.

Sunday, January 22, 1933

Morning Service, 11 O'clock

* * *

Prelude—Jubilate Deo .... Silver
Processional—Lead on, O King Eternal.
Call to Worship:
  Minister—"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together."
  Congregation—"I will extol Thee, my God, O King; and I will bless Thy name forever and ever."
Doxology, Invocation, Gloria.
Responsive Reading—Selection No 5, Psalm 19.
Men's Chorus—Remember Me .... Kinkel
Offertory—Andante Expressivo .... St. Clair
(Dedicated by composer to Dr. Clokey)
Scripture Reading—Rev. Dr. D. L. McFarlane, Southwestern College.
Anthem—Sanctus .... Gounod
Solo, Mrs. Fred Henry
Prayer—Rev. Dr. J. T. Baker, Southwestern College.
Hymn No. 157—(Tune Miles Lane)
Sermon—"Reviewing the Past; Considering the Future."—Mr. Jackson.
Hymn No. 304.
Benediction, Choir Response.
Postlude—Paraphrase on Onward Christian Soldier........................ Sullivan

We are very pleased this morning to have greetings from the former living ministers of our church. Dr. Frank Chalmers McKean, the senior minister from point of view of time of service, is now pastor of the West Hollywood Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, California. Dr. William B. Lampe is pastor of the West Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, Missouri, which church has the largest membership of any of our churches in St. Louis. Dr. William C. Templeton, who now ministers to the First Presbyterian Church at Dodge City, Kansas, is able to occasionally pay us a visit, when he is always heartily welcomed. We extend to these former ministers our best wishes and congratulations on the fine work they are doing, as they did when serving this church. Our prayer for them is that God will continue to bless richly their lives and work in His service.

* * *

We have a special sense of gratitude in having such a friendly greeting from our beloved senior member, Captain T. B. Myers. Thru the many years of membership in this church, few were the Sundays he was absent. He united with the church on February 6, 1876. We extend to him today our esteem and best wishes.

Interesting Items

* * *

Church organized, January 19, 1873.

* * *

Rev. A. R. Naylor, D. D., organizer, preached for a few weeks before the organization was formed.

* * *

Charter members numbered 37.

* * *

Original Session, Elders, William Greenlee and John P. McMillan.

* * *

At first the congregation did not have a permanent meeting place, but worshipped in various buildings, but for the most part services were held in the then new Court House.

* * *

September 23, 1877, the first building was dedicated and stood on the site now occupied by the Post Office. The Rev. Dr. F. S. McCabe preached the dedicatory sermon. This building was remodelled during the pastorate of Dr. Samuel W. Stophlett, and the pipe organ was installed. May 3, 1914, the present commodious building was dedicated.

* * *

The church was organized with 37 members and during the first five years the membership increased to 150; the next five years the growth reached 225 members. In 1895 the roll showed 258 members. By 1906 it had increased to 372 members. When the present building was dedicated the membership stood at 480, the present membership is 710. There are six members of the church at the present time who are descendents of charter members. Mrs. L. A. Jacobus, Mrs. R. L. Heischmann and Miss Martha Ruth Jacobus, daughter and granddaughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson. Mrs. Anna Curfman and W. T. Orr, daughter and son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Orr, H. Guy Hill, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Thompson.

ROLL OF MINISTERS

1873-1883—James Platter, died June 12, 1885, Winfield, Kansas.

1883-1885—William R. Kirkwood, D. D., died 1916, Minneapolis, Minn.

1885-1895—John C. Miller, D. D., died ...., Osborne, Kansas.

1896-1906—Samuel W. Stophlett, D. D., died Nov. 30, 1930, Wooster, Ohio.

1907-1910—Robert E. L. Jarvis, Ph. D. , died 1929, Dodge City, Kansas.

1910-1913—Prank C. McKean, D. D., Pastor West Hollywood Presbyterian church Los Angeles, California.

1913-1918—William B. Lampe, D. D., Pastor West Presbyterian church, St. Louis, Missouri.

1918-1926—William G. Templeton, D. D., Pastor First Presbyterian church, Dodge City, Kansas.

1927-1930—Joseph C. Clokey, D. D., died Sarasota, Florida, Sept. 2, 1931.

1930......—Roderick C. Jackson.

One incident comes to mind for no rhyme or reason. Mayme and Sue Chapman were up visiting us on Sunday afternoon and Mayme was worried because the ypung people of that day knew so little of the general knowledge, every one is supposed to know. She said she had asked a number of her pupils when they came in for a music lesson what the Vatican, was. Few if any knew. John was out and when he came in I said "John what is the Vatican?" He leaned back against the door rather wearily and said:" Aw, I never knew any of these musical terms." He really did know what it is, but the first thing he thought of then was music, and he wasn't too interested in that just then, or ever although he took lessons until his father died. In fact he was to play in a recital which had to be postponed because of his father's death.

I had a bad struggle over John's music. He cared so little about it and I felt I should give it up, but could not. After strenious prayer I finally got the concent of my mind to let him stop. Then his father who had given me a good many "side-swipes" about the fact that every time he wanted John to so something at the store he had to take a lesson; he all at once did not want him to quit his lessons. He learned a great deal however, not only of the mechanics of the piano but of harmony and theory as well. Ane to this day has a good finger dexterity. He was of the disposition which compelled him to do any thing he undertook. When I taught him myself he had a little finger - exercise which skepped fingers. After he had learn- it he said one morning that he would play it thirty times without a mistake. We carefully kept track and he got it done correctly thirty times. /Then he said he would play it 100 times without a mistake. ~~Wz~~ We very carefully watched each little finger and he got it done 100times with no slip of a finger. I had hopes then ~~xxat~~ that he would enjoy music, but no. He had too many other things of more interest.

John played his first recital, I mean in his first recital on April ist. 1924. He played a little piece called "Dancing Daisy Fields" He did all right, but one of his pants' legs came down. Boys wore short trousers then and I never could make them stay up over his bony knees. In several of them he did very well indeed. Especially when he played " Solfeggietto, by Philip Emanual Bahjh and the Menuet in E flat by Mozart and the "Waltzing Doll, Poldini, Which he played in a Music Contest. He played that very well. I have that to remember at least. Of course the cause of all my trouble was my own pride. One needs some but too much especiaally along some lines is a great grief, to say the least.

I had the temerity to ask him once after his father's death if he wanted to go on with music, but he answered more rudely than he every had, I have this to say for John that never in all the years he was growing up did he ever "Talk back" or contridict a thing I said. Even if he knew I did not have things straight, he never corrected me. He was stubborn however, for when he took a notion and now I am telling about music, he would play a thing his way in spite of fate. He was to play "To A Wild Rose" in a recital and Miss Burdette and I both worked and struhggled over one little place which he would Not play as written. The morning before the Recital I worked, scolded and almost shed tears over the matter and he still presisted in doing his way. I did not want him to go to school worried or out of humor so comed his hair and told him to forget it. Afterward I did remember that he muttered under his breath that he would do it, but thought nothing about it until later. Miss Bourdette saw him across the street at the Store and sent some one over to sak him to come over and play his piece once more before night. He went and played it right What astonished Miss B. was that he could play it so well after doing it wrong for so long.

I will return now to what I had said I would next and that is to relate some of John's acheivments and honors while in the Winfield High School.

His First outstanding achievement was: First place in the State of Kansas, in an examination in World History. May 4th. 1929

In March 1931, John made a score of 161 out of a possible 164 points.. In American History. And was chosen to represent the Winfield High School at at Pitsburgh Scholarship Contest.

December 19 .930, John ranked as follows, in an Every Pupil Contest given by the Emporia State Teachers ~~contest~~ College.
In Physics John ranked first in his section of 16people and first if the group of 28 pupils.
In Biology he ranked first in agroup of 20, first among 101.
In American History: first in group of 26 and first among 135.
Just before graduation in 1931 he received a $50:00 scholarship for sixth place in the State of Kansas in an examination given by the Emporia State Teachers College, in all subjects.

I will leave his College career until later. There is much of that to tell. I hope he does not read this now for I fear his face will be red, for there is one thing about him, whatever one may think of him and that is that he is never proud, heady or high minded. O,yes I forgot to say that he took the Summerfield Scholarship examination at the State Unifersity, even to the final one but did not quite qualify.

The congratulations which appeared in the "Oracle" the local High School paper will be seen on the next page. All the part I had in this is that the Girls said that his shirts "were beautifully ironed".
ironed."

From the High School "Oracle".

WE OFFER CONGRATULATIONS

It is seldom that an individual is singled out for praise in an editorial column, but we feel that this week there is one to whom we should give particular credit, John Moore.

Having been selected as one of twenty-one students, from among the 200 who took the preliminary Summerfield Scholarship exam, John went last week-end to Lawrence where he took the final examination which will determine the ten students to receive the 1931-'32 scholarships of one year at Kansas University, which are given each year by Solon Summerfield, an alumnus of the University.

Although no announcement has been made of the ten winners, we feel confident that John will be among them, and even if he is not, we are justly proud of the way he has represented the high school in this and other scholastic endeavors.

Such a record in scholarship is one which brings recognition, not only to its possessor, but tothe schoolto which he belongs. May we offer our congratulations.

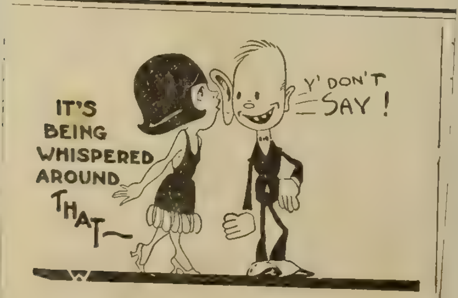
HOW SENATORS GET THAT WAY

Have you ever wondered which class is the most intellectual in the high school? No, it is not the studyhall where the members "think" quietly but the debate class which encourages the members to speak audibly.

Weighty problems which are causing the great men of the country to have sleepless nights and hectic days are discussed " intelligently " in the debate class. After hearing Johnny Moore expostulate on the danger of the chain stores, we shudder for the future of our country.

Paul Fralic's numerous orations against prohibition frighten his listeners into believing that "maybe prohibition isn't so good after all." The feminine members of the class are not so terrifying when they condemn the chain stores and argue vehmently against "long skirts," but they certainly are effective.

Oh well! Let the debate class rave on. Who wants to be a charter member of the "intelligentsia" anyway?


IT'S BEING WHISPERED AROUND THAT—
Y' DON'T SAY!

John Moore's grades dropped this last six-weeks. Probably Rowena Kunzman can explain the reason.

Another FLASH! On October 3rd. 1951 the teprature reach- 106 degrees. Nothing like that has ever been recorded.
Back now to ur ~~move~~ MOORE to Apts. over the Store. We not only had to give up our home but also our Automobile. I knew from the first that we could not afford to mantain a car. We sold the "Pick-up" to Mr Martin.

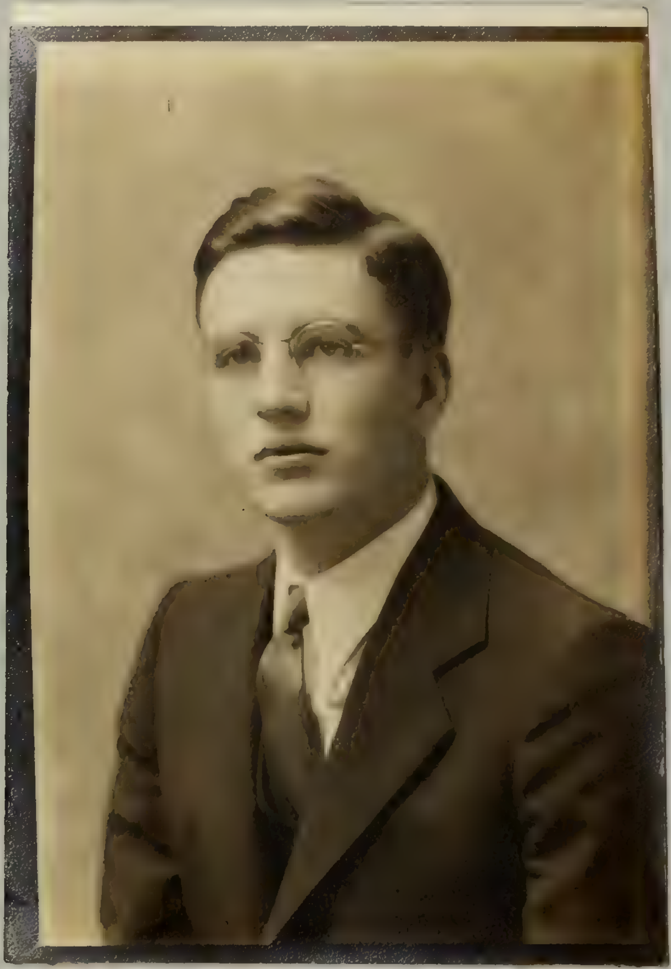
One day after we had been up there for possibly two years John burst out(which he was always doing and taking my breath away) with this "Mother, it was a good thing we had to move up here ." I was not in the mood just then to see eye toeye with him on that subject and asked him how he figured that. He straightened up and said: " Well, I always thought there was some virtue in living in a nice home, and now I know there is not." I told him then and still think it true, that there are a great many people who never have learned that vital truth.

During the winter of 1930--31 we had a number of Insurance refunds from our Ins. Companies , caused by a law passed at the time/ All were very acceptable to us but the one for $50:00 was boon indeed. I told John when that came that he had best rush right down and get a new suit,for I did not see one in the offing for a long time. It was a beautiful brown and he wore it all the four years he was in College. He took good care of his clothes, but did not get another until the spring of 1935 when he graduated from College. I used sometimes to feel bad that he had to go to College wearing the same things ,but he would say: Mother you should see how some of the boys have to dress. Iwent one day to something at the College and after I saw those boys I had no more to say. Years later I told John I hated it that he did not have more when in school, but he said "O, mother, I did not mind it . I knew if I had anything I'd have to do it myself, and I was rather proud of it."

There is another thing which I want to say about him at this time and that is that he would stay right beside me while we sold and lost our property, went to Church and Sunday School and sat with me up until the last Sunday before he went away to Graduate School. When we sold the stock to Mr Marten and his brother Ben, they had a business deal up which was not right for them and John told them about it. Neither could see it and John explained it carefully over and over to them. Finally Ben saw it and looked pretty foolish, and explained it to John Marten. Afterward John said:"Well, my father never gipped any one and I was not going to do it."

In the fall of 1931 when John was ready for College, we had little money. He had the 50:00 dollars from his record as sixth in the State of Kansas in general scholarship, but not much beside and as I was wondering what we could do, when a lady knocked at our door . It was Mrs Jacobus and she had a check in her hand which she asked me to accept from the Women's Society of the First Presbyterian Church. It was due in five years without Interest. I could hardly keep the tears back as I thanked her and told her It was hard for me to believe that the time would come when I could not send my own boy to school. By that time the next year we had let the farm go., and so I had a little money and John got a job as Assistant in Chemistry, I think it was, and learned to use the multigraph and with it wrote letters for Prof. Allen, which all helped us out. In his last year at College the women's Society were kind enough to let him put out the Bulletins on the multigraph and that almost paid his debt to them. In his second year at Graduate School at the Wisconsin University he was able to asve enough to pay all we owed them an a small debt to the College at once.

In the midst of our struggles for an education; and I mean "we" for I learned a lot too, I squeezed out a pictureof him at twenty-one.



John Gilmer Moore at Twenty-one Years of Age.

Edger Guest describes me during these years of trying to cope with something I knew nothing about---- when he wrote--

-----"I've had my business troubles , and looked failure
in the face.
But the crashes I expected some how
passed right by the place.
So I'm takin' life more calmly,
pleased with every thing I get.
And not over hurt by losses
'cause [illegible]

O, this "Looked failure in the face." At first I was determin- to keep all my property together and in the end my husband would be proud of me. Of course I did not know about the depression, then. I thought I8d keep up the house by buying one at a time the things wore out.I did not know then that I'd be only too glad to keep what we really needed. I told my brother one day how I had hoped to do so well that George would be proud of me, and he sat still for a time and then smiled sadly, and said" I think he would be any way."

My brother Joe and I can never agree on the date of the death of Lottie, his wife. I still think it was in Feb. 1933. She had a stroke and never regained consciousness. When they called me she had passed away, so when John came for his lunch I left to go up ~~at~~ there. Bob was working at a Dairy, the only kind of work he could get, and he a College graduate. Hazel was teaching at Bluff City Kans. and came home that night. Elenora came from New York and Florence from ----a little town near Blackwell, I cannot think of the name. Josephine was at home. She was laid to rest in the Cemetry at Blackwell where Carlyle was buried. It was a desolate place after they had all returned to their various places and Joe left with only Josephine at home. She soon went to Denver where she was married to Ed. J. Nininger at Ed's Uncle's home . I went up a little but had a good deal of my own duties to attend. Hazel came home after a time and lived with her father and took some work at Southwestern. She had graduated some years earlier, but took some work she had wanted and could not get into her scedule.

Those were weary years for Joe. Sometimes Hazel and Bob did do just as he wanted them to do and it was a grief of mind to him. He spent a good many Sunday afternoons with me.

There are many, many friends I should like to tell about. Some,most ,were a real joy to me and some proved -----well a trial, to say the least. It seems to be a trait of human nature to remember longest and in more detail, the ones who were the troublesome ones.

One such was Mrs Lena Neville. The first time I saw her was when she walked into our Cumrch one Sunday morning wearing a fur coat much the worse for wear. I knew then that she would be one person I would have to befriend and look after. She was alone in the world. Her father died before I met her. Her parents had given her every so called "advantage". That is they gave her music, dancing, Art and Voice lessons. Everything in fact which unfitted her to dig in and take care of herself. She was not lazy. She just did not know how to do the things which please people. She managed always to keep very neat and clean and always looked nicely dressed, even in an old made-over dress.

Just to show the type of person she was, I shall tell one incident. I asked her to have Sunday dinner with us . She was always gracious and glad to come. While I was getting my meal on the table, she jumpped up and took my prize dish off the center of the table, went to the window and picked up a plant I had there and put it in the center of the table. When we sat down to the table she said"It's awful hot in here, can't we pull this table out farther." We all scrambled up and moved the table and as she went to sit down she said:" Well, she's got a kettle of water on the stove". It was. I had acquired the habit while my mother was with us, and always boiled water to scald my dishes. She turned the gas off and we ate our dinner. She was helping we wash the dishes when she noticed a window up by the sink. She turned around and slamed that window down as though it was never to be raised again. As we rested after dinner I lay on the floor, a habit I have had all of my life I guess, until the last few years. She looked down at me and said: " You have too much hair around your face." Now I'm not saying that her ideas were not better than mine, for I know myself that lots of other people have better methods and more artistic ways that have I , but I do think when one is a guest in another's home there are some things one would do better not to utter.

She had a hard time. She was a practical nurse, and no~~t~~ doubt could do all right, but she was so untactful in all of her ways that she could not stay long in any place she got. Her voice too was very distressing to most persons... If she went to clean house for one she spent her time displaying her artistic ability and tarefore took so long none of us could afford to pay for the time it took her to rearrange a home. She was really pitiful. Her health was not good and she was often sick. That and being on relief was very hard indeed. Since knowing her state I am sure I am hoping I shall never have that to contend with. The last time I had her do any thing for me was in January of 1942; She heard at Church on Sunday night that I was not well and told Mrs Murry to tell me she would be glad to come and sit with me and do any thing she could. She had been very ill and had to take treatments and go to her home every day, but she could get me what I needed. I was really ill and when Mrs Murrey came the next morning to see me,she said:"Mrs Moore you cannot stay here alone. I won't stand for it." So Mrs Neville came to stay. When she brought me something to eat the first evening she entertained me by a recital in full detail of the gruesomness of her illness. This was hard to take. Such as this ,it was which made it trying to have her for a nurse . She would not say what she wanted for her services exto say ;"Whatever you mant to give." I just came to help you." . I hate that kind of pargains, for then one can pay and pay and never feel sure the other one is satisfied.

She just about made me get up to breakfast after she had been there a week, and when I could not eat she scolded me and ordered me to eat. At night she told me I could get my own breakfast if she fixed every thing ready. I still asked her to come one more day. She may not have heard me, at least she did not come. When I had eaten my breakfast I felt so well I thought "Well I guess this is all foolishness and I can do it." Just as I lay down to rest the lady in one of my Apts. burned out a fuse and I had to get up and see about it. By the time that was remedied I was perfectly exhausted and had to ask the young girl in one of my rooms to get me a lunch. Sunday at noon when this girl had gotten me something to eat, Mrs Sawyer, than whom I never had a better friend, came up to see how I was getting on and I, like a child began to cry. They took my tray away and she sat down and with her arms around me begged me to get Mrs Clabaugh, to take care of me. Mrs Clabaugh was fitted by nature for her work, and she had a great deal of experience beside. She came in the afternoon and I began to improve under her gentle ministrations, but I never really was the same woman afterward. I think many a person when he reaches a stage in life where he cannot throw off difficulties as when young,have had the same experience. A severe illness leaves one unable to return to the activities formely quite easy. Mrs Neville got a good place in Bethel Hospitzl in Cincinatti and is still there.

The following, which I found a few days ago in my book of devotions is so good and so true that I shall insert it here. Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe knew whereof she spoke no doubt.

Talk of hair-shirts, and scourgings, and sleeping on ashes, as a means of saintship! There is no need of them in our country, Let a woman once look at her domestic trials as her hair-cloth, herashes, her scourges-----accept them---rejoice in them--smile and be quiet,silent, patient and loving under them--- and the convent can teach her no more; she is a victorious saint."

When we had been living over the Store for nearly two years I should think, we were able when Arthur Terrill paid our cash rent, to have our rooms papered. Which they very badly needed. Arthur had been very ill, in fact he never improved to any great extent. He was very ill in Newton Memorial Hospital when the last harvest was threshed, the men who did the work came to me with a sample of the Kaffir. It had glass ground up in it. We all went to the Hospital to see Arthur about it but never would I have gone had I known how very ill he was. He could scarcely articulate. He managed to ask Mr Atkinson if they had seen a glass water-bottle on the hay-rack. He said they had not; so we all decided it had gotten ground up with the Kaffir. As a result all I got from our kaffir that last year was$9:75.

Arthur Terrell was a splendid young man, as were all the family. He grew steadily worse and in his last illness was in the Vetran's Hospital in Wichita. When his wife took the baby up to see him ,he could not see her and could only feel all over her face with his fingerrs, and with the tears streaming down his face he said: "Daddy can't see his little girl."

His older sister Jean had, when but a child playing with her sistrer , in some swollowed a staple. There was at that time no surgery possible for that kind of trouble. They took her to Wichita and the Doctors did all they could for her, but as she grew older her lung became so badly infected that it looked as though she would,or had developed t. b. Years later they heard of Drs. in Philadelphia who could go down into the lung and remose foreign objects. Her brother Newton went with her and the operation proved to successful. She still however had a bad lung and the worst cough I ever heard, and I feel quite a connoisseur on coughs, for my mother caughed for years. Jean, however would HAVE attacks which would rack her body until one could not see how she could stand it. Later, after her first child was born she went to Kansas City and the Doctorss there washed her lyng with mild salt water, which helped a great deal. Jean was a most wonderful girl. She worked for us in the Seed Store several years during the Spring Rush, and lived with us later for some time while John and I lived in our home. When she was married to Mr Glenn Sour of Dexter, they came in withou out knowing which Minister they would go to. They had tried to get The Presbyterian Minister Dr. Clokey, but had not been able to find him, so Jeqn called me up. I asked them to come out to the house and we would find one. They did and seemed greatly relieved to have me take an interest in the matter. I called the Methodist Minister and we all went down to the Parsonage and soon had the "kmot tied". I fixed the best little dinner which I could under the cirsumstances and they were very happy, and got their announcements all ready to mail. Jean was tall and rather large but never very strong. They had two girls Glenda Jean and Marcia. Mr Sour died very suddenly a few years ago with a heart attack, and I have not heard from Jean for a long time. She had a beautiful character.

Comming back to Arthur Terrill and his last payment of cash rent, I want to say that we knew that since he was so ill he had to borrow the money to pay it, so John suggested that we cut it down quite substancially for him. He appreciated it greatly and I was happy that John wanted to do it. With this money, as I have said we started a general cleaning and papering job. A few nights before we were to start, we heard a terrible crash in the middle of the night. When I got to the door of the room my feet struck plaster and John began to call to me to go back to bed for it was all over then and there was nothing we could do about it. About a third of the ceiling of his room had fallen, I mean the plaster had fallen. It did not strike his bed or anything of value so we went back to sleep, but O! the next day.

We papered the living room first and cleaned most of our furniture and put it in that room. Poor old John! This was his Easter vacation of his first year in College. It was some vacation. We had intended to paper John's room next but when the paper-hanger came, he said the ceiling would have to be plastered and left to dry for a day or two. That left the kitchen to be papered. What worried us was that our dear Dr. Nellie Light Hollowell had died after a long and distressing illness with cancer. John said "Well, there will be lots of people there--" and I answered:"Yes, but ~~here~~ there are few if any people in Winfield, who owe her as much in love and gratitude as we do." He agreed but there was no way to get away from what had to be done.

Dr. Hollowell, who was an Osteopath, was my mother's Doctor and friend from about 1917 until her death in 1928. She She was always cheerful and brave, and very kindly in all her dealings with us. And beyond that strictly honest. If her treatments did not help one she told ~~hm~~ him freely.

I went to see her once while she was so ill, and she told me that scarcely a day went by that she xdid not think of my mother. Dr Hollowell's cancer was in her mouth and she like my mother must keep up a continual wipping of the mouth. My mother'ws everlasting patience under trial was what impressed her so much, as it did every one who knew her. I passed the house on Sunday evening when I knew she was very near death and as I walked by and saw her sistrs' cars from Wichita at the house I thought "She may be passing away right now." and that was true as near as I could figure the time.She came to see me on the first Saturday night that I was alone after my mothrr' death, when George and John had to be at the Store. Ifwas wonderful of her to come. She said something about my having taken such good care fo my mother through the years she had been with us and I told her I had tried. She said:"You not only tried, but you did it.!"

Dr. Hollowell came again to see me when she heard of George's death. She knew how close I had been kept at home and that I had had to return to the Hospital after my mother's death, so she asked me if she could not get me a dress to wear. She thought she could get something I could wear, so I was glad to have her do that for me. It was a navy blue crepe and I wore it for some time. Dear Dr. Hollowell was a lovely woman.

Back again to our house cleaning that Easter Vacation. I could not keep from smiling to myself when I would see John go and open the living room door to assure himself that there really was a clean room in the house.When we were through we still had the seventy-five foot hall and the 28 steps to paint. How he hated to do that, and how I hated to insisto onit, but i knew if he did not get it done I was lost, for when John goes to school! Well little else is done. So he finished it up. And there is one thing about John and that is when he does a thing it is well done! As I grew older and the work grew more difficult for me I would sometimes have to ask him to scrub the kitchen linoleum. Wiping it up is all right but there comes a time when it needs a good scrubbing . It would take a little persuasion at times to get him at it,but when done it was a fine job, if scrubbing linoleum can be called "fine", and I do not know why not. Even the most menial labor well done has its reward as well as great work, for it is the small task well done which fits one for the great.

After this John was out and away on his College career. The depression was tightening its grip,but we still managed to get along He had some wonderful friends during his College years. One of these Was Don Trees There were two families of Trees---brothers they were and ---well not rich maybe but well off as we say. Don had decided to study medicine and was to enroll in Kansas University for his Junior year. The second day John went up to finish enrollment he came home saying "Why! mother, Don came up to enroll this morning. We were both astonished. It turned out that his mother had some stocks which furnished Int. enough for Don's schooling,but that morning in her mail was a letter saying there were no funds available. She was stunned. Donald sat for a time and then reached for his hat. When she asked him what he was going to do he said: "Go up and register at Southwestern". And that was that! Mr. Trees before the depression was all over had to put on overalls and go out and work in the fields. But there was no complaint from them. The brother in Philadelphia was a rich man. Don is now a Dr. in Wichita Kansas as far as I know. There is no stopping that kindof young man.

When he entered College, John got a"bid" to each of the three Literary Societies, and I feared he would get none. I was disapointed that he did not join the Athenian Society, since his father and Uncle Joe had both belonged to it, but he did not. One thing worried me when he first attended College, and that was the fear that as a Freshman he might get "Taken for a ride". His bed-room was at the back of the rooms with a flat roof over an extention to the Store. For several years after me went there to live we kept the street door locked, so that John had to go down and open the door if any one came in the hight. That did not happen very often, only two or three times, but you can imagine what it meant to me to have him run down there in the middle of the night or later and open the door. The man in the front Apt. would not stir, but the calls were always for them. Well, what worried me was the fear the boys might come up on the back roof and get John from his bed. My fears were all groundless as most fears are, but this hazing at College ---which is not so bad now I hope--- was something dreadful sometimes. The worst thing I knew them to do at initiation, was to put a girl in a barrel and let it roll down the hill on which Southwestern sits. If you have seen that hill you will be glad to know that they never tried that again.

School went on much as all Colleges grind out their four year students. We kept giving up our possessions and taking lower rent for the Building, but still kept on. John used to say sometimes"O, mother how I hate to see you figure so mush." I did more of it than helped any but I had to figure one way and then another but it all ended up at the ame spot. We let the farm go on Feb. 11th. 1932. Made a deed to Mr L. H. Cramer on July28th. 1934, to our home at 602 E. Ninth. and so were about over "giving up".

John never had much time or money for girls,but during the summer of his Junior year he met a young woman at summer school. He was working on an honor project----one which gains extra honor if finished by graduation. .

Since John felt he owed a good many courticies shown him he wanted to give a little party. I was far from well and our home small,we decided to give it at the Britton House. John asked this friend if she would be his guest,but she would not answer him,but promised to do so in a few days. She then said she would go with him. We had har to dinner one evening and she went to Church with us too. One day she called me and said she would like to talk with me. I had told her that while she mayz might be taking the matter lightly I was afraid John was not. We set an evening and she came down. She wanted to tell me her life story. Her mother had deserted her and and older brother when they were very small. She left them in a rooming house in St.Louis. Her Aunt, whose name she bore heard of the matter and went to St. Louis and took the children home and saised them as her onw. This poor girl knew nothing of it all until she graduated from High School and her own mother came to see her graduate.She thought she loved her own mother best,but I tried to tell her how much any one owes a woman who will take little children, watch over them when ill, work sometimes in poverty and distress to bring them to honorable adutls and still do all possible for their welfare. All that did not worry me,but she was engaged. but she cared a lot for John. He had, so she said the most brilliant mind of any one she had ever met. Not to be influenced by that I made her reiterate her regard for him personally. When thez John came home they went to the mid-nite show,and so ended that evening.

Later in the summer John"hitch-hiked " down to see her.That was my first experience in letting him go off like that. He made up his mind one morning and came down to the Store where I was keeping books for Mr. Marten, and told me he was going. He stuck out his hand and as I caught it he siad ;"I'm going". Only mothers know the feeling which comes with the parting of the ways like that! He came back all right and seemingly had had a good time. Later he went agin when he did not hear from her as he thought he shouldn and was bitterly disapointed at finding her engaged to a Minister's son. We heard not too long afterward that she had married a baker in another town.

This was a real blow to John and it took some time for him to recover ,but girls did not interest him any more for the remainder of his College course.The failure of another to be what one wants and expects them to be is all through life a bitter experience, or so I have found it to be. I shall never forget Hazel's reaction when she heard John say he had passed his first love affair "with no regrets." That is certainly a satisfactory thing to be able to say.

About this time my brother's son Bob, who had been in Chicago for some time as Chemist for a Baking Co. came home for a visit.-----No I am too far along in my Story so shall return to John's College years. Bob was at this time in Grand Rapids Mich.

There was one young lady from Winfield, Miss Betty Lu Lynn who was compelled to take a year out of her College work to try to keep her father's Dry Goods Business from being wrecked, John was never glad she had to do that for he admired her very much as we all did, but it was a relief that he did not have her wonderful abilities to contend with, that last year.

I must not dwell too long on John's College years, for my little grandaughter, who is looking foreward much more eagerly to being eight years old athan I am to being 78, keeps asking me if I am down to her yet.

When John graduated from Southwestern he had higher marks than any one in the College for the four years he was there. He made "The Order of the Mound" which is purely an honorary scholastic orgination. He also graduated "Magna Cum Laude", which is next to the highest honor given. And above every thing else he won a $600:00 Scholarship to the Wisconsin University at Madison. This excused all tuition and paid him $40:00 a month for living expences.

He always sure nothing real good could come to him, was so slow applying for this Scholarship that I grew desperate. In fact I thought the time had passed when he could apply. but Prof. "Parny" Albright came up one night and helped him ,ake out all the necessary papers.Then there was nothing to do but to wait. When an Air mail letter came asking him if he would come should he be awarded the Scholarship, he sent a Telegram assuring them that he would, and all the Professors at the College assured him that that meant he would get it. We said nothing however to our friends for fear something might happen to prevent. When the final letter came John was at the High School doing practice teaching. I called the High School, but he had gone and was on his way back up to the College. I called Prof. Albright and He was overjoyed. As he went up the steps of North Hall Prof. Albright was coming down. John said he looked at him kinda funny but ran on down. When he opened the door to the Physics room all the boys jusmped up and ran toward him with their hands outstretched to greet him. Each of our Church friends seemed as happy as if he had been one of their own.

One friendwho was in my same position, alone with a boy to educate told me the boys and girls in his class were very unkind when he did very well too, I asked John, for I knew he would not tell me if any one were unkind to him, if any of his classmates were unkind in any way because he received so much. He said:"Why, no mother, they treated me a lot better than I could have treated one of them ,if the tables were turned."

I shall never forget(at least I hope I never do) the day he came home after his letter had come. Hazel was there and he came in picked up the letter and read it for himself, threw a hand down, bowed his head and "(,gosh". Hazel was deeply impressed with his actions. Later I said as gently as I knew how that I thought he should express some thankfulness, and he said "That is what I meant." How wonderful it is that "The Judge of all the ~~eath~~ earth" knows the heart, and does not depend on outward expressions.

David Copperfield" was showing at the Zimm only three doors from us and John said:"Mother lets celebrate, and see David Copperfield." I was glad for Have read the book several times and wanted to see it. We had not allowed ourselves any luxuries for so long and our happiness added zest to the play, and beside every way we turned there was some one to congratulate us. It was and evening long to be remembered. And we really made the most of it.

All was not "peaches and cream" for him even with the chance to go on to school, for he knew he must have some money for transportation and the fees required in any course. As is habitual with him he sat and read. I kept after him until I got him to clean my bed-room for me, which he did well, as usual and one evening went to the Hospital to see a friend,one of the graduates who had to have surgery. He asked John why he did not go to Arkansas City and apply for work at the Kanotex Refinery for he knew of a young man who had gotten work htere the day before. John came home and told me and I said "Nothing like tryingQ, so he "hitch-hiked" down the next morning and came home in the p.m. saying they had told him to come back the next day. He went,of course and came in with a long face and began to stutter around and then flung up his right hand adn said:"Mother, I'm hired." He lived with a friend of mine. She was glad to have him and I was delighted that she would. He studied French all summer and took lessons from Mrs Paul Guy every time it was possible when at home. At first he dug ditches and in a few days thay put him in the Office. When work grew slack they put him back out to dig again. I asked him if he did not hate to go back out there, but he said :"No, mother, I liked to hear the men talk." One day he said he went into the Office and the men were evidently talking positics, and one of them said;"well here comes Moore, he does not smoke nor chew, nor swear, he must be a Democrat.W" John said he laughQ ed and said he would have to plead guilty.. He worked on until the middle of September, leaving only a few days to get some debrais away from Southwestern, get a few things together and leave. He had saved sixty cents out of every dollar he earned that summer so in spite of all his fears he had a little to go on.

Another morning is stamped on my memory and that is the morning he left for Madison. Mr Matten took us down and I can see him yet in his old brown suit with his hair blowing in the wind as he stood on the back platform of the train and waved good-bye.

We had rented all our rooms except one, and when I sat down alone to my little table and bowed my head all I could think of was thankfulness that John could go and have a chance to see what was in him. A chance I could not give him. Whne my friends would tell me I was so brave to let him go, I was always surprised for I had not wanted him to stay ,but to go and have his opportunity.

About this time Uncle Joe and Hazel rented part of their home to a Mrs Ethel Young and her mother Mrs Elizabeth Hassler. Mrs Young was a very charming woman, with beautiful blue eyes and white hair. She was a Christian Scientist and a Reader in that Church in Winfield. Grandmother Hassler was a wonderful woman,of about 87 years. Her grandson sent her Time and she read it "from kiver to kiver", and her Bible every day.

Before a great while she, Mrs Young I mean, and my brother JJoe began to be seen going places together I htought "O, well they just like the same things." They did. In the spring of 19366 Mrs Young went to visit her daughter in Buffalo, and stopped to see Bob in Chicago, and promptly fell for him, ans most did for het had a very pleasant way with him and the cutest tittle smile which turned up at the coof his mouth.

While she was gone on this trip, Bob came home for a visit and John hitch-hiked home to see me. He had been gone almost a year then. Bob was big fellow , weighing 225 Lbs. at the time. He liked his work and was doing well. John looked quite thin and worn as he had been working all summer at Madison. To add to that we were furnishing our front Apt. which had always been rented unfurnished. Bob and John left to go back to their respective places at about the same time ,late in August.1936.

Only a little over a week after Bob went back to Chicago we heard he was ill. He had not felt well on Friday evening when on a date with Miss Gladys Miller of Winfield who was a nurse at Wesley Hospital in Chicago. The next morning at work he complained of not feeling well and the men after watching him for a time told one of the head men that Bob was ill and when he came in he told Bob he was taking him to his own Doctor. Bob objected but this gentleman called his Dr. and told him some of Bob's symptoms and siad:"I'll bring him up at noon." The Dr. told him to lose no time in getting him up there as he did not like the sound of the report.

Before they got him to the Hospital Bob was so ill he knew very little of what was going on. The Drs. prepared with all haste to operate, and sent word to his girl friend, whom he expected to marry in two weeks, to come over. Surgery revealed the fact that he had apendicitus and that peroitonitis had already set in. His father was on a job at Tonkawa Oklahoma and did not get in to Winfield until Saturday and left immediately for /Chicago. Elenora flew down from New York and was a t the s8ta. to meet her father when he came. When he saw her he said:"Why are you here?" She said:"To help you." He dropped his bag on the floor and just stood there. My dear brother had a good many very hard things to bear in his life, but this was one he was not prepared for and one which,I think took more toll from him than any other. Perhaps because he was older, but more I beoieve because he had counted on Bob so much for support and comfort in his old age. Dear old Bob! He was so big and strong but left us so quickly.

I was sure I would get some word on Monday morning, so since I had to go to the Dr. I asked the girl in my next Apt. to sure to answer my Telephone should it ring while I was gone. When I returned I asked Faye if I had had any word and she said: "Yes, I'm afraid you did." " When I said:"Then he has passed away", she nodded her head. He was 27 years of age and all of life was before him. So "From love's shinning circle, The gems drop away."

Of course they brought his body home and we laid him to rest in the cemetery where his mother and Carlyle lie. It was a terrible blow to the whole family. Hazel took it very hard. She had expected when Bob and Gladys were married they would have an Apt. s so she could have a room and take a tecnecians course in aHospital. In after years she did that very thing and is now an X-ray tecnitien, in SanFransisco.

I was going through siege of "shingles" at the time and istead of getting better they grew worse. Hazel came up to see how I was doing and began to gather up my things and told me I was going home with her. Ethel and her mother had returned by this time and welcomed me very kindly. Hazel took wonderful care of me and seldom has one had a more grateful patient. She thought I was very ill,but I had not thought of it that way. Ethel talked a little C.S to me but not much for which I was glad. She never pushes her belief on any one else. She realized I was too much a"Dyed in the wool "Presbyterian to change much.

It was while I was there, and how I hated to go back to living alone! ,that I began to see "which way the wind blew" between Joe and Ethel. The levley picture of him which you will see on the next page was taken before Ethel went on her trip and before all the sorrow broke over the family. Ethel took one of these pictures with her to show her daughter and friends the sort of man she had her heart set on. The picture brought her many compliments.

The wedding Day was January 16th. 1937. That makes quite list of events just one week apart. Christmas, New Years Day, Joe's Birthday on the 8th. of January , Bob's Birthday and this wedding day of the ~~six~~fifteenth. The day was mild and nice.The ceremony was performed by Rev. Atkins, the Christian Church Minister and a long time friemd of the family. Ethel looked very nice in a blue velvet dress and was so earnest as was Joe. It was all very impressive and beautiful in a very simple way. We all returned home after a friendly chat and told Grandmother Hassler all the details .

About two hours later Joe, Ethel,Hazel and I went to the Station. Hazel to go to Larime Wyoming and Joe and Ethel to Wichita, for a few days. Ethel had baked a chicken for us and ,left us all we needed, so Grandmother and I got on just fine. She was a lovley person at all times.

After all had settled down to normal again it was only a few weeks until Joe was taken very ill. He had dropped fifty lbs. of ice of his left foot some years earlier and it had given him trouble at times ever since. They called Dr. Snyder, the young man.Dr. H. L. Snyder who had been their unfailing friend for "Lo these many years " had passed away before this time. Joe did not improve as he should and one night when Dr. Howard Snyder came he rushed him off to the Hospital. As soon as I knew of that I went up to stay with grandmother again while Ethel went back and forth to the Hospital.He was very,very ill. Ethel arranged to stay at home and let me go up to see him. I was astonished at the way he looked.Just like death itself, I told the girls, his firls I mean, but they always said I was too emotional , and did not believe me. Other people who went in to see him backed out of the room ina hurry, however. When he grew better they brought him home, but he took cold in the transition and had pleurisy and also the beginning of his eye trouble. He had had to have blood transfusions, and all the expensive things which go with a severe illness and he found it hard to take so soon after marrying a woman he had hoped to support in the manner to which she had been accustomed.

It took him a long, long time to gain any strength, and at that he went to work too soon and in a few months had to give up altogether. Later since he was still not well he had to have surgery------the gall bladder removed and an ulcer which was in such a position that they had to make a detour around the stomach and a new outlet for the stomach. The Drs. had intended to work on his foot too but could not do all that in one thr3e or four hour operation. He was still a long time getting any strength, but when he did he was quite well.

Now they were faced with the problem of doing something they could work at to make a living. Ethel went to Hot Springs Arkansas to visit her foster-sister and there run across a largde house they could rent reasonably and eventually they moved down to Hot Springs and are still renting Apts. and getting along very well indeed.

Hazel has been on the West Coast most of these years and is now in SanFrancisco, as I have said. Josephone and her husband Ed. Nininger are to the best of my knowledge, living at Mariel Oregon. They are very happily married but have not children. There are only four grandchildren and they belong to Florence. However Ethel's grandchildren claim him as theirs and are very attentive to him. Which is a joy to him.

Mr Joseph Carlyle Gilmer.
at the age of 67.

How I wish I had a picture of Ethel. She had ;photographs taken but none I ever saw looked at all like her. She is a very attractive woman,but very blond and blue eyed and just does not take a good picture. I feel like I did about my husbands pictures. I would rather have none than one far,far from true.

I was at Joe's house for dinner one evening and Ethel and I were washing dishes, a good time for confidences, when she suddenly turned to me and said:" hHow would you like to have me for a sister-in-law?". I screeched"Really?" and told her I would be very happy. Hazel was not however,even to the extent of going to the home of a friend and staying until Joe asked her to come home and they had a good talk together. I never have been able to see why children are so unkind about the marriage, for the second time, of either of their parents. In Hazel's case I think it was due to Bob's death and the disrupting of all her plans and that she lacked the courage at the time to face life alone, as she knew would be necessary. This was a cruelly hard time in her life, and it is so easy and also natural to want to lay the blame on some one else.

She came home however before the wedding day and began to get herself ready to go out to Josephine's where she had a school promised. Hazel called me in the morning of the wedding day to know if I would come up and help them get ready. I was very glad to do this as I was to stay with Grandmother Haswler while Joe and Ethel took a few days from work and responsibility. I met Joe in the hall upstairs and with our arms around each other he said: "I cannot see how how a person like Ethel could care for me." He looked so humble and so sweet.I very well knew how she could and told him so. But he could not see it.

ANOTHER FLASH ! November 6th. 1951 . The Birthday of my only grandson, John Gilmer Moore Jr.

"Gil" at ten years of age.

and Frances Lillian Moore who is so much more anxious to be eight years than I am to be 78. But she must wait three months, while I have only three days.

Life is very strange . 78 years seem so long, at least sometimes, and at other view points it is very short. Too short for the relization of ones dream and hopes; short too when relived through fond memories, and I have many. There is through~~t~~ out life the loss, repeatedly,of friends and loved ones and these losses tear the heart and distress the mind, but it still remains true that each of these losses and disapointments teach one very great lessons,if he is willing to be taught. With each loss comes a greater joy, or at least the capa sity to better understand and appreciate the joys and new companionships which come to him.

Life is strange, for one genrration learns little from the one gone before. By the time one reaches middle-age his children begin to think he is "moss back". I am reminded of a young man who when he came home after his Freshman year in College, ~~he~~ was almost mortified at what he thought his father's "ignorance". When he came home after his Graduation, he exclaimed: "My! It's wonderful what that man has learned, in the last four years."

Looking back over fifty years I see many changes. In 1900 life was still simple. We were happy with the simple pleasures of home. Our music was a geest pleasure.We gathered about the piano and sang sometimes the silly songs of the day, like "Waltz Me Aroung Again Wullie", "The Old Grey Mare" , "After the Ball" and others, but mostly we sang "Believe Me if all those Endearing Young charms", "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer", "The Heart Bowed down" "Then You'll Remember Me" and "I cannot sing the Old Songs " Annie Laurie" and many many more beautiful lovely songs. Then there were the good old"Gospel Hymns",I think there were at least four books of the "Gospel Hymns". My favorite hymns were: "In the Cross of Christ I Glory", "When I survey the Wonderous Cross", "Majestic Sweetness" "O, Worship the King" "O Love that Will not let Me Go." and most of all "Fairest Lord Jesus."

The one in the "Gospel Hymns" which stands out in my memory strongest was one Mr.C, P. Duff our Sunday School Supt. sang often:" "All of Self and None of Thee." He had a beautiful voice and sang "with the Spirit and the undersding" The second verce ended "Some of self and some of Thee" but the climax came when he reached the last verce and with his head held high and his voice low and soft he sang:" None of Self and All of Thee."

We sang some very foolish songs too. One I have in mind

was ---"O, I'll not marry a man that's young
For he'll get put in jail and hung--
So I'll not marry at all, at all.
I'll pick up my stool and stay in the shade,
For I'll not marry at allm at all

O, I'll not marry a man that's rich
For he'll get drunk and fall in a ditch,
So I'll not marry at all,at all
I'll pick up my stool and stay in the shade
For I'll not marry at all, at all.

I do not think we had suggestive words to our songs,but it may be I was just too ignorant to recoganize them.

Getting down to the more serious changes in the last fifty years, it gives me pleasure to state, nothing new of course, that the working conditions of both men and women have changes greatly. Men worked for ten and twelve hours a day and women worked all day and half of the night. "A man's work is from sun to sun, but A woman's work is never done!" We had mowing machines,but the grain must be shocked and stacked by hand. Young men went from College into the harvest fields. This extreme exertion when unused to it was very hard for them, and the farmers were not at all sympathetic as their thought was that physical prowess was much more to be desired than mental progress.This attitude "burned up" the College boys and they were sometimes made very ill by the heat and hard work.

We had washing machines too, but the power had to be supplied by hand---- and that usually by the hand of a woman. Most women did their own sewing and that of the fanily, as ready made dresses were very "dowdy" looking. We did have good patterns by that time and most persons had very well fitting clothes. Cleaning establishments came into being about the turn of the century as near as

I can remember. "Zeigler's" was the first such public cleaning establishments and were in the business for many years. Which speaks well for them.

It seems to me now that my father began to take Thursday afternoons off, about 1909 or 10. That was a real inovation and was but the dawning of a new day for business men and clerks. All this extra leasure time is fine and has helped many a young person to gain a better education by employing his "time etu out" in study and work toward a better job. It is useless for me to try to tell in detail all the great changes ~~in~~ which have developed in the last fifty years,

With automatic furnace heat, mixmasters to do our beating, vacuum cleaners for our rugs, cake,pie and biscuit mixes,we have leasure;but what has worried me for twenty-five or thirty years is the attitude too many people take toward this added leasure. Our great dangers lie within us. They are spiritual ones. Dorothy Canfield has said------It is impossible for me to quote ---- but what she said was: It is not the ~~prev~~ prevalence of syphilis, the pitiful state of the "share cropper,not any of the things which would seem to threaten our secutity from outside. Our real danger lies within us. I was bitterly disapointed after the First World War to see how fww took a real interest in the /Soldiers who came home sick in body and in mind. Many, too many rushed madly on after their own pleasure and entertainment with little thought for those in distress. Even the depression halted few. World was two brought little if any change.

In this day of 1951 a man can support his family in a manner entirely unknown to the average man fifty years ago and still have time to fish, travel, study or work at a hobby.All well and good. But it takes more stamina, more self control and devotion to duty to ward off indifference and selfishness, in this condition than in the one where necesitty compells one to work.

The average American woman of today can, if given an easy chair, a good light over her left shoulder, a good book(I mean an interesting one) and a box of chocolates, can thoroughly enjoy herself with no thought of a world in darkness and distress. What I am trying to say is that it is too easy to become indifferent and yield to the temptation to flitter ones life away and thereby miss the soothing healing effect of hard work. I have a deep seated conviction that on one has a right to enjoy all the comforts of modern life and do nothing for the less fortunate in the world.

"We are not here to dream, to drift;
There is hard work to do and loads to lift."

After all life is a struggle. I do not think it should be if we have faith in "The Father of our Spirits", but most of us lack somewhere. Paul the Apostle describes life in three ways:
First, as a man who runs alone against time. He prepares, ~~strips~~-- lays asidw every thing unnecessary ; strips for the race-- it is Oone of endurance. He who endures to the end gains the reward.
The Second illustration is of one who runs in a contest---as the Olympics. He also prepares himself, lays aside every cumbersome thing, even if it be otherwise desirable; eats what is best for his health and strength; exercicises himself daily in order to keep fit, and runs ,on the day set for the contest, with all his strength. If all goes well he receives the Laurel Wreathe. Paul reminds us here that every athlete runs, only one receives a crown, then he says at the end of hisown life: " I have fought in the good fight--I have kept the faith. Now the crown of a good life awaits

me"m then hastens to say---"and not to me only,but to all those who have loved and longed for his appearing."

Paul's third man is one who fights with armour against the foes. Therefore he admonishes "To take God's armour." "Hold your ground, tighten the belt of truth about your loins, wear integrity as your coat of mail , and have your feet shod with the stability of the gospel of peace;above all take faith as your shield----put on salvation as your helmetand take the Spirit as your sword, which is the Word of God.praying at all times in theSpirit".All life is a struggle. Life for the beast is a struggle, mans life is sometimes a bitter struggle and so it is with the life of the Spirit.

The inner unseen struggles of the human heart are the most intense,misunderstood and the most worthy of all the effort of the human soul to learn the best way of life.

Since life is an unending effort the man equiped with truth,integrety,the stability of the Gospel of peace, faith,as a shield,and the sword of the Spirit, he cannot but come out conqueror by Love's strength.

Since it is impossible for me with so little sight, to write, rewrite,~~and~~ correct and copy I sometimes get so far afield from , my origional purpose, that I am reminded of a man I once knew when young. I almost said old,for so he seemed to methen, but I suppose he must have been only in his late twenties, who would begin a story but the first incident he mentioned would remind him of something else and he would take up that idea and it would lead him to another until he would lose all connection with his story and leave his hearers completely bewildered. He was fair in complection, had "wattery" blue eyes and a shock of

Christmas in 1951 is a beautifukl day in Texas. Every one I know is well remembered and happy, I fear there are many the world over, who are not well provided for and far from happy. there is one thing however which is an encouragement to me, and that is that many more people are interested and feel the responsibility for the needs of others , especially of children and are much more active in an effort to provide the necessities of life for them. Years ago we knew very little, comparitivly about the world about us and while we cared for the needs of people about us we had no contact with other peoples. So I am gratified that we are waking to our privileges and are slowly learning to help all in need.

In looking back over the years one Christmas stands out in my memory, beside the two I have spoken of in my stories. It was one a long time ago when Clara and I were both at home. We were to have goose for our dinner and as we had to go to the Church to meet the other young people who were to take the Christmas baskets to the families we knew who were in need, we had to hurry to get the goose picked and ready. This was before we had heard of melted paraffine pomred over fine feathers taking them all off "pronto". Of course there must have been other families, but the two which I visited were living in an old, old furniture factory south east of Arkansas City and down by the Walnut River. Melvin Mahin was I think, the young man who went with us. One of these families lived on the ground floor and when we arrived he was, the man of the family I mean, was trying to put up a stove pipe on their old battered stove. He looked as if he felt, as I have seen ~~in~~ other men express themselves as feeling when working an old stove pipe. Things he did not say while we were there. This was not my first experience in seeing poverty--dire poverty, but it was cold and I saw nothing around to eat and little of of anything for comfort or warmth. Our basket with chicken cranberries and fruit was indeed acceptable to them.

We next went up some rickety steps to the second floor. Here part of the floor was gond,so one must walk carefully or run the risk of falling through . We picked our way around to where a family of four were living in tumble down quarters but with more of an air of self esteem than that shown by the first family. We were very galdly received here too,and our basket brought them a lot of help and cheer.

It is needless to say that we went home with a feeling of exultation and happiness warming our hearts, to a good hot dinner. While eating I happened to look at my sister ,who sat next to me and imagine my feelings as I saw goose feathers all over the sides of her hair. We really had hurried and she did not mind at all for she had not known it when we were out and no doubt no one else did either for it was cold and we were wrapped up quite a good deal. By the time one sees such poverty and distress he cares little about such little things as a few goose feathers sticking around.

On this Christmas so different from the ones of long ago,I feel that I have learned a valuable lesson. Yesterday one of the children was singing a foolish little song ;one of the verses was: "seven are the seven who all went to heav'n." At that moment ~~t~~ I decided that any who go to heaven must take it with them. "The Kingdon of God is within you." If one has it not there he will never find it.

I have had such illusions about growimmg old that the facts have left me very confused and sometimes bitter. I thought when one grew old he would feel like a child---free from care and anxiety,with some one near who cared enough to lighten the load. Not so! It is my fault I know,but struggle as I may I meet only defeat and trial. I very foolishly thought when I gave up my own home and came to live

In anothers' that I could adjust myself to any condition under which I found myself, but this has proved untrue also, for no amount of care and anxiety to do what I think or hope will please the family turns out to be the wrong thing. I was just too egotistical.

I am not alone in this I know, for many another woman thrown out on her own, has found the same thing true. It is not the little children. They do not worry me any more than the the usual aare and anxiety occasioned by growing children. We are the best of friends.

In spite of all I can do, and all they do, I cannot feel at home/. I feel always an alien. Other older women feel the same way I am sure, but they do not put their feelings down in balck and white as I do. No doubt I should not do it either, but it helps to write it down.

In my book of devotions I find this: "We cannot say this or that trouble shall not come upon us, yet we can, by the help of the Spirit say, that nothing that doeth befall shall make me do that which is unworthy of a Christian."
R. Sibbes

And this: by Madame Guyon----"Ah, if you knew what peace there is in an accepted sorrow."

It is grand that there is always a point of return. ~~Other-~~ If not I might get so far afield I could never return.

After John had been in the Wisconsin University and received his Master's degree in Physics, he might have gone to Purdue University Lafyette Ind., which I wanted him to do but he thought our financial position was too uncertain and that he should go to work. He had no trouble along that line for he had a position awaiting at The Western Cartridge Co. at Alton Ill.

It was here that he became acquainted with and greatly inteested in The Unitarian Church, which was a great grief of mind to me. Since I realize that this ia a country where ever one is allowed to think and speak as he pleases, I try hard to be content and feel that they too try to do the thing which they think best for the good of all people. The picture below is as he looked in 1937.

J. G. M. Alton Ill. 1937

And this one is taken in a friends room at Atom Ill. at this time.

While working at the Western Cartridge Co. John sent me $750:00. to pay on a debt we had been compelled to put on the Bldg. in order to put in a new ceiling and a cement floor in the basement Struggle as I did it was impossible for me to pay off that debt on the inclme I could get out of it. I was deeply grateful to him, for it meant sacrifice to him to do it.

For several years he had been eager to get into the United States Weather Bureau, after something more than a year there he went into that work and his first assignment was to Pueblo Colo. where a new Station was being constructed.He, I think never knew what home sickness is, so very quickly made friends and was soon in the "Cue and Curtain" Club and there he met Miss Ina Skrifvars. It was in a manner a blind date for when he called he asked for Ina's younger sister,but they soon mastered that difficulty,as they did several other very important matters and soon were fast friends. The picture taken in front of her mother's home in Pueblo,is of Ina as she looked when I met her in June of 1939.

This is my first letter from Ina, and and I want to preserve it for her children.

Ina's first letter to me.

I left Winfield on June 16th. 1939 to attend their wedding,but stopped in Western Kansas to visit an old time friend whom I had

Mr. John G. Moore
442 East Sixth
Alton, Illinois

May 21, 1939

Dear Mrs. Moore,

You can just imagine John & me sitting here deciding who is going to write which. I'm sure if you were here with us you would be very much amused. — But if you were here, now, it would be much nicer because then we could talk. I imagine when you arrive here we will have lots of that to do.

I have warned John that since the possibility is that he will provide you with only one daughter-in-law, he should be extremely thoughtful in his choice, but I fear he threw care to the winds. So, we must go on from this point.

It won't be very long until June

Mr. John G. Moore
442 East Sixth
Alton, Illinois

20th. and John thinks you can come then. Mother and all of us will be so happy to have you here. John, after leading an orderly and peaceful life, has suddenly found himself in the midst of a whole clan of Skinfrans. (don't think I forget to appreciate how easy it is to spell "Moore") I rather feel sorry for him, but he adapts himself well. I only hope that you will find cause to be as happy about the situation as we all are! Everything is so very beautiful and lovely that sometimes I wonder if this is not the most extraordinary coming marriage that ever was. With John's training, background, & high ideals it could not be otherwise, however, as I am sure you can best appreciate. You have never seen such an elated group of people as we are. I feel that the one purpose of this, my first letter to you, John's mother, is to tell you how very fortunate I know myself to be. I am very grateful to you for having such a son.

Mr. John G. Moore
442 East Sixth
Alton, Illinois

Sometimes I worry that I may be being over-optimistic concerning the practical angle, since any difficulties of that sort will be from my side. Probably John has explained to you the fact that I will continue helping my family financially as long as necessary. However, there is no reason, since John approves, why I should not continue working, so I hope it will all work out as favorably as we anticipate. I will have to find another position since marriage automatically nullifies my contract with District 20. But I'm sure I can & worrying will not pay any bills. I don't want to burden you with my problems, but I did not want you to have any unpleasant shocks later. I hope there will be none.

Perhaps this is enough for a beginning. If we are not careful this letter will be so large we will have to send it express,

Sincerely, Ina (over)

P.S. Some people explain the reason that I write so poorly by the fact that I am left-handed. At least, it is an excuse.

not seen for a number of years. After a very pleasant visit with Mrs Mitchell, her husband, daughter and little grand daughter Martha Nell, whose mother died when she was born; and helping irrigate a large patch of potatoes, by sitting in the car, jumping out and waving my hands when the water began running down to the end of a row, they took me to Dodge City Kans. where I was to get a Bus for Pueblo.

If you have never seen a "dust storm" you will not appreciate the thrill I got from seeing one form and come rolling toward us just like a heavy storm, rolling, twisting, and coming rapidly on toward us. A young woman on the Bus was really frightened and I will admit it was an awesome sight. It prooved to be very distruct-to my friends grain and chickens, for the wind and rain with hail came so suddenly that the wheat, ready to be cut, was pounded into the ground and the chickens killed before they could get to shelter. The young woman on the Bus wanted to go back home but imagine my surprise when I met her again on the Bus I was going home on late in August.

While still visiting in Western Kansas, I received a letter from John telling me that Ina's mother Mrs Skrifvars was not doing very well following an operation.

When John and Ina told Mrs Skrifvars their plans, they ask-her if she could go to the Hospital soon, so that she could be up and about before they had to leave her. The Drs. had been waiting all winter to get her built up for surgery, but she thought she was then equal to it.. The first thing which made this impossible was the fact that Ina's younger sister, who had had ostoemyelitis since she was a small child, and periodically her leg had to be opened and the bone cleansed . This happened again at this critical time and of course her mother could not leave. For thirty-two years there had always been a Skrifvars in the Public Schools of Pueblo, Colo. and this year her youngest, a son Boy Bill was graduationgg and she just naturally had to see that. When that was over and the excitement had abated somewhat Mrs Skrifvars went to the hospital for surgery. All went as well as one could expect after they brought her home. When I arrived in Pueblo on Wednesday June 20th. Ina and John were at the Station to meet me and her brother Elmer,who had come to take my bags so we might go up town for dinner. After the introductions all around ,the first thing I said was "How is you r mother Ina" She just murmered "not very good" and John said"well mother we had as well tell you right away.So he launched into the sad story. John had helped take her home and all fell down on the bed with her and every one was happy for all was well. On Monday morning Artie Mae, who was a Telephone Switch-board operator,was at home. Ina was still working and John and Artie were talking over the 'phone, when he heard her say:"Mother" and scream, so he started and ran the six or seven blks from his Apt. to their home.A clot of blood had reached her heart and she was almost gone.

They got her to the Hospital,which was only a little over a block away and under an oxygen tent as soon as possible. As we walked down the St. that night going to our dinner,we met Elmer beside his car at the side of the ~~seteet:~~ street. When Ina came up he dropped down on the running board of hsi car and burst into tears, saying;"O she is awful bad." I had eaten before I got to Pueblo and Ina did not care for food,so we soon wnet to John's Apt. While sitting visiting Artie came in to say that their mother showed some improvement. The next morning Ina came over after me for breakfast,as John had gone to work early. After our breakfast we were sitting looking at some of Ina's presents, when her sister Vivienne came in, Vivienne had come from the San Louis valley where she then lived to help care for her mother. When Ina left the room for some cause she turned to me with the tears streaming down her face and said: " She is dying right now Mrs Moore." She and Ina went back to the the Hospital and as I was alone I answered the 'phone when it rang and Artie was calling to know how her mother was. I could do no less than to tell her that she was not doing well. Artie soon came home and went over to the Hospital too. Three Drs. told them that she could not live, but that night she began to improve and slowly she grew better,but beaide all she had had she now developed flebitis in both legs.

I am telling you the details of these events as I saw them,my dear grandchildren, for I want you to know my impressions. Your parents can tell you of their part in it.The first time I saw Mrs Skrifvars was on Friday evening of that same week. I felt very much as though I should not go into her room but Elmer wanted me to go as he said his mother had built up so much on my coming and wanted very much to meet me. She looked so little and so frail that I was almost frightened that it would make her worse. It was a week from the next Sunday morning that we had a real visit. She so wanted to see these two young folks married so very much, that she wanted them to come over to the Hospital for the ceremony,but the Dr. and the sons were not willing, so after the ceremony they ran over to see her.

The wedding was simple but very beautiful,for both were so very sincere and earnest. Ina's brother Elmer and his wife Kathleen stood up with them and all was well except that Artie had to work. She said she could not ask to get off any more so went on and got home before they left for their honneymoon, up in the Mts. south of Pueblo.

The first picture below is of the cabin they occupied at Beverly Lodge.

The other is of the Lodge where their meals were served.

It was indeed a beautiful place,high up in the Mountains. Alittle too high for Ina's heart to act right. I found it hard to get my breath there when I went with John and another young man to see it. There was a clear stream of water running farther down the hillside, and it had what to me seems like a halo over all the place, as many Mts. impress me as having.

They looked like this as they roamed the hills.

Before I left Pueblo the next morning after the wedding, I went to the Hospital to see Mrs Skrifvars and had a wonderful visit with her. A friend who had lived in Winfield a good many years earlier, had as asked me to have lunch with her before I went on to Colorado Springs and Denver to visit. Mrs Cotton could and did give me the low down on some Winfield people whom I had known a long time. She had two daughters. One of them had been married unhappily and was at home again and extremely miserable as most girls are who have had almost every thing they had wanted all their lives and found it impossible to be governed by another's will.

It would take a whole volume to tell of Agnes and Grace Soule, who had been our neighbors in Winfield but had been compelled to go to Colorado for Agnes' health. I think I have had no more beautiful friendshipsin my life ,and I feel quite a connoisseur of friends for I have had many such wonderful ones--ones who astonished me with their kindness including two Southwestern Prof. One an English Instructoe and the other ef Philosophy.). but I still think the Soule girls are high on my list.

After a delightful visit with these friends I went on to Denver for a stay with a cousin's wife. My cousin Dr. Frank Robb had passed away a year or more before this time and I had not seen my cousin Nellie for a long time,but we always corresponded and both felt a strong tie of devotion for we"fell " for each other a good many years before this time. She is the best person I know of to make one feel at home and happy. As I neared Denver I remember having a sinking feeling in --my heart-- I guess it was,for I bega gan to fear I would not really be wanted. We, Nellie and daughter Mildred had no sooner settled ourselves and started the car for home home that she reached over,caught my arm and said: "I'm so glad y you are here." She loves music and is the best listner I ever had. She loved Mendelsshon's "Consolation" and what pleasure I had in practicing it. Mildred and her husband went on vacation while I was there so we had every thing our own way. This was in 1939.

On the return trip I stopped a few days in Fowler Kans. to visit another Dr. cousin, Dr. J. C. Robb. The Dr. happened to be gone at the time but his wife,who was a very fine women, had a very good time too. I had another cousin in Fowler,too. He was Chas. H. Peek and his wife Maude, so I divided myself up between the two homes and no one got too much of me I guess.

Now them John was married and I back home renting Apts. again.

FLASH! Dec. 30th. 1951 The tempreture rose to 90 degrees, to set an all time record for Texas weather.

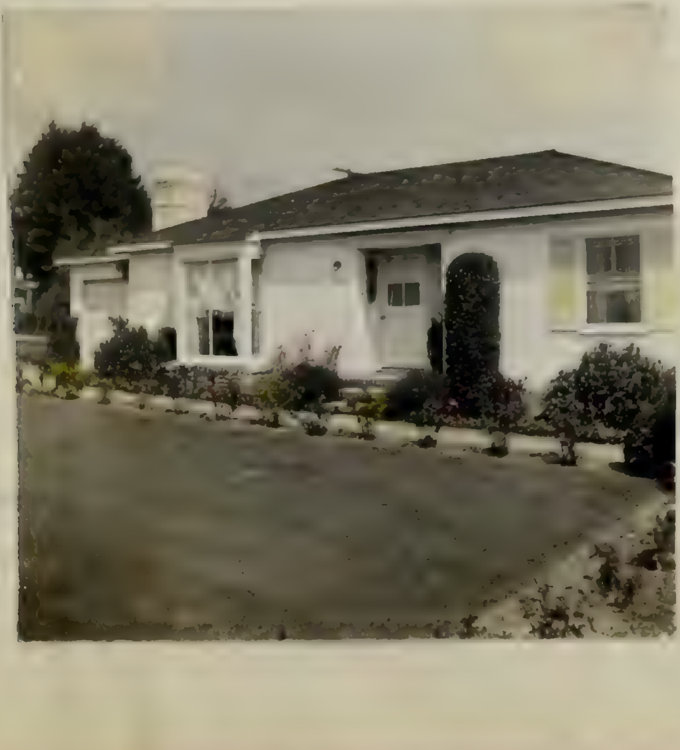
Some mothers seem to feel like they had lost a son when he is marmarried, but I felt gald, for now he had some one to care for him and make a home for him.

Life ran on much as usual for another year. John was transferred to Salt Lake City in the of 1939 and did some very fine work in research with the aid of Verne Hales. In the fall of 1940 John took a years leave to attend school at the University of California at LosAngeles. They wrote me ~~to~~ asking me to go with them and spend the winter . Ina went on down and got a good job at the Gas and Eltric Co. in L. A. I got all my rooms rented,some one to keep the hall and bathroom clean and left Winfield late in Aughst. This time I stopped in Denver again for a nice visit and arrived in Salt Lake late in the evening. John had a room,and several days --or I should say nights to work,so I occupied his room and enjoyed the stay for his land lady was a very interesting and friendly woman. After the last night of work John traied to sleepbut did not succeed,so we got on our way. He had about all their earlhly possessions in the Plymouth Coupe . The drive was very interesting to me as I had not seen any of this part of the country. When we reached Cedar City John was exausted . We got a cabin in a motel and tried to spend the night. I had eaten some lamb which did not agree with me, and John woke up about three o'clock and since I was awake too,he proposed we go on. A storm came up and the Mountains of Nevada took on a forbiding look as we drove toward them. The darkness,lightening and the steep grade we drove were thrilling to me.

We reached Los Vagas Nev. in time for an early breakfast. While driving through the desert on toward the west,we saw beofre us a woman holding a baby and waving madly for us to stop. We were hitting along at quite a rate,so passed the car on the shoulder before we could stop.

As the car was smoking,John jumped out and began throwing sand, of which there was plenty, on the fire. The poor woman with the baby in her arms sat down limply at the side of the road. Her husband,somewhat unkindly,I thought began telling her to get up,She tried but gave it up and sat still a little while longer. The fire was out and he thought,eveddently that she should be more brave. She had been driving and he asleep in the back seat. It was impressed on me strongly at that minute how long and dreary that same length of desert was in 1849 when many,many perished there. It would be a waery mile for them to get to a filling station but nothing to compare to that day.

We reached SanBarnadena before noon and as I had forgotten my suitcase in Salt Lake City, bought me some of my necessities and we went on. The scene at San Barnadena which impressed me was the long bridge and the beautiful trees and vinyards. When we neared Los Angeles we stopped and asked the best way to take to reach La Canada as that was where my sister's second daughter lived. We found her home easily, Below is her home as it looked then except that none of the beautiful flowers which made a hedge to the right , show.



The one next is of Ruth and her husband Morton Binder.

They had then,one little girlof three and a half years . She is

Frances Ruth Binder.

Her grandmother Binder colored these pictures and that helps to show how beautiful the flowers were.

Therewas no one at home when we arrived but we walked all about and enjoyed the beautiful flowers and the lasndcaping when we saw they coming I ran out and jumped over the pivet hedge and we "Locked - horns". She had been down to the Apt. which Ina had ready for us and had taken immense boquets of flowers for every room. Ruth told us just how to find Lake St. and as we drove up the street we saw Ina just going up the steps to our Apt. She looked terribly thin and was for she had worked very hard ,beside having company and also had been ill.

Mrs Murray of Winfield had given me the name and address of an old time friend of hers, who was also a charter member of the Presbyteran Church there. One day wanting something to do I discovered that she lived but a block from our home,so went to see her as Mrs Murray had asked me to do. When she heard where I was from she did not stop to see what I looked like,just grabbed me as though I were a long lost friend. Which I was, at least pretty wil lost. She told me of another woman who lived on our street who was from Winfield also. She could not give me her exact address,so I went along that block knocking at every door,but found no one at home. As I walked along up the street I heard women's boices so I thought they might be able to tell me where Mrs Heldt lived. They did and while I was looking up an address in the 'phone book the ladies went on talking. They were talking about a funeral and I soon began to recognize one of them as one who had sung a solo at a little Congregational Church on Temple St. where I had gone to Church the Sunday before. I told her I had heard her and she remembered me but said I did not look the same without a hat. One of them asked me if I was interested in Missions and I very gladly told her I certainly was that. They told me then to come up to this same house the next Tuesday and go with them to a Missionary meeting. I went and so found some wondeful friends. When I heard those voices that day I had a strange feeling of expectancy and hope. We went to the meeting but it was very hard indeed on me. I do not know why, but we walked down what seemed like innumerable steps and when down finally decided we had best walk back around a turn in the street and go down that next stereet. When we go to the house there were still steps to climb and more at the house. When I got in the house I felt so strange. I do not yet know how to explain it. O have no heart trouble but something nearly floored me. At the meeting the minister's wife was leading and she had a little article which she handed over to me to read. I did not realize she wanted me to read it to the other ladies, so had to be told again. It brought out very cleverly the feelings of a woman whose sphere of life was quite limited, felt about her treatment at the hands of those for whom she did their hard work.

They sat at the table for refreshments adn one lady asked that they begin a new way in their meetings and that was that ey every three months they have a dinner down town and celebrate the Birthdays of those whose Bithdays came within those three months and begin then. Well I did not know just what to do so sat very still and when they had all told when their Birthdays were one turned to me and I had to confess that mine was in November. I tried to back out of it as I did not want them to pay for a meal for me who would no doubt soon be gone. They insisted however and we had the most beautiful luncheon at "Clifton's" in down town Los Angeles. The one where on the mezzanene floor there is a roof and it rains every so often, so that there is always water running down the sides of the main floor room. It is a beautiful place and the singers for the day came down to our table and sang "Happy Birthday" to us. Yes and they served a Birthday cake too.

That was a very happy occasion for me. They were wondeful friends. The next day one of the Weather men entertained us in Pasadena and we afterward went out to Mt. Wilson to see the Telescopes and possible take a "Look see". but the wind was too strong so there were no Telescopes out. We did however have a wonderful view of the City and surrounding country all lit up for---as far as one could see. Charles Wolfenden,one of the Weather Men from Salt Lake who came that same year to go to school, drove us up to Pasadena.

The next day Ruth had us out to their home for my Birthday dinner and it was a delicious one. I was well dinned on this my 67th. Birthday.

We were living too far rfrom U. C. L. A. so after the Government or the College got the equipment ready out there to make Weather Maps, John decided we had best get nearer College and also in a more convenient location for Ina to get to work and home again. On Nov. 11th. we sallied forth and found a very nice Apt . at 8754, Bonner Drive, L.A. I enjoyed this place very much but did hate to leave my good friends at the little Congregational Church On Temple. Here I hunted a new Church and for years afterward have been hunting aChurch. Of course when I went back home I had one waiting for me, but when I came to Fort Worth Texas to live I first went to Methodist Ch. near where we lived but could not get reconciled to it,so went to the First Presbyterian Church in down town Fort Worth. That seemed like home to meas its sanctuary is much like my home Church,but it was too difficult for Ina with two little ones to stay all through Sunday School and Church , or to get home alone with them so we found the Rosen Hights Pres. Ch. on the Northside. I enjoyed it in some ways but felt ostracized because I was using a weymouth New Testament and a Moffatt Bible. They looked ascance at any one who did not use a Scoffield Bible. I had worn mine out and these newer translations had been given me by a friend..

Then came the Church which I helped? organize in River Oaks.

The John Knox Presbyterian Church Fort Worth Texas.

The association with the members of this Church gave we unbounded pleasure. Some of finest women I have ever met were charter members of this Church. I was elected Historian at the first women(s meeting. I had never heard of andHistorian for a Church so took up the duties with no precident ,no information except that in the Guide Boka for Historians.but thoroughly enjoyed the work.The Presbyterian Church U. S. A.; lay great stress on History and have a new building at Montreat North Carolina to house the records.

When we moved into Arlington Hights I joined the First Churchm and later went into the Polytechnic Pres. Church. Now I feel Churchless and rather alone. I have not lost my love for Church, My faith in God,who is Love, has increased steadily as the trials of loss of sight have become more numerous harder to bear, but I cannot explain my inability to attend Church,unless it be that I am so confused when I get out any place. I get about the house all right but any other place I cannot feel secure.

Before I go back to California, from which I started on Churches, I have a little ----it could not properly be called a poem, but is "on that order "

I wish I were beneath a tree,
Asleeping in the shade,
With all the bills I have to pay
PAID.

I would I were beside the sea
Or sailing in a boat,
With all the things I have to write
WROTE !

I would I were on yonder hill
Abasking in the sun
With all the things I have to do
DONE!

That is just the way I feel about the Christmas Cards and letters which I still have left to do on January 4th. 1952.

I am now back from my Church wanderings to The Beverly Hills Community Presbyterian Church, on Santa Monica Blvd. and Rodeo St. This Church I enjoyed very much especially the music which was conducted by Wright Whitlock. The Choir was very good but what I received the most pleasure from was their response following the morning prayer. It was: "Remain with us, O peace of God, remain, that we may bear our load, nor feel the strain. Strong in thy might, we triumph find. Thy calmness gives the quiet mind. Thy benedictions comfort kind. O peace of God remain !"

In the short four months I was there I found friends whom I enjoyed very much. We must not linger at this Church for there are a few scenes and experiences I must tell you about.

I had often wondered why people made such a fuss about the rains in California. I found out. I did see the Rose Parade before it began to rain. My niece Mildren lived only a few blocks from where the Parade passed, so John and I went down there and had a good view of it all. The Tournament of Roses! Who could ever forget it. Everything on the floats was of course covered with flowers. I cannot describe even a small part of the beautiful floats, but will confine myself to those which impressed me most. The most striking to me, I believe was a reproductio of Lincoln of the /Chair. His clothes were all pansies; the vest of purple pansies and the other garments of pansies also. Next was a Cameo head in an oval frame, of course all of flowers. The Salvation Army float had ~~xx~~ a large open Bible on the front of the car with a streamer which read "The Bible is our first Weapon of Defence." San Pedro sent an enormous fish made of yellow flowers. One represented a drinking and gambling place and was not attracttive but even that could not long mar the beauty and thrill of the entire Parade. One does not ~~xx~~ only enjoy a beautiful sight when seen but for years after when he closes his eyes he can live over the majesty and charm of the original; sometimes even more that at the moment.

Another unforgettable view was seen one Sunday afternoon when we drove down to SanPedro and stopped on the way to watch the waves come rolling in from the great wide ocean. These waves came in strong but as they neared the clif seemed suddenly to grow weary and with a last spurt of strength run up the side of the clif and then losing courage ~~x~~ ~~sank~~ sink wearily back to join their fellows and no doubt return to an unknown shore. Another wave would follow and in the same weary manner fall back spent and ~~weary.~~

As we drove on down the Coast the sun began to go down into the sea---- literally into the ocean, for the lower part looka lemon color as if it were half hidden in the water and the upper part orange. The rays from this sinking ~~bal~~l ball,made the water take ~~of~~ on beautiful streamers of all the tints red , orange and purple. Why did I ever try to describe a scene of such devestating beauty.

We drove up to the wharf at SanPredo and parked to watch the boats come in fromCatalina Island.. Night was coming down rather rapidly by this time and every thing grew still and dreamy. As I sat there watching, the boat from Catalina came steadily toward us and the odor of the salt water and of the fish, which is not always a pleasant odor, all blended together to soothe my spirit and bring a great calm to my soul. I shall never forget it-- the waves lapping softly and the smell of fish and salt water. It reminds me of Victor Hugo when he said:"Evening was unfolding over Jean Val Jean's head,all the caresses of the Infinite."

Guess I'm a sentimental old "gal". But I'm not a sentamnetalist. I'm too mush of a realist I suppo se..

It was at about this time that I first heard of Tom Brenneman and "Breakfast in Hollywood". Our neighbor went and urged me to go, but I never did. I did however go to theImmanuel Pres. Church to hear E Stanley Jones and a lady from England, I cannot remember her name. She was so annoyed because reporters would flash pictures often. She finally,after repeatedly asking them not to do so, sat down thoroughly disgusted. This was the largest gathering I was ever in. Around five thousand. I sat in the Choir Loft and the voices came up there in waves like a tide ebbing and flowing.

The rains in California! It seems to make little difference how much or often one hears of certain things they make little impression upon him until he experiences it. All my life I had only known of rain as coming in showers for a hour or two and the sun overcoming the clouds and fair weather again. Not so California! Here it is like an inverted bowl over the City and the rain comes down in a continual monotonour drip,drip ,drip.

On one such an occasion ,I had been asked to help serve at the Missionary meeting. Had I not been responsible for that I should not have gone.The streets were flooded with waterand it was still raining, really much more that I realized. In getting down to Santa Monica Blvd , I had to walk south almost a block to get across Robertson. When finally over to South Hollywood I took the first train I could get and it was oeex which did not xxxpxxt go farther than a Fire Station a block from the Beverly Hills Pres. Ch. Santa Monica Blvd. was a small river, full to its banks. I had to walk into and through it to a park on the other side. Through the park I was all right but Rodeo St. was full of water too.Again I had to wade.

California is a winter resort and it does not get cold. But I was cold and wet and about as miserable as I can remember ever to have been. When I went in, late of course,the meeting came to an abrupt stop. The President said: "Are you wet?" I was. It rained 45 " in La Canada that rainy season.

Another Missionary meeting I remember distinctly was one addressed by a Missionary on furlough, from Korea. This was inxx-1941 and Korea had been taken over by the Japanese and the Missionaries were leaving because they would not bow to a picture of the Emperor. She was pasionately fond of the Koreans and told us very touching stories of their loyalty and faith . I was greatly disturbed and do not yet know what to think of my reaction to it. I remembered Naaman. When he had been cleansed of his leprosy, he said as he was to return to his own country: " In this thing the Lord pardon thy servent, in this: "When my lord enters the temple of Rimmon to worship there,leaning on my arm,and I bow in the house of Rimmon when he bows in the house of rimmon---~~may the~~

-----may the Eternal pardon your servant then." Now to my way of thinking it would have been better, since these Koreans, who were in such dire need of a friend--- It appears to me that it would have been wise of the Missionaries to be the servants they really were to these people and when necessary to bow down even to the picture of an Emporor--a hated Emporor, to bow down and stay by to be the friend they needed. It would not be the heart which bowed. I think Christ set the example for he never in any manner defied the Roman Rulers. Christians conquer by submission, never by defience. Evil ruins itself.

It is a great pleasure to get some of the things which have troubled me for a long time, down on paper. I must however hasten on home for I had heard that my rooms were empty and I must still live by my own efforts. I was for going straight on home but John said :"O, no mother part of your trip was to see Mary Jane. Mary Jane Green is my wonderful friend who lived with us for four years and attended High School in Arkansas City. She lives in Petaluma, and I decided to visit her. I left 8754 Bonner Drive , a very comfortable Apt. just off Beverley Blvd. on Bonner Drive.. When I reached San Francisco My cousin Myrtle Peek Mitchell was waiting in the Station and we were soon on our way to her home on Fell Street. It is well named for it is like many another Street in that up and down City, very steep. Myrtle was far from well. Indeed I did not think she could live for long but she is still shut up under a "Desert Lamp" on this date January 4th. 1952. Frank and I played Chinese Checkers and he sometimes let me beat him. I liked San Francisco, both times I was there. The new bridges were in this time :the Golden Gate such a beautiful one., and the Bay Bridge very unique.

~~Frank took me out to the Golden~~ Gate Par

From San Francisco, I went up to Petaluma Cal to visit my very dear friend Mary Jane Green, Mr Green and their son Bobby. In the afternoon of the day I arrived a meeting of the Parent Teachers Association was sceduled to be held. Bobby was to play a piano solo and was very anxious that I should go. He is one of these rare boys who likes company and it matters little to him what age or color they are. I saw a great many things I had heard of but never had seen. Petaluma calles itself "The Egg Basket of the World", and about lives up to their slogan. They have a hatchery which accomidates 1,000,000, eggs. One man on /The School Board had a ranch of 10,000. chickens. They also have a chicken Dr. and a Drug store which attends to their needs.

One day we all took a trip up to the beginning of the Red Woods. One tree was so large that I wondered how far I could reach on it, I almost said around. I heard laughing, so looked around and they sure were laughing. "It takes thirteen people with arm extended like that to reach around." We drove on to "jenifer by the Sea". TO get there we crossed the Russian River on a bridge which had been one for a narrow-gage rail Road. It was quite narrow and rather took ones breath away and made Bobby kina sick but nothing happened. Jenifer by the Sea, is a beautiful place . Mr Green, Robert, pointed out to me some sharp rocks a few hundred yards out to sea where often men went to fish. If they were careless and the tide came in beofre they got away they had to be rescued or drown, for the water came very high at times. The country was aflower with apple blossoms. A beautiful sight. I here saw for the first tieme Hawthorn in bloom. It was delightful. I left San Francisco on May First. It was I believe, the first day open for fishing and all schools were closed so we all drove in and all enjoyed the trip. On, then to Winfield .

Yes, I am on my way home,but must tell you about a woman on the Bus who ,when we stopped at Reno Nev. ,dropped a dime in a slot machine and got a whole handful of dimes. As we were rolling along toward Salt Lake City, we had a flat tire and while the men were working at it this woman who was as venturesome as I,got out and with help from some men who put a plank across the gutter at the side of the road, we went across to get a better view of the "Salt Flats." It is very interesting to see the crust of salt on the ground,with of course nothing growing.

When we started back to the Bus,I looked at her and decided she did not look nearly so apt to get messed up as I,so told her to go first. All was well but I made the mistake of steping in her tracks and went down ignominicusly. A gentleman ran across the plank to help me up but I was laughing so I could hardly be helped. Every one was laughing at me,but it was worth it. I was not damaged at all but my shoes were covered with satl. What I wanted most to see the secone time, as I came home was Berthouldt Pass,but it was night when we came through . On the way out I had seen it for the first time. If one sees it often he may get so accustomed to its beauty that he is not impressed , but I was speechless with awe and marvel that any thing could be so beautiful. It was almost noon when we came to it on the way out to Salt Lake City, and most of the passengers just sat in the Bus but I hurried out. There was a purople haze over all the Mts. and a majesty and grandure beyond my powers to describe. High up on one side of the Mountain was a patch of snow;that was such a contrast to the green and silver of the trees about. My very soul bowed down in humbleness before such a display of God's great power.

Always tempted to visit my cousin Nellie Robb,in Denver I stopped ther for a week. She should not be such a wonder hostess and would no doubt not have so much company. This is when I first met her sister F.E. She was not at home when I first time I visited Nellie,but her wardrobe trunk was and I did nothing short of putting the lid down to set my suitcase on. Thread,needles and a thousand things it seemed to me came tumbling out on the floor. The worst of it all was that I was rushing to catch a train and had no time to help retreive them. F. E. did not seem to know any things about all this,so received me as Nellie had always done, with open arms. Needless to say I fell for her ~~two~~ too,and am still fallen. This Christmas1951 she sent me the following poem,written by a friend who lived on an adjoining ranch in Montana.

One Gift

If but one priceless gift,dear Lord,
I may retain
As years unfold: without a thought
I quickly name
And choose this one----the gift of
SIGHT!
that I amay know
The joy of friendly faces;light
The falling snow !
The color-scheme of Nature's hues where
woodbine twines:
A hillside bright with daffodills
snow shrouded pines:
An apple tree in early spring a crescent ~~moon~~
moon---
Clouds drifting in an azure sky lilacs
in bloom:

O, lovely sights,a million more I could
relate---
To watch the tongues of colored-flame
in open grate:
To see the wild geese flying south in
early fall:
Again to read a well-loved bood in sheer
delight.
Ah, yes Dear Lord,leave me ,I pray,
the gift of sight:
And when my day is nearly ~~done~~ o'er --the
distaff spun--
Let me just once again behold the rising
sun.

Hyshem Montana. Jean Brenneman

If there is one time above another when one feels the loss of his eye-sight it must be at Christmas time, for at that time there are so many things one wants to do for his friands and xe relatives and the less fortunate. At least that is what I thought when the teras would come on Christmas as I read the poem above. The loss of one's sight is,it seems to me, one of the major trials which afflicts mankind. But I still say,as I have said many,many times since youth: "It is not so much what befall one, as what he allows it to do to him."

Loss of sight does,however shut one up within himself too much;x if he allow it to do so. It limits his sphere of usefullness; makes him dependent on others, and a great responsibility. These things are very hard for an indipendent person to bear.

I find however,that there are many compensations. It has been said,and I think it ture ,that the loss of one on the senses, but increases the keenness of others. If hearing is gone,that sense is conveyed by the wind, the sence of smell and by the whole body being more alert to wafe currents of the air.

The loss of sight is one of the greatest trials which which one can have but it too has its compensations. In the first place, when physical sight is removed, the inner,eternal values stand out in bold relief. The intangible,indescribable spiritual truths which are so often hidden by the too great interest in,and mad rush after pleasure and possessions; now stand out as the most important and desireable of all the great attainments set before the human soul.. The insight is more keen. We are,in some respects at least, like MOSES "Who endured as seeing Him who is invisible." The Way grows more Light. Even we may hear "The still small voice",as Elijah heard it on Mt.Sinai.

My sustaining faith is,that God is Love. "Love never faileth.";but---teachings shall fail-----tongues shall cease;-----knowledge sahll vanish away",but Love never faileth. So then this love which suffereth long, and is kind---envieth not;---beareth all things,,believeth all things, endureth all things" , is of the utmost value and worth all the struggle,humiliation, prayer and tears,which most must endure to attain unto it.

All these things come to mean more to the sightless and otherwise handucapped,than to those who have all their faculties entact. Therefore ,I feel that not only in this matter but in many others ,loss is often but great gain under a non de plume.

The Christian Scientist is right when he puts the Spiritual above the mortal, But I cannot disregard the mortal as he does. That, it seems to me, makes him unsympathetic and apparently,at least ,hard of heart.

For years I could not find a satisfactory reason for Jesus words when he said: "If your right eye offends--- pluck it out"----. Now I have a reason which satisfies me. It is this: These eternal Spiritual things of which I have been speaking are of much more value to the human soul than the any physical possession;even the most necessary---the right hand or the right eye.

There is another wise provision of Provicence whice causes one without sight to forget what he cannot see and become interested in other things.

It is no doubt a fine thing to visit,but several things had happened which distressed me greatly and I came home with rather a heavy heart, to take up again the thankless work fo frunishing a clean place to live. Mr Redic,the husband of our Organist, congratulated me on being able to make a trip like that but I told him there were difficulties about visiting,as well as in other relations in life. About the time one gets himself whipped around to fitting into one families' life he is then trown into another entirely different environment and must learn a new set of rules to live by.

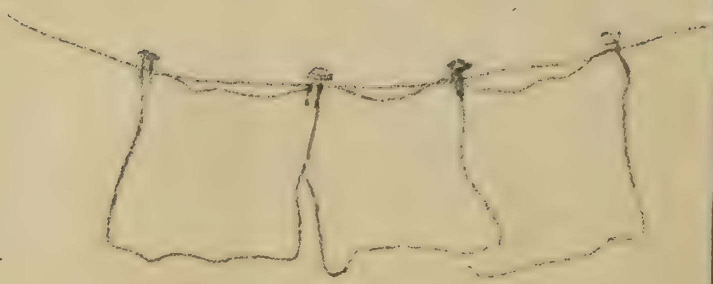
I had some good roomers and some--not so good. O,the agony of having to show the place one holds most sacred,to any passer by who wants it. Most Soldiers families, I had during the War years were all right . Some others were mostly all wrong.

One family I had had a little girl of about nine years. She loved to come down and play in my rooms. One evening she came in wanting to play so I set up a card table and she sat on the Studio, while I ate from a tray opposite, her. As she was playing she looked up and said: " Well, if I do die at nine, I have had a good life." One day she said:"I can tell fortunes." I said: "All right tell mine." She stood and looked at me a moment and then said:" You will marry a good man",then murmered something about clothes, "and play the piano a lot." I told her I hopped that would come true,but it has not yet,so suppose there is no hope left. They left rather suddenly and at the last momevt she ran in threw herself across me as I lay on my bed and said:" Well, good bye, I will never see you again," She liked to play electrocute herself. She would bring her chair as close as possible to my bed and get me to tie her feet and arms to the chair and then she would make a sound which might have been sometning like the sound should have been and after the proper time had elapsed,she would lop over inert and I must then untie her so she could lie on the boxing which housed the plumbing up stairs,until such a time as she saw fit to arouse. One day she was a "Cow-boy" and had her horses in my bedroom. She ran in saying "Will you watch my horses while I am gone?" I said: "What do you want me to feed them"? "O,she said: "Whatever you feed your mules."

I had best not dwell on these hard years, for they were hardand I less and less equal to the tasks,involved.Dr. Fall said I had the only clean steps in Winfield. I do not know about that bu but do know how they got that way.

It is now time ---almost to welcome my frist Grandchild John Gilmer Moore Jr. born Nov. 6th. 1941. Below is the news.

WEATHER REPORT



Display Small Craft Flags Daily
at Lomita Park

It is indeed a great thrill to hear of the birth of ones first Grandchild. I had lots of fun showing the announcement to my rfriends, who thought it quite clever,although not entirely original,John says.

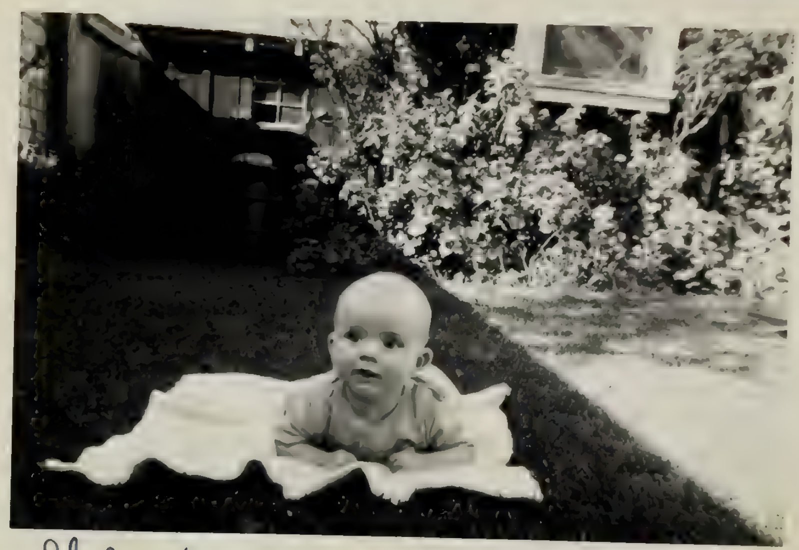
I had spent the night before I got the word with my very good friend Mrs Sawyer. She was to entertain our"Sunshine Club." that day and since the roads were not very good at the time,I had asked her to entertain in my home. We had gotten down to refreshments and had forgotten that one of our members could not eat any kind of solid foods,so I ran down to get ice cream for her, when I saw a small envelope in my mail box. I scrambled back up the twenty-eight steps yelling "It's here. It's here." All the ladies were very kind about me and my first grandchild. But Mrs Conrad did not get her ice-cream.

Below is the first picture of him that I had.

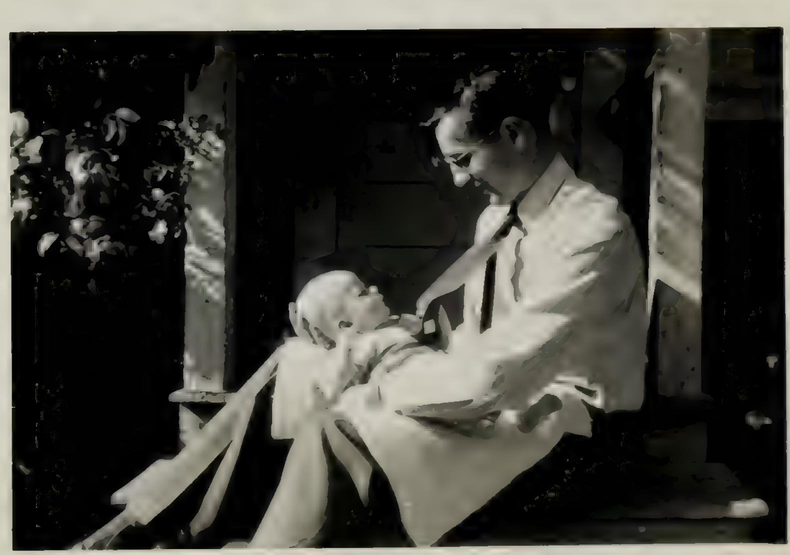
John had hoped to go to Lima Peru as Meteorologist for the Grace Air Lines and this picture was taken as required for transportation requirements. He did not however go, as he failed to pass the last test. They told him he was too thin to stand the heat

These pictures of "Gil" as they call him at

Fout months



Gil 4 mos.



4 mos.

When John took the Government examination in Meteorology , in Los Angeles, in 1941 he made the highest grade of any whoxt took the examination in The United States, that year. He may never tell you this but I can and am proud to do so.

Mrs Kate Patterson, who had a Ready to Wear Shop and whom I had known in Arkansas City years before, lived in my front Apt. the summer of 1941. I asked her to sleep with me out on the roof, but she thought she could not sleep out of doors. One evening however she said she was ready to go out and try it. We watched the stars for a time and talked a little, very soon I got no response to what I said and realized she had fallen asleep. She was delighted. Said she had not slept like that in years. We went out every night after that. All that worried her was that we had sukken showers that summer and they always came when she was at work and could not help me bring in the bedding, which we rolled up and covered with a heavy quilt. One night it began to rain, but it was so hot and Mrs Patterson did not wake up so I just lay there thinking I could stand it as long as she could. It was fun, but she woke up and we made a mad dash for cover, taking out bedding with us. Ther was an old hotel of unsavory reputation next door to me and none of us liked to go out alone. I tried earlier to get John to go out with me, but he did not like the moon shinning in his face.

Many a good night's sleep we had out there. Mrs Patterson said she slept as if drugged and woke ready for anything. Mrs Patterson's husband Walter, died in 1918 with the "flu" which was so devestating at that time. In the "Wichita Eagle" that year I found this "poem" written by a High School girl:

> Oh, how I hate to have the "flu" and if you had it uod'd hate it too/
> It makes you feel so sick and sad: ' specially if you've got it bad.
> Your head will ache, your nose will run and you won't have a bit of fun.
> and so on-----I cannot remember it all.

In the late summer of 1941 Mrs Patterson's daughter Clarabelle and her two boys Robin and Bruce, and Mrs Fletcher, Mrs Patterson's sister came to visit her, from Los Angeles. Mrs Fletcher who had been a Miliner in Arkansas City years before, I had known too, even bought hats from her. She stayed on after the others had gone and I came to know her and admire her . One mornign she had been out some where and as I went down the stairs and took hold of the door-knob, she took hold of it from the outside. She was more frightened ~~than~~ than was I, but we had a good laugh over it.

She it was who came into my room on the afternoon of Dec. 7th. 1941 and in solmn tones told me that Pearl Harbor had been bombed! Not only was I shocked, but the whole world resounded with impact.

John had wanted to join the Armed Forces, but at the time of the first draft, or I should say registration, a telegram came to those in charge in Los Angeles, where we were then asking that two other men and John not be called. They needed their Meteorologists. Later he tried to join the Navey as an Officer in the Metreology Depqrtment but was too thin. Ina began to feed him , walk him and make him drink milk and was getting a little weight on him when he took the "flu" and while he did not seem very ill, he was not much short of a s skeleton when he got up afain. That decided the matter at that time. The land for Strother Field was bought soon or at least the remainder was purchased, for I think much of the land was already bought. Strother Field was so named for a son of Dr. and Mrs J. O. Strother, who was killed early in World war two. Mrs Strother was before her marriage, Anna Root, the daughter of Mr. W. C. Root, one of the earliest Shoe merchants of Winfield. He was in Kansas , at Emporia, during the terrible grasshopped scourge in 1875. He was also one of the most admired and respected of the men who were Merchants in Winfield, and an Elder in the First Presbyterian Church these for most of his life.

The decoration of the Purple Heart was given to Donald&s wife and small son, some time after his death, out at Strother Field.

Late in Janyary, 1942 I had a hard sick spell. The family I had in one Apt., were impossible,so I had in the midst of this sickness ask them to move. Three times I had to do this. I suppose one should get accustomed to such things,but I found it very hard indeed. I put forth every effort to have a clean,respectable place for those compelled to live in that manner and found it hard to make them move. Come to think again I find that four times I was driven to this course. The last were three young girls. I could not bring myself to do it,until one of the Police men whom I knew walked down the St. to my door to tell me I had better get rid of them,they would never be any better. I did then,but it was a very hard thing to do.

The picture below is of my Grandson who is now --

6 mos.

Six months of age.

At this time I had a most unusual friend in the person of Miss Helen L Martin. She had had pad pollomyelitis some years earlier, and was now able to drive her own car,though the kindness of her brother Ralph,one of the worlda finest young men. She belong- to the Christian Church but wnted to come and hear Dr. Jackson,the Presbyterian minister,teach the Bible on Wednesday evenings. Miss Bess Bloomfield,whom I had known since before I was married and went to Winfield to live. In fact she was the first one of his friends Mr. Moore introduced me to in Winfield. Bess and Helen were coming to Church in Helen's car and since Bess too could not walk too well and Helen always on crutches, they called to know if I could come over and meet them in front of the Church and help Helen get in safely. I was overjoyed as I had longed for long to get acquainted with Helen.

What I want to say about Helen just now is that one night after Bible Study she brought me home. I had gotten out of the car when she asked me if I believed in opening the Bible and taking the first verse ones eyes lighted on as guide to ones actions. I told her it might be allright some times but that I would not recomend it myself. She laughed and said she had wanted very much to join the PPresbyterian Church,but her mother could not concent to it.She laughed a little and told me that she had tried that method;this was the first verse she saw: "For even Christ pleased not Himself." We juat laughed and laughed. She never did join the Presbyterian Church although she came for years and taught several classes,the last being The Harold Herrick Class" for a long time. Now since her mother's sight is almost gone and she is very frail, Helen has given up all her work in the Pres. Church and goes with her mother to the Christian Church.

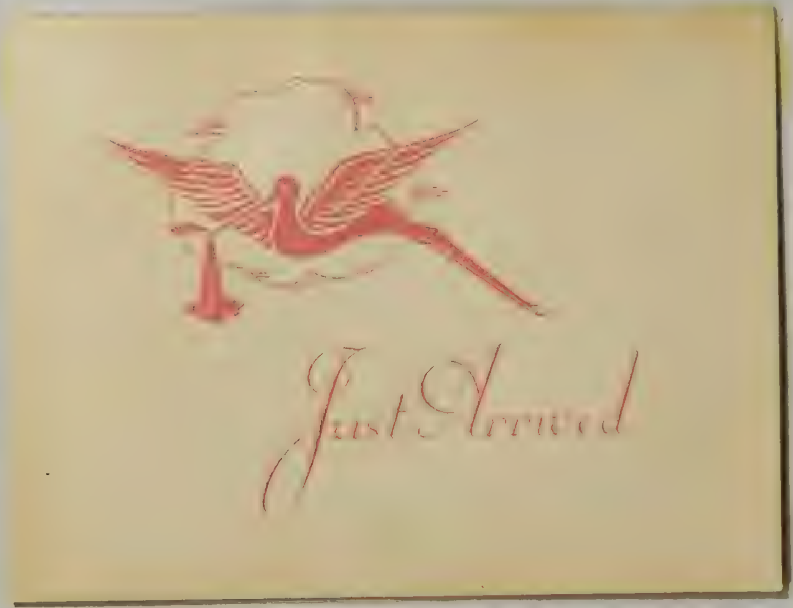
Another experience with Helen I have stamped on my memory, and that is of a day when she asked me if I would go with her down town to do her Christmas shopping. I had always thought I sympathized with unfortunate people had lost the use of legs or arms or were otherwiae handicapped, but until I went with her to her home and reasized how hard it was not to even get about in ones own room, did I have a real insite into what a hardship they undergo. When I told her I had so often wondered how she got out of bed, she cast me a side glance and said: " O, you are the curiousest person I ever saw." and grinned.

When she asked me to accompany her on her Christmas shopping adventure,it had been at the least twelve years since she had the privilege of shopping in any store. The joy she had that day in doing the things which we sometimes find formal duty,was very touching indeed,and a joy I shall never forget. I stood close to her as often as possible for others were not too careful not to bump against her I had almost said "careless" in discribing them,but remembered How I had to learn the fact that she very easily lost her balance. I had to learn how to help her up steps , how to help her remove her coat,and how to guide her over a bare floor. She was extremely grateful for help in all these ways and never neglected to express that appreciation.

It was shere joy to me just to be with her. We loved the same things in religious thought and in our reading habits. It was always a great pleasure to me when we would drive out to a shady spot overlooking Winfield, or to a spot anywhere ,where we could feel alone and sit in her car and listen to her read some passage or part of a book which she found of great interest. She liked to read about the Bible however,while I like best to read it.

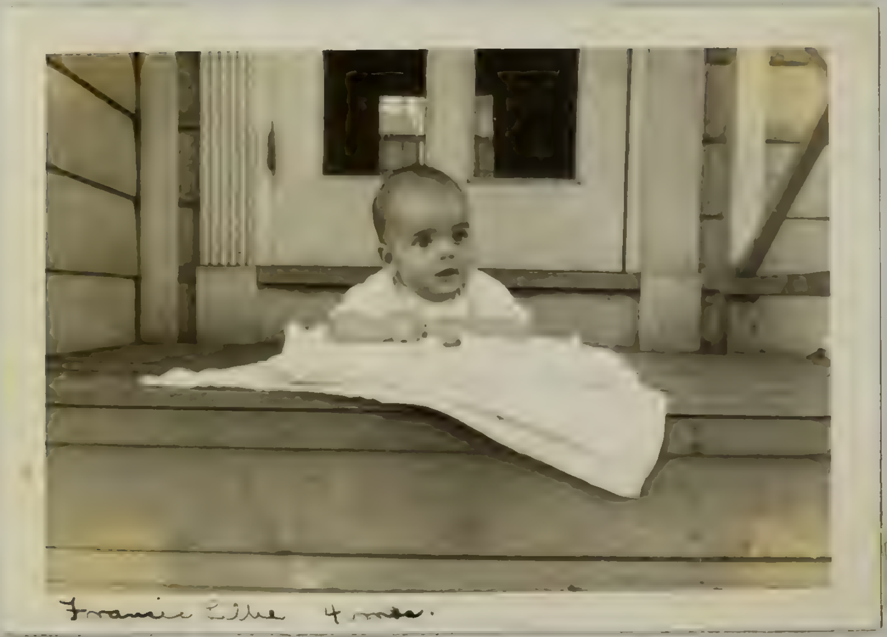
Since my eye-sight fails steadily, and I am haunted by the fear that I shall not be able to finish this that I have begun, I must hurry on to my one and only grandaughter Frances Lillian.

Below therefore is the little note I received announcing her arrival.



Just Arrived

and two pictures of her while still quite young.



Frances Lillie 4 mos.

Frances Lou 5 mos

In the summer of 1943 I still was not doing too well. Heretofore I had been down almost every winter and spent some time in bed, but this summer I wend really down in August and did not improve much as time wore on. I asked a freind who was a practal nurse, if I would die this way. She said "No I do not think so, but what worries me is that you are getting so weak that if some disease should set in like pneumonia, you could not have the resistance you need to overcome it."

Another of my wonderful friends, Mrs Sawyer, had been urging me to go to some other Dr. I thinking I had anemia, as I had been told I did, thought all Drs. did the same things for that devestating disease, and as the Dr. I had was a good Dr. I did not like to change.One morning very early Mrs Sawyer, whose husband was a pOlice-man and went to work early, came up to see me before it was even light;got down on the floor by my bed and with her arms around me, begged me to try to get some other help. I guess I am a bit stubborn, I fear she would add an adjective or two, would not promise then to do that,but after thinking it over decided it would be better to try, so called Dr. Everett Murray, our Missionary to China,who was at home because of the War in China.

I had known him since he was a very young boy and alhave admired him a great deal. He was not at home from choice but was compelled to come and arrived on the first trip of the Gripsholm, from Weihsien, China, where he had been sine 1923. He came right up to see me He has the most wonderful face I think I have ever seen,unless it be the face Of Dr. James K. Thompson, who was for years the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Fort Worth, and now retired. He has the face of a Saint, if there is such--- I'm not sure but he must have the face of one.

Since urted by the
fear that I have begun,
I must ances Lillian.

Be ved
announcing

Name Frances Lillian

Weight 7 lbs 15 oz

Mr. and Mrs. John Moore

Date Feb. 10, 1944

and two pictures of her while still quite young.

Frances Lillian 4 mos.

Frances Lillian [illegible]

Dr. Murray sat down but said little except: "Mrs Moore I want you to go to Dr. Jones,for he is the best diognastition here." He also asked if I could get down to the Snyder--Jones Clinic. I told him I thought I could so he made all the necessary arraingements, and I went down on Saturday afternoon, Sept [illegible]. Dr Jones was gassed during World War One and all his life has suffered from the effects of this. He is very thin and his face is lined with suffering and patience. It took him only from five to seven minutes to tell me what the trouble was. He said it was an ovarian ~~xefxxxix~~ deficiency I was astonished. I had been taking liver extract and shots which were equal to three pounds of liver and still could not keep my blood built up. Now I was on the way! He told me I would not get well right away and I did not but to be on the way was a thrill indeed.

Late in September, of 1943, my dear grandchildren your mother's younger sister, Artie Mae, passed away in a Hospital in Pueblo Colorado, after having suffered with osteomyelitis, since childhood. The last time I saw her was in May of 1941,when I stopped on my way home from California. She was extremely beautiful at that time,but her health failed gradually for the next two years and the disease had effected her spine , not unexpectedly to her Doctors who had watched her for years, but it was a terrible blow to her mother, as is awlays the case with those nearest a sufferer. "We thought her dying when she slept, And sleeping when she died." I was so impressed with the way she handled her money,when I was there for your father and mother's wedding. She would come home with her money,sit on her mother's bed and separate it into piles. So much was for hospital payments, so much for milk and ice, another group for her lunches and car fare and so much to put on the grocery bill.

When this sad news reached them your father and mother were in New York City, where he had been teaching in the New York University, but he had been transferred to Pendleton Oregon and were preparing to go earer to love. Mother with "Gil" left immediately for Pueblo and your father did the last of the packing and followed soon after, stopping in Winfield to visit me. He had been very ill while there that year. He was teaching Meteorology to the Cadets in ~~training~~ training at the New York University ~~in the Bronx~~ at2290 University Bronx. He was so ill that he had to go to bed as soon as his classes were over and remain there until school time the next morning. The Professor who worked with him came in after dinner and they would go over the work together.

Not long after they were established in Pendelton, on Feb, 10 to be exact, little Frances was born. The picture below is of Gil and a little playmate at about two years of age.

"My first girl"

In the fall of 1944 ,they were again transferred to Fort Worth Texas, United States Weather Bureau ,Meachem Field. Since joining the U. S. Weather Bureau in 1938, your father had been stationed at the Air Port at Bueblo Colo. In less than a year he was sent to Salt Lake City Utah and from there took a leave of absence and went to School at the University of Cal. at LosAngeles. After the School year was over he was sent to Oakland Cal. When the first draft of World war two was called ,or I should say, Registration was called, a telegram came from Washington asking that two other men and John should not be drafted.

After a few months in Oakland he was transferred to SanFranco.and it was here that our "Gil" was born Nov. 6th. 1941. I had seen him when they stopped on the way to New York City. He was then nine months old and as handsome a little child as I ever saw,unless it be his father when he was little. John was to report to Mecham Field on Oct. First,but Gil took sich and had to be taken to the Hospital,so John had to stay a few days and help take care of him. Mother and you two children stayed for two weeks and I enjoyed it all very much. I kept the baby while they went back and forth to the Hospital and she never worried me a minute. That was remarkable for I have never been accustomed to children and knew next to nothing about babies. She was eight months old then and a young boy who lived in one of my rooms came in to see her. She looked up when he bent down over her, and gave him one of her very sweetest smiles. He was overcome.

It would be a great pleasure to me to tell of many of my friends and their kindnesses to me and the value I have receivfrom their sterling worth. After I have gotten my grandchildren somewhat grown up and tell a little of my life in Texas I shall if my sight permits,to write later of my Winfield friends.

When John and Ina went to New York to live they stopped in Winfield to visit me. We had a very pleasant visit of a week. Helen Martin took us out to the farm and to Strother Field and we attended a dinner given xxx in honer of Dr. and Mrs Murray who were at home because of the war, and also to honor John and his family.

The first picture below is of "Gil" out on my back roof, and the other of Gil and me at the bottom of my steps.

I am glad for this mistake,for I like this picture of myself and Gil at the Santa Fee Station, Oct. Lst. 1943.

I walked bavk from the ˜tation quite lonely and a bit sad,I fear. The next few years were very hard for me. No one should say that who has a home,of sorts, work to do, friends -- and I had many---good friends, and a niche nitch in /Church life in which to express to some defree what was in my heart.Say what one will,this renting out ones home to others, some of~~axxxx~~ whom care little or nothing at all about a home or for its sanctity, less for their own honor or reputation.

At last,on May 30th. 1945, my brother and wife came to s see me on their way to New York and Philadelphia to visit their respective daughters and when they came up stairs and saw a vacant Qpt. said: "O, we do not want to hinder you from renting your rooms" With almost no thought I said "I don't care whether I ever rent another room." Joe said "We know how you feel. We have just sold out and feel just that way. He had often--very often urged me to sell the Building and get out from under such a load but I could never see how it could be done as property was not selling and even if it were I could not hope to get enough out of mine to buy something to live in and still have income enough to live on.

At the same time John wrote saying he had had a promotion and was hunting a place to buy and asking me to come to Fort Worth Temas where he was. I shall not go into the details of selling the Bldg. for it was very painful then and still too distressing to write. Sell I did however and John came up and helped me out. By the end of June 1945 ,it was all done and I began to pack ~~and sell~~ what I wnated to keep,and to sell in the way of furniture and possessions.

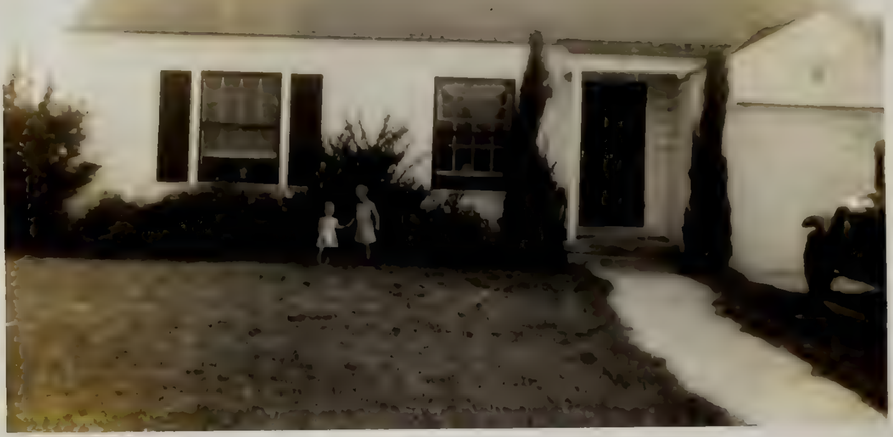
It is always a great trial to any woman, rich or poor, high or low; young or old---to give up her home.Life's joys,sorrows, disa pointments and its changes are more easily faced from the doorway of her own home : no matter how humble that home may be.Leaving my home in Winfield, the Church I had attended for thirty-four years, my many friends and more than all else an old gentleman with whom I had falen in love---- Love is a God given experience a matter for profound thankfulness. At least what I felt and still feel for this fine gentleman is such. Life would not be so full and complete without it as I find my life to be. I know one does not speak of these things often but I cannot tell the story of my life and leave such a high, holy and abiding experience unmentioned.

After walking a few steps together between Sunday School and the Morning Church service,we understood each other perfectly, and all the weight of business,providing a home for John and ggetting him to an honerable manhood, all fell away and have never been the same since that time. But O, the anguish of parting, the unbearable lonliness,the heart breaking sorrow which followed. All were mine,but I am thankful for it all.

Mrs W'C. Root asked me to spend my last evening in Winfield with her, and a kinder woman it would be hard to find.When she asked me to return our thanks Before our evening meal I was so inarticulate that it was a supreme effort to say one word. If I had known then the terrible agony it is to be homeless in another's home,of little use,even while hoping to be and feeling only tolerated because one is a mother, I should have been more desperate than I was.

So I came to Fort Worth Texas a lonely heart-broken old lady. On the next page I will put the picture of the

Home we bought at 4725 Almena Road Fort Worth.



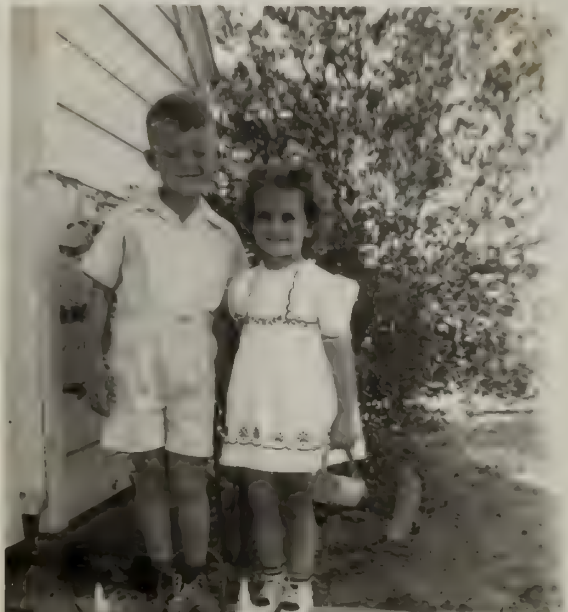
As you can readily see the children were small. Frances was only a little past a year old and "Gil" was three..

The next one is of Frances wearing a little dress her Grandmother Skrifvars made for her. The large window is the front window in my bedroom. The room had four windows, as have many Texas homes and two closets. I felt rich.

These next pictures show how fast you grew in the first few years. The little girl in the lower picture is Judy Wilson who lived at the end of the block.

Next is you two children with your Grandmother Skrifvars.

Here you are with your Easter bunnies and baskets. Note the dress little Frances has on which your Grandmother Skrifvars made from a sack. It was beautiful. 1947



The Three Playmates.

"Real Cowboys.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Below are some of the things Frances said when she could not talkz
speak distinctly.

I wrote them on Nov. 15: 1947. Three and one-half years.

" I want to woo we womthing" (show you something).

"The wichting and the wounder keep me awake." (lightening and thunder

"Do we want wome"(want some?)

"It goes wound and wound in a wirkle" (round in a circle)

"Wo tan wide wit me womtimes." (ride in her car.)

I'm not watisfied wit my weater." (not satisfied with her swearts)

"Wed and wellow" (red and yellow")

"I want to wool (fool) Gil.

"I'm going to woot wombody in the wace. "'Shoot somebody in the face)

"I need a big wack" (a big sack).

" Do woor's worst."((Your hair first.)

"It hurt my weg." (It hurst my leg.)

"Mother's wixing dinner." (fixing dinner .)

"WAncie had a wittle wamb."
Its weeece was white as now
And every where that Wancie went
The Wamb was woor to go."

" Charlie and Wosan are my best weines (friends) I love them wiht all my heart."

Watching Air planes go by over head she said: "I wink they areg going to the Army Air weild,(field) .Thyy might be going to Con wqlidated" (Consolidated Vaulte Air Corp.

"Wet " was yes.

One day at the dinner table they were talking of going swimming. With a quick look at me she szid: "Will woo go wit we when we go wimming?"

"Wing and wing adin." Sing and sing again.)

"Weady or not woo'l now be taught. " (now be caught.

All this gave a a lot of pleasure.

Winfield Daily Courier , 1892

Winfield Kansas.

MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES

It is very difficult, at least for most to choose the words best fitted to convey me feelings and reactions to my religious teachers and my parents teachings fifty-five years ago, in order to be understood by those who may read what I write. One is so influenced by their later knowledge and comprehension of the Scriptures.

Therefore I am taking the following method of trying to convey my meaning.

" I was afraid and went and hid--------"-- Matt. 25: 25.

AFRAID! !

Fear had been the downfall of many a man.

Adam was "afraid and went and hid himself." He was afraid because he was naked. He knew he was naked because he had been disobedient.

Jacob was afraid when he was compelled to meet his brother whom he had wronged. We always fear those whom we have wronged much more than we fear those who have wronged us. Jacob's struggle was a terrible, night long trial, but he triumphed which is the important matter. It has never seemed to me wise to judge or to criticise the motives of those who lived so many ages ago. It is I htink impossible for us to realize how a man even of forty years of age, was required in those days, to be submissive to his parents.

I know what it is to be afraid. When I first began seriously to consider following the teachings and leadings of the Lord Jesus Christ I was afraid.

Afraid the way would be too hard.

Afriad the goals were too high to attain unto, so far beyond human attainment; required the sacrifice of self and the last hope to attainment and honor.

afraid if I followed this way I would be required to be a Salvation Army Lass. Being a member of the Salvation Army did not worry me so much as the fear that I would be compelled to wear their uniform. I was very sensitive about my dress. I hated to be in any way peculiar in my attire, or dressed so as to attract attention. The work of the Salvation Army I have always admired very much, and have come to know in later years the reason for their uniform.

Life as I saw it was desireable and sweet, but I could hear the words: "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." And these words:" He that saveth his life shall lose it, but whosoever looses his life for my sakethe same shall find it."

I could admire the men of the Bible, like John Baptist, who said; "He must increase but I must decrease." Also I could admire friends who lived in this manner. I could see the beauty and the usefullness , but to launch on such a life for myself made me afraid and "I went and hid----

I was young then and these were mighty questions to me. Of course I was a Christian then and doing all I could to help in Church and young people's work, but my heart was not at peace . I knew without being told that there were deeper and more satisfying truths which I had not yet learned.

About this time a Minister came to our Church teaching the coming of the Holy Spirit into the heart fo man and thus furnishing not only the desire for a high and useful life but also furnishing him the power to live it. No more does he depend on his own efforts or his own talents or natural aptitudes but only and altogether on the power and gifts of the Spirit.

I was still afraid --- afraid I would not have the necessary faith.

Afraid I'd fail after making so brave a start on this high road. Afraid of the ridicule of others who did not believe such a life possible

Afraid of fear, but more afraid of failure. The struggle was terrific. I'm sure I batted my head on every obsticle and difficulty to be found. I see now that I had some of the temptations which Christ had during his forty days----the temptation to do something spectacular to prove I was a Christian. I would not do that. "Love does not behave itself unseemly." Yes I went down ---- but "its not the fact that you fall. To lie there that is disgrace." It was a real struggle, but every thing worth the earning is a life long struggle.

When I finally made the decision I thought some great revelation would come to me. Not so. The world wagged on about the same and I felt about the same for a time. Things were not the same however. I am not so sure as most seem to be that Paul's change from a bigoted Pharisee to a very humble follower of the Lord Jesus, was an outward display, as we have been led to think, but rather a quiet inward change from hatred tolove, from self to service. The change is great, but is gradual for most fo us and takes a good many years of tears and prayers to accomplish. Of course Iknow one cannot be in all things like unto Christ, but the sacrifices, the tears, the failures and the sometimes triumphs bring such joy and satisfaction that one comes to know beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Spiritual things are of inestimable value and the tears and failures and sometimes a triumph fade away in the "depth and riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God."

I tried fasting also but-----well, I could not keep that up. I was the last of my parents' children at home. I had been so ill for many years and a great anxiety to them and when I did not come to the table ---- it was just too sad. I could not stand it and also decided that that was not my idea of a Christian daughter. I went back to the table and refused to eat any thing I especially liked. That was not necessary either for I could not eat enough at best to keep me strong. Fasting I'm sure goes deeper than that . It is self-discipline but does not require abstinance from necessary food. It is, I think a discipline of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

One lesson of this time I shall never forget. It has helped so many times when I would otherwise have repeated some piece of news I had heard. [illegible] Daniels, a young woman in our church and teacher of boys in Sunday School one fall day had some of her boys at an Old Soldiers Reunion . They had a platform for dancing on the grounds and one of her boys told me that she had danced on this platform. He was shocked for we were all taught that dancing was not right and especially to dance in a public place like that was really quite a crime. I did not know what to do but made up my mind the best thing I could do was to go and see her and talk to her about it. I shall never be able to erase from my mind the feelings that assailed me as I rapped at her door. They had just gotten through cleaning house and at that time we put straw under our carpets to pad them and to, we thought keep the dust down. As I walked across the room to a chair the rustle of that new straw, which was quite thick, my heart was down beneath it all. When I told her my mission she began to laugh. Then she told me. They were standing watching and she had said to the boys that she guessed she would try it. That was all there was toit.

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During my struggle to be willing to be a very lowly follower of Christ Jesus, I felt as though in my child's eye I could see Jesus almost disappearing in the distance ahead of me, while I so longed to be near Him. It was then that I made up my mind that if it were necessary to choose between Him and my great ambition, which was to be a real musician, I would rather have Him as the center of my lifeand have only two calico dresses and teach in some country kitchen than to be able to charm thousands with music.

That was a wise choice.

I have come to know that when " when the Son shall make you free ye shall be free indeed."

"Bloved if our hearts condemn us not, then we have confidence toward God."

There is nothing upon the face of the earth of such value to man as to be able to walk free from guilt in his inmost soul; to walk meekly and unafraid in the midst of calamity abd terror. There is no need for tears , fears or doubt in finding the true way of life. It is so simple thath"he who runs may read."

All one need do is to follow the way Love leads; all malice, evil thoughts, envyings, hatred and bitterness must be overcome by Love and the way is clear ahead.

Not easy but very satisfying.

"I sought the Lord and He heard me and saved me from all my FEARS !

Loss of Sight

Loss of sight is, it seems to me, one of the major calamities which afflict mankind; But as is true of many such trials , there are compensations.

With the loss of physical sight, there comes a clearer insight into the inner, indescribable, eternal, spiritual truths which are too often hidden by the rush and din of life.

These truths now stand out in bold relief and one comes to realize that the /:"Love which beareth all things; believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all txigs things-------- the Love that never faileth"-----is of the utmost importance to the human soul and far outweighs the value of the most necessary of physical possessions---even to the right hand and the right eye.

For years the words of Jesus, when he said;"If thy right eye offend thee pluck it out-----" caused many hours of uncertainty as to his meaning, for I could find no satisfactory reason for his words.

Now all is clear and plain, so that one can almost dare to stand with Paul when he says:" What things were gain to me, these I counted loss for Christ."

Mrs Frances /E. Moore

February 19th. 1953.
Fort Worth

EASTER

The death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus is at once the most profound and at the same time the most simple of a ll the miracles to be found in this strange life.

God who is Love. Truth. Life never dies. These things of the Spirit although crushed to earth will rise again. It is the physical, the material the mortal which died. Knowledge vanishes, teachings fail and tongues sease but Love never ! It is only the material the mortal which dies and decays. He who is Love lives on.

We who follow Christ must follow him in his death , ---the death of SELF. Therefore when we are baptised into Christ are baptised into his death; so that as he rose, we also may rise to a new life in Him,clothed in his righteousness and dedicated solely to Love.
No life so dedicated is an easy one.for to give ones self requires the heorism of a martyr and the patiense of a saint and the faith of an Abraham.

But the reward is this: "To know the love of God which passes knowledge."

This death to self, and its inevitable new life ~~am~~ is,to me, symbolized by the death ane resurrection of Christ.

April 6th. 1953. Mrs Frances Emalyn Moore.

LOSS OF SIGHT

MRS. FRANCES E. MOORE
FEBRUARY 21, 1952

LOSS OF SIGHT

"Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wonderous things out of Thy law." These words are carved on the Physics building at the University of California at Los Angeles.

The loss of sight, is, it seems to me, one of the major trials which afflict mankind. But I still say as I have said many times since youth: "It is not so much what befall one as what he allows it to do to him."

Loss of sight does, however shut one up too much inside himself, if he allow it to be so,; It limits his sphere of usefullness; makes him dependent on others, and a great responsibility. These things are very hard for an independent person to bear.

I find however that there are many compensations It has been said and I think it true, that the loss of one of the senses but increases the keenness of others. If the hearing is gone that sense is conveyed by the wind, the sense of smell and by the whole body being more alert to the wave currents of the air.

The loss of sight is one of the greatest trials one can have, but it too has its compensations. In the first place when physical sight is removed, the inner Spiritual values stand Out in bold relief. The indescribable, inner Spiritual truths which are so often hidden by the too great interest in and mad rush after pleasure and possessions, now stand out as the most desirable and important of all the great attainments set before the human soul. The insight is more keen. We are at least in some respects, like Moses who:" endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Even we may hear "The still small voice" as did Elijah on Mt. Sinai.

My sustaining faith is this: "God is Love. Love never faileth."--------teachings shall fail-----tongues shall cease--knowledge shall vanish away--------but love never faileth." Therefore this love which "suffereth long and is kind-------envieth not---beareth all things,hopeth all things , endureth all things" is of the utmost importance and worth all the struggle,humiliation and tears which most must endure to attain unto it.

All these things come to mean more to the blind and the the otherwise handicapped than to those who have all their factulties intact. This leads one to almost dare to aspire to Paul's position when he said: " What things were gain to me,those I counted loss for Christ."

The Christian Scientist is right when he puts the Spiritual before the mortal,for they are the only things which are endless.

For years I could never find a satisfactory reason for Jesus' words when he said: "If your right eye offend you pluck it out------. Now I have a reason which satisfies me. It is this:these Eternal Spiritual truths,of which I have been writing, are of far mose value to the human soul than any physical possessions;even the most necessary of them--------the right eye and the right hand.

There is another wise provision of Providence which makes one without sight forget what he cannot see and turn to other matters of interest.

Mrs Frances E, Moore

February Twenty-third 1952.

724 Lynda Drive
Ft. Worth 14, Texas
October 22, 1954

Dear Mrs. Moore,

I am enclosing the copies of your most inspirational talk that you gave at the Garden Club meeting last month. Truly it is a work of art, and I was glad to make the copies for those who would like to keep the beautiful words in written form; although I am sure that those of us fortunate enough to hear you that morning will forever carry the message in our hearts.

We were so delighted to have you and Mrs. Lamb as guests of our garden club for the coffee yesterday. I am only sorry that I won't get to join you for your pilgrimage next week as I am planning on attending the District Meeting of the Garden Clubs in Sherman next Friday, but my thoughts will be with your club and I do hope you enjoy the trip. I will surely look forward to being with you for your November meeting; and all of us will be working together for the November exhibit for the Western Hills Garden Club flower show.

Do hope you are feeling fine and continue to do so.

Most sincerely,

Mrs. L. C. Ferris

LOVE.

In these few minutes I want to talk to you about "The Greatest Thing in the World.". It is neither the hudrogen bomb and atom bomb nor all the armies that have ever been marshalled on the battle fields of the world.Stronger than all the forces of evil combined.

It is the "stukk shalk voice" which spoke to Elijah in his cave on Mt.Siani. It is the voice which called Abraham from Mes Mesopotamiqa, the voice that stopped Paul when he went forth to deal death and destruction.

This magical Force in LOVE, GOD!

Love can create,recreate, can make the bad good, the good beautiful and the beautiful sublime.

Love is however a hard taskmaster. Love led Jesus to the cross. Love Moses through forty years fo wildernews wanderings and musmerings. Love Paul the great Apostle

> "Called to suffer greater hardships
> To encounter more temptation,
> Disapointments, ~~disappointments~~ pain, affliction
> Than that fell to any herald
> Of the cross of our Redeemer."

If we in our day and generation accept this Love so freely offered we too must suffer hard things. We often speak of the joys of the Christian life, and they are many; uns-surpassed by any joy or satisfaction to be found in this life, but we must not forget that the cross comes first, then the Crown. We like the joy, but we do not like the trials which bring us this peace. It is useless to look for the reward before the work is well and failhfully done. Spiritual ecstacy can never take the place of good old hard work well done.

There is no substitute for the strength of character to be gained by the patient endurance of pain and suffering much as we would like to think there is.

Please try to remember that these trials faithfully endured ard the means by which we gain the strength to meet the next one, which may be harder to bear.

Thank God for your trials for these are they which bring you r your reward.

Mrs Frances E. Moore

September 8th. 1954.

REST.

By Mrs Frances E. Moore.

Did you ever wish, sing or sigh "O, that I had wings like a Dove ,for then would I fly away and be at reat." To "fly" has been the long dream of the human mind. To "Fly away" has added charm,for then we thind we can escape the responsibilities that gall us ,the conditions under which we are compelled to live and the persons who irritate and dismay us.

Modern science has taught us to fly,but it takes more that science to teach us to "fly away". The truth is that one cannot fly away from God nor can Love escape responsibility. David learned this a long time ago, when he wrote: " Whither shall I go from they Spirit and whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I assend into heaven Thou art there, if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there. If I take the wings od the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say surely the darkness will hide me--- the day and the night are both alike to Thee. "

Is there then no escape from the hurry,the worry and the unrest of our day? No! there is none. No escape from God nor can Love escape responsibility. Of course one ~~does~~ can and does ignore responsibility but life has a way of catching up with the disobedient ---to his sorrow.

What then can be done when the burdens of life are, as we say, too"heavy to be borne"? The need for rest both physical and spiritual , is one of the great needs of our day.

"Rest is not quitting the busy career
Rest is the fitting of self to ones sphere."

Since there is no relief from responsibility,the best thing to ddo is to submit to ones environment, take up his duty and DO IT! If one can be content with his lot all other things will take their proper place.

To get this "Peace of mind and rest of Soul" which all so earnestly desire, is very simple. Listen to the beautiful voice which whispers "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden , and I will give you rest.. Yes rest is a gift and should be received as one. How do you accept this gift? Just take it. It is as simple as that. This gift is a precious posession and shuld be treasured as shuch.

The writer of Hevrews reminds us, and I quote his words. " There remaineth therefore a rest unto the people of God. Let us fear test the promise being left us of entering into this rest some of you should seem to come short of it."

The only way I know to be sure to keep this "Peace of Mind and Rest of Soul" is to think of every thing in theearth ,the sky and the sea, except YOURSELF.

Sept 14th 1950

A Christmas Story

Which Peter Marshall calls t" The Nost Beautiful Love Story Wver Lived."

Many, many years ago,there was born into this world a man whose form and features were like those of others, but within him was an incomparable Spirit which made him superior to all others.

Today I am not concerned with where he was born or with the details of his birth but only with the facts of his life.

What did he do that is worthy of note ?
What did he say that I should remember and honor him ?
What characteristics did he have that I should never neleot to express my deepest gratitude for his contribution to the world's advancement. ?

Before I go further let me state two things.
z
First. God is Love.
Second This man,of whom I have been speaking is the Perfect Interpreter of Love.

I have divided his life into three parts:
What he did.
What he taught
What he is.

What he did.

I have put the physical first because the physical is always of less importance than the Spiritual.

All the physical acts which this man pperformed, as recorded, were done to illustrare the fact that the spirit of man can be changed.

The age old conflict between good and evil, ~~between good and bad~~ between love and hate, needed to be brought out and made apparent.

This man, of whom too little is known, even now, came for the express purpose of changing the thoughts of mankind from the purely physical to the all important Spiritual.

All the miracles Jesus performed were done as spiritual lessons.

He opened the eyes of the blind and unstopped the deaf ears because the spiritual man must be able both to see and hear the wonderful messagre of God's love.

The best illustration of this, that I know is of the paraletic who was brought in before Jesus as he taught,and he looking about on those who stood by,said: "Which is easier to say, "Thy sins be forgiven or to say Rise and walk.? But that ye may know that the son on man has power on earth to forgive sins,I say to this man rise up and walk."

So you can see yourself that he siad , In order that you may know the Spiritual I do the physical.

He raised the dead for the same reason. Sothat we who are dead in trespasses and sins may rise to a new life iby His power.

What He Taught.

How to give-----Without ostentation. How to give self ungrudgingly and silently.

How ro Pray----Not on the street corner,but in your closet with the door shut pray in secret and God who sees in secret will reward you oopenly. He said also¼ When ye pray forgive. For if ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses.

How to Fast------ Wash your face, put on your "make-up" , smie . fast in secret and Love will reward you openly.

He warned against-----Too great stress on posessions.

Against undue anxiety about what to eat and what to wear.Saying "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things will be added to you."

Of course there are many other teachings, but one is of great importance.

Judge not----- that ye be not judged for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged and with what measure ye mete it shall

be measured to you again.2
We condemn ourselves when we condemn others.

What He Is.

I shall repeat scripture in answer.

Though He were a Son yet learned He obedience by ghe things which He suffered.

Though He were rich yet for our sakes He became poor that we through His poverty might be rich.

He was tempted in all points like as we are and yet without sin.

Who when He was reviled,reviled not again but committed His soul to Him who judgeth righteously. Who himself bore our sins in Hie own body one the Tree.

He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquitiesand the chastisment of our sins was upon Him and with his stripes we are healed.

Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him and given Him a name that is above every name. That at the name of Jesus wvery knee should bow and every tongue should confess that Jrsus Christ i is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

So it is with profound humility and unbounded Joy that we welcome the advent of "The Perfect Interpreter of Love.

Decemver 8th. 1955. Mrs Frances E. Moore

When Abraham lifted up his right arm,with a knife in his hand--the boice of God stopped him. He was ready to sacrifice his only son,Isaac,as was the custom of that day. Aol devotees of a god,sacrificed their most cherished possesion as an oblation,an act of devotion.

Fot the girst time in the history of the human race,one was made to see that our God,the God of Love does not require human sacrifice but does require the heart's obedience to His will. The cacrifice of Self. These little lines express my meaning.

> " You take the sunshine: I'll take the rain.
> You take the pleasure: I'll take the pain.
> You take the happiness I'll take the ~~pain~~,tears."
> And thus we'll divide The on-comming years."

God kdoes mot require the sacrifice of the body. He requires the sacrifice of Self. Which is the only way to find happiness. The Son of God himself said while on earth" In as much as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me."

This is what the Councel of Jewish Women did in 1954, when they began to take over the unselfish plan, to entertain the sightless of our City. It is purely a sadrificial service and is fully appreciated by these who must face blindness. No one except those so afflicted know s what a handicap it is.

When I first heard of this effort,I was delighted. Not alone for the sightless but for all concerned. Thomas Carlyle has said " All wars, all racial hatreds, all hate,fear and national difficulties are caused by misunderstanding. Any effort to brigge the gap between peoples of the earth is to be heralded with joy and satisfaction.

~~So it is easy to see why I, although only partially b~~

So it is easy to see why I although only partially blind quickly availed myself of this opportunity..

Mrs Seigel, Mrs Rosenthall and Mrs Shermann are the first ladies whom I met here. Mrs Seigel truth compells me to say that no association ,outside my own home,has done me so much good. I had so much bottled up in my heart,with no way to express it. You have given me an open door. You and all here have been so patient and appreciative of all they I have tried to do, that my heart overflows with gratitude to you, the Coundel of Jewish Women and to the attendants at the Light House who have been so very cooperative.

And now Mrs Seigel we welcome you back from your last trip abroad. You went to Hawaii but told us nothing of what you saw ther. You went to Palestine but told us little of the conditions you found there. Now your back from Egypt and Hallie Salassie and we beg you to tell us of him, we have heard of him for years but want a personal description of Him.

We welcome you back Mrs Seigel: we welcome you home. We love and honor you for the sacrifices you have made for our comfort and welfare.

Mrs Frances E. Moore

May 1st 1956.

Training the Spirit

We train the body. We spend incalcuable time and effort in training the body for ~~impossi~~ special,almost impossible feats of skill and endurance, Some of these skells are so highly debeloped that the human eye cannot follow their lighten-~~likexspeed~~. ing -like speed.

We train the mind to feats of memory which seem impossible to those who have never made an effort along that line. The mental calculations possible to the mind take on proportions which seem impossible to others, and reach undreamed of possibilities. The mind may govern the life for evil or for the best and highest attainments.

A man's spirit,the most important of all is often left uncultivated, it's possibilities undiscovered: it's far-reaching possibilities unregarded, its high attainments unnoyiced.

Spiritual things are hard to express but every one knows he has a Spirit by its effect on him as he reviews his day and either regrets or approves of his day's acts.

Toofew are the hours spentin the training of this great civilizer of mankind. In almost every field of endeavor one must sacrifice many other things in order to have time for a specialty. But is he train the spirit he can utilize every moment of the day and night!""For we wrest;e not against flesh and blood-~~but~~-against--------- spiritual wickedness in high places.------and that does not mean in the Government,but in ones self!

"My cry is the war-cry of the spirit.
Subdue the wilderness within you."

[illegible]

Benjaman Franklin is a fine example for one who would begin this great objective. He made a list of seven of the great virtues he wished to make his own. Each day he bent his will and effort to this one goal.

Forgiveness	Tolerance toward all men.
Patience	Ubder all circumstances and to all persons
Joy	Hoy in trial,vexation, trouble and loss is a great Christian virtue.
Truthfullness	Toward all men.Truth is thought ,intnnt and word.
Envy and malice	Both are deadky sins and often indulged in with little thought of sin or harm.
Courage	"Be strong. We are not here to dream to drift. There is hard work to do and loads to lift.
Self Clntrol	" Greater is he who that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a ciyty"

Although spiritual matters are difficult to express in words we cannot misunderstand the words spoken of Daniel: " An excell- spirit was in him." for we all recognize "an excellent spirit" when we see it illustrated.

Things held of greatest value, our highest aspirations, Our most holy longings, and our deepest desires aare often locked in the heart unexpressed. The most terrific struggles known to man are those waged in his own ~~heart~~soul.

Happy is the man who condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth"

Mrs Frances E. Moore

Oct. 29th. 1856

Sept. 11th. 1954.

It has now been several years since I have written anything in my "Life Story" and do not intend to write much now. I ma now almost 81 years of age and find these things difficult.

In the first place I want to to put in some pictures and things which will be of interest to you, my Grandchildren in the years to come.

The first is a picture of your Uncle Joe's wife Ethel Kassler- Young ,Gilmer, whome Uncle Joe married in 1936 in Winfield Kansas. They now live in Hot Springs Arkansas.

The reason the picture of Ethel has appeared in this story it this; she is quite blond and a very attractive woman, but does not take a picture which in any way resembles her. I

I felt about her as I did about your grandfathers picture-- & I would rather have none, than one which did not truely picture her as she is. This one I received only a few years ago.

A FLAG GIVEN George MOORE VY HIS FATHER
WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

This Flag was given to
John Wilmer Moore by his fanter
Geo.B. Moore, when John was a
small boy.

DESIGN FOR LIVING

Meadowbrook Cumberland Presbyterian Church
Corner Norma and Emily Drive
Fort Worth, Texas
Harold O. Bennett, Pastor

Let Your Life Be Planned By the Divine Architect.

MORNING WORSHIP

January 18, 1959

THE ORGAN PRELUDE Mrs. Helene John
THE CALL TO WORSHIP
"With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from Thy commandments."
THE INVOCATION The Choir
HYMN * No. 102
"O Worship The King"
HYMN No. 177
"I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord"
RESPONSIVE READING No. 471
"Jesus, the Door"
THE PASTORAL PRAYER *
THE LORD'S PRAYER *
THE GLORIA PATRI *
THE OFFERATORY SCRIPTURE
"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."
THE DEDICATORY PRAYER
THE OFFERATORY
THE DOXOLOGY *
ANNOUNCEMENTS
HYMN * No. 183
"Love Lifted Me"
HYMN No. 291
"Revive Us Again"
THE SERMON
"Where Is The Barrier?"
THE INVITATION HYMN * No. 287
"Why Do You Wait?"
THE BENEDICTION *
THE THREEFOLD AMEN *
THE POSTLUDE * Mrs. Raymond John

*The Congregation standing

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Church Dinner held last Wednesday night was most enjoyable and well attended. Following the dinner explanation was made of the possibility of financial plans for the new Church wing. Following the meeting pledges toward the proposed bonds were made amounting to $2,500. While the financial program has not been settled nor any definite arrangements made, it is hoped that our Church Sanctuary can be enlarged while the building progrm is in progress.

We are grateful to Mr. T. C. Littleton who has consented to lead our congregational singing in the absence of Dale Bennett. Our Choir is requested to be in their meeting room promptly at 10:45 A.M. in order that our Morning Worship services may begin on time.

St. Mark's Cumberland Presbyterian Church will hold open house this afternoon from 2:00 to 4:00 P.M. It is hoped that many of our members will attend and visit St. Mark's new Church building. All are invited.

Tonight's Bible Study Course will cover the Origin of the Church. This very interesting Class starts at 7:10. Plan to attend.

Dale Bennett reports from Camp Chaffee that he is well and liking Army life. His address is:

Private Dale A. Bennett, RA 18568132
1st Batallion, Basic Training Command
Fort Chaffe, Arkansas

WELCOME VISITORS! Come again at your every opportunity and worship with us.

* * *

A Worthy Goal For Life

Human nature is so constituted that it must have some goal for living or some cause of value to which it may dedicate itself. If such a goal or cause is removed from view for any reason, there is left a vacancy as painful to the mind as hunger is to the physical system. We see this illustrated in the case of men who retire from a life of busy activity in business, only to find that they have nothing of commanding value to occupy their attention. Another characteristic of human nature is that no success extinguishes the desire to succeed further and attain even greater perfection.

Of all the worthy goals and aims for a man's life, is there one which we can say is best of all? Christians believe there is. It is to be Christlike in heart and in life. The Apostle Paul urges us not to be satisfied with any degree of attainment until we have grown into the *"measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."* As to the purpose of our living, Jesus urges us to *"seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness."*

If Christlikeness in heart and life is our aim and goal, we may be sure that there will be "no room for emptiness" in our souls. It takes all there is of a person—body, mind, and spirit—to be a Christian. The man or woman or young person who is really striving to follow Christ will find that he is actually "too busy" to be troubled with temptation to lower levels of living.

There are victories to be won; victories which will really satisfy the longing of the human spirit. First, the mastery of self which this devotion to Christ enables us to gain. Second, the joy it is to know that the testimony of our life and conduct has won another follower to Christ!

1-1273 W.P.Co.　　Harold M. Lambert photo

Feb. 2nd. 1956.

It is a long time my dear Grandchildren, since I have tried to write any thing more to my "Story" for you. Sfter eighty- two years have passed over ones head somethings grow very difficult. Some thoughts arise whichare rather beiier, I put these away At least I hope they do not creep in between the lines. I have struggled hard to put all bitterness out of my life.

After twenty years of illness I was married In due time your father was born. If ever a child was adored and cared for, he was.

After seventeen years of the "ups and domns/" of life both your father and my mother passed away. Your Great Grandmother had lived with us for fourteen years. I was overwhelmen.Pnly my faith in an all loving God kept me able to go on. The terrible depression of 1929------- left me or I should say took almost everything I thought I had

Life since 1900 has changed so drastically and so greatly that life is very difficult for we that have known more peaceful days. In the last fifty years this country has seen more changes than in all other fifty years of its history. Therefore these days try the soul of we older ones. The adjustment is difficult to say the least.

The habits and thoughts and evaluations are so far removed from former years that we who are older felel unnecessary. When anything passes its usefulness it is only kept on sufferance. , to be kept and taken out to look at once in a while.

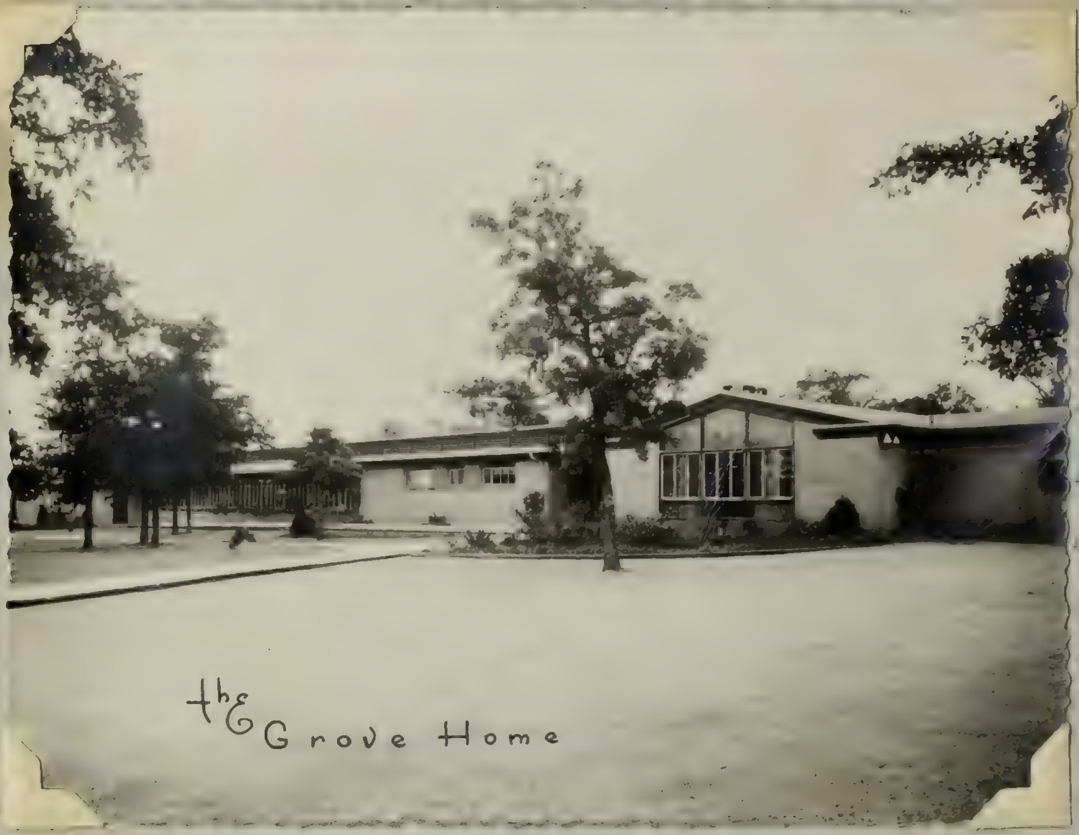
Many older people are very unhappy. I have escaped that by writing this "Story" and by learning to read Braille and playing Dominoes., to say nothing here about my firm faith in God as Love.

I wish now to record some pictures of the "Grove Home." The W. H. Grove Home for Elderly People is situated at 4740 Easr Lancaster Fort Worth Tecxas. It was a life long dream of Mr W. H. Grove to leave his property for the building and maintaining a Home for older people whose children do not have time to care for them .

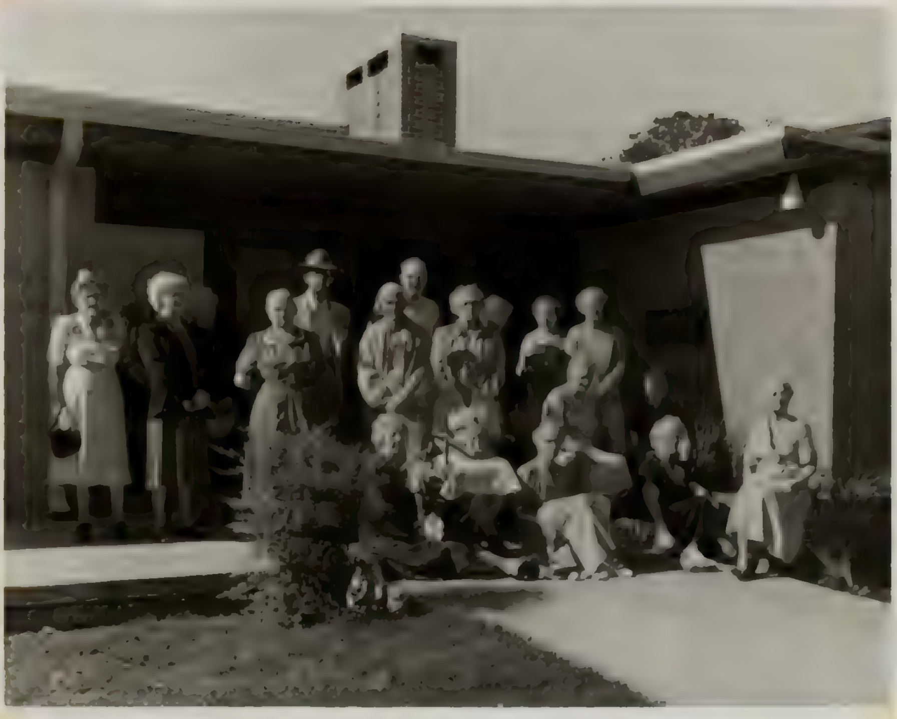
The place is very beautiful and was one of the first of its kind to be built in this part of Texas.

The W.H.Grove Home.

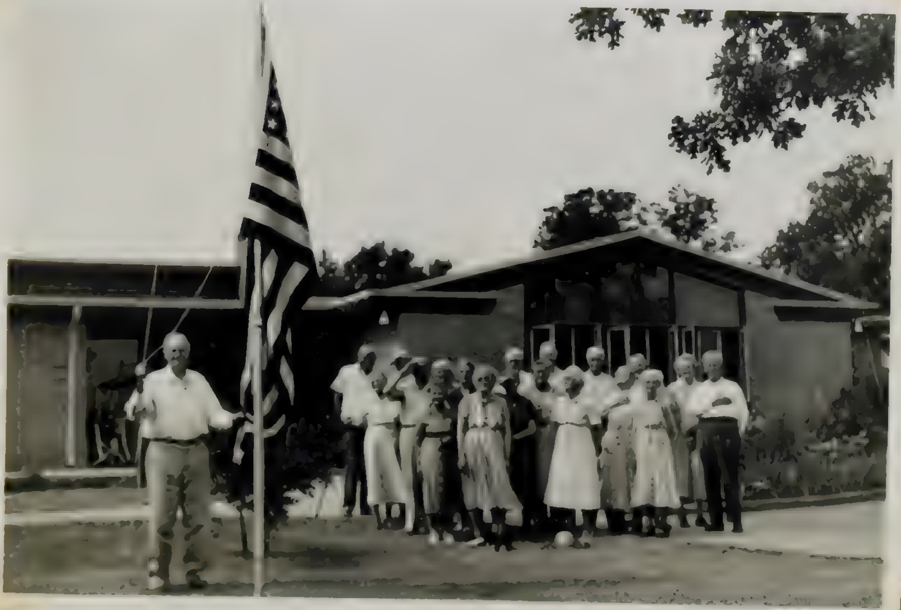
Where I have lived since July 3rd. 1953. 1953.



Easter Morning, 1954



June 14, 1954 - Flag Day

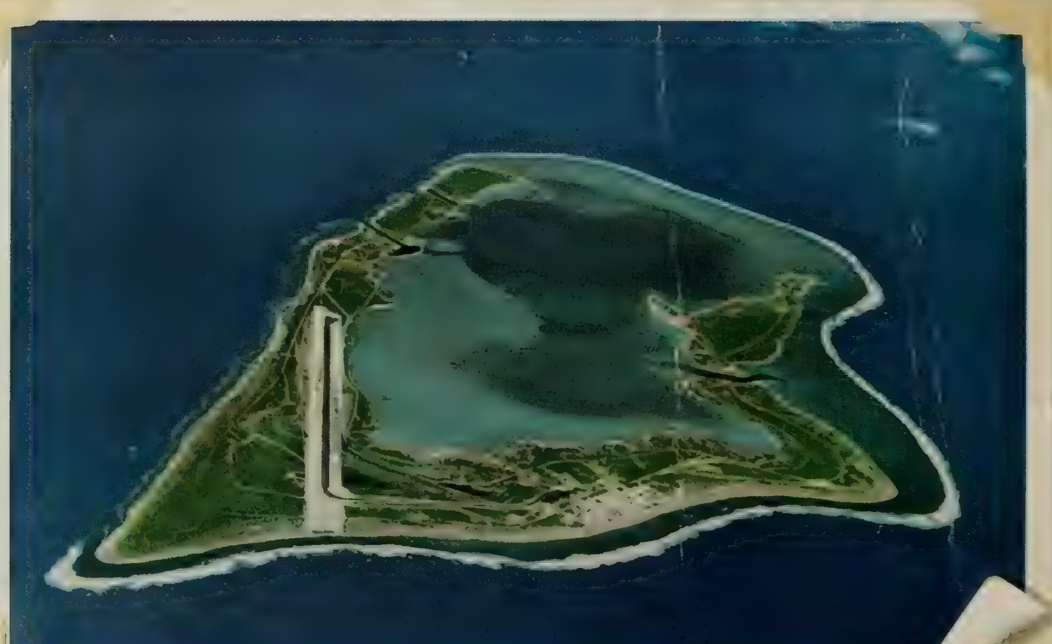


June 1953

The kittens the children left behind

On S.S. Lurline

Nov. 5, 1953



Wake Island

. All loveliest in the world
the real glory of the island:

The Wo…
…te Glamo…

e traveling through the isles of pacific, the party here had
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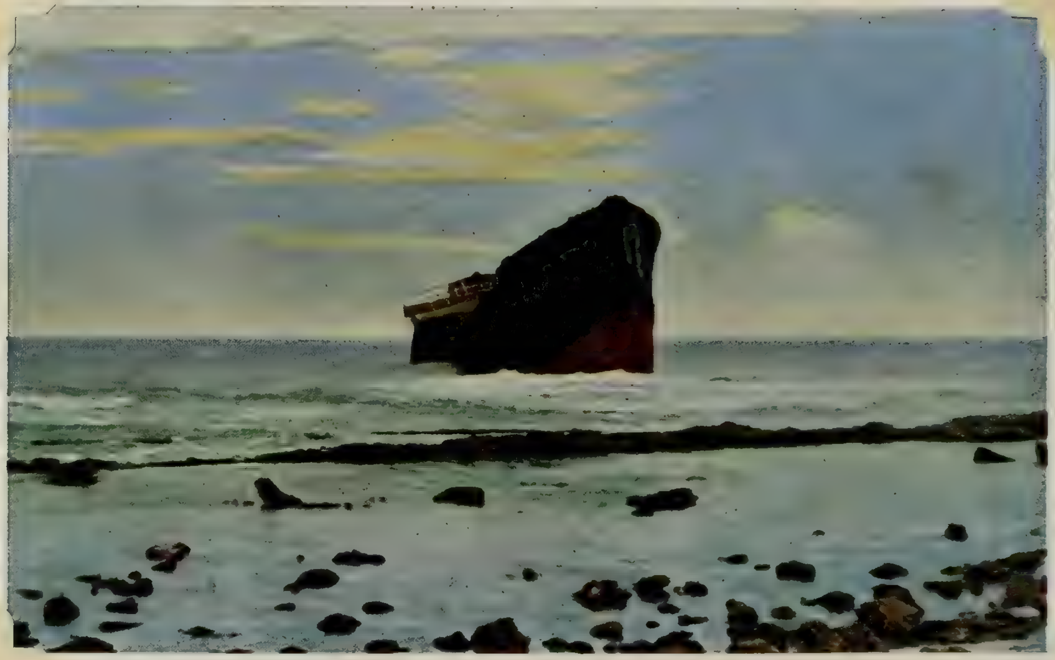
HONOLULU

TROPI
STUDI

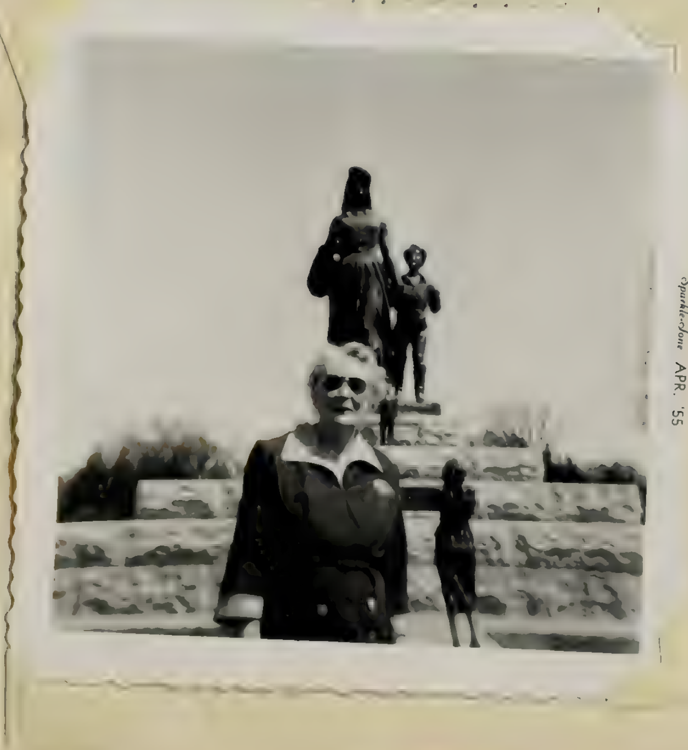
WAIKIKI BEACH known all over the world by touri
"When Hawaii calls, remember good time in Haw

Pioneers on Wake Island.

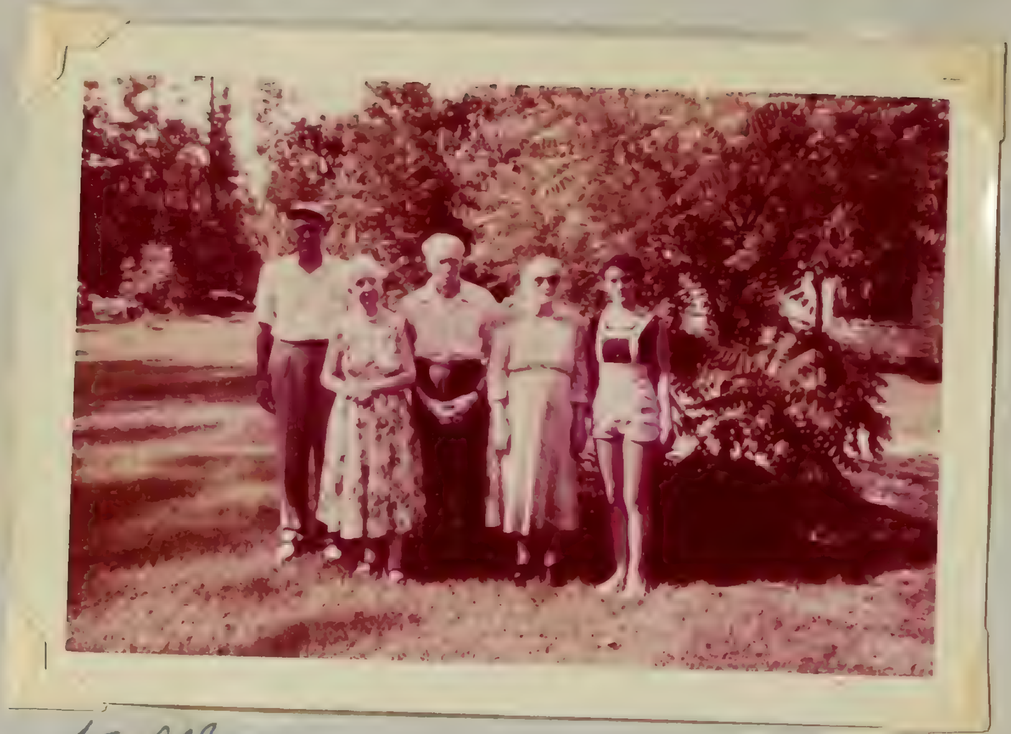
Wreck of Suva Maru



torpedoed during war while trying to bring supplies to Wake Island


Sparkle-tone APR. '55

April 8th 1955. at the Monument
of "The Pioneer woman." Ponca City Ok.



John G. Moore
Ethel H. Gilmer
Aug. 25th 1956. Joseph C. Gilmer
Frances E. Moore
Frances G. Moore.

Joseph Carlyle
Gilmer
1870 — 1957

Spring in the Heart.

Franc es E Moore.

Beautiful the fall and winter,
Beautiful the gathered harvest.
Gold and brown of leaves and bushes
Glisten in the Autumn sunlight,
Ice and snow and frozen rivers
All lend beauty to the landscape,
But there's nothing quite to equal
Mother Nature's dress in springtime.
Then the jagged and ragged corners
Then the barren ugly roadway
Turns to green and smiling beauty.
God our Father seems to teach us,
By this miracle of Springtime
That He can by His great power,
Make our desert hearts to blossom,
As He does the fields in Springtime.

1922.

The Twenty--Third Psalm.

Frances E. Moore

Love is my shepherd
I shall not want.
Love maketh me to lie down
In green pastures ;
Love leadeth me
Beside the still waters.
Love restoreth my soul.
Love leadeth me
In the paths of righteousness
For His name's sake.
Yea though I walk through
The valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil ;
For Thou art with me,
Thy rod (for correction) and
Thy staff (for support)
They comfort me.
Love prepares a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies.
Love annoints my head with oil.
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy
/Shall follow me ~~all the~~
All the days of mey life
And I shall dwell
In the house of the Lord
FOREVER.

SUFFERING.

Sufferin is a great help,of oron patiently, and it must be bron. Suffering is a great teacher, a great civilizer, a great equalizer

Pain and distress patiently endured, builds a strong moble character.

Long endurance of pain xxx steaches one that the world traveles on and he is compelled to see that he is not as important as he had thought himself to be.

With time to think he is re-evaluates his life and finds that many of the things he had given his life to accomplish seem very unimportant in the light of what he now sees life may become.

Why then do we rebell against pain and suffering? Shall we refuse them and thereby fail to gain the strong,noble, unselfish character which faith in Chriat brings?

Mrs Frances E. Moore

April 17th. 19 57.

THE GREAT TEACHER

This Christ of whom Paul writes in all his letters, I declare to be the greatest teacher the world has ever known. There have been other great religious teachers with high ideals, splendid teachings and worthy precepts, but Our Christ has perfect ideals, profound teachings and impossible precepts. But unlike all other teachers this man lived his perfect ideals, illustrated his profound teachings and kept his impossible precepts even unto death. All Praise to the Christ of God,who not only lived his perfect ideals, illustrated his profound teachings and kept his impossible precepts but has vouchsafed to his followers the great boon of which Paul writes in the first chapter of Ephesiands, and I quote, "According as he hath chosen us from before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love." unquote. Which is the only way by which any human soul can stand blameless in God's sight. Certainly not in his judgement, his wisdom nor in his keen perception of right and wrong. But only, and I quote, "in love."

It is God's supreme gift to man.

Frances E. Moore.

October 12, 1957.

Copied from the original
by Mildred M. Brooks,
Administrator of Grove Home.

Christmas

The day for the giving of gifts.

Today I want to remind you of God's supreme gift to man.
God is Love, is my first theme and related is
Christ is the perfect Interpreter of Love.
O Love that will not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee,
I give Thee back the life I owe That in Thine ocean depths its flow,
May richer fuller be.

... .

Love divine, all Love excelling, Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown. "

.. ..

Theres a widness in God 's mercy like the widness of the sea.
Theres a kindness in his justice, which is more than liberty.
For the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Etetnal Is most wonderfully kind.

If our lives were but more si mpte, we should take him at his word.
And our lives would be all sunshine in the sweetness of our Lord. "

God is Love.

Perhaps still I like to read "In the beginning Love created the heavens and the earth."---To quote from another article. " Love can create, can re-create, can make the bad, good, the good beautiful and the beautiful Sublime.".
The first law given the Hebrew people is this." Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy mind". For years I have longed to be able to trace the idea of God is "Love, through the history of the great characters of the times away to see how the idea has grown throughout the ages . Not being allowed to do this I hasten on to only touch one or two of the freat prophets . Surely Abraham realixed more of God and his dealings with his people than had Noah . coming on dwon to David ---I love to say with him, "Love is my Shepherd I shall not want, Love maketh me to lie down in green pastures, Love leadeth me beside still watersm Love restoreth my soul. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for Thou art with me Love 's rod(for correction) and Love's staff(for support) theu comfort me. Love prepares a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, Love annointeth my head with oel. My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord FOREVER,

When David says: " When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained. what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him? Thou hast made him but little lower than God, and crowned him with glory and honor------ our hearsts are struck with awe and deep humo:oty. But whenxx. Quoting from another former article, " Things of greatest value, our worthy highest aspirations, our most holy longings, our deepest desires are often locked within the heart unexpressed. The most terrific struggles known to man are those waged within his own soul." But David with his incomparable gift of expression has penned these desires and longings in language the most perfect to be found in any of the expressions of man. When he says:" Bless the Lord O my soul and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord O my soul and forget not all his benefits,. Who forgiveth all thine

iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who satisfieth thy mouth with good things so that thy life is renewed like the eagles----- we bow our heads and admit thankfulness for one who can so beautifully express our own thoughts and inner feelings. But when David writes of his sorrow and distress over sin we are overwhelmed . His words are the exact feelings of sinful hearts through all the ages since that time. Indeed when we realize that he wrote them in a day when all the world thought " The Ki "The King can do no wrong, then it is that we are indeed wverwhelmed with a repentance of this kind. To rement of a sin while all the world is praising one is almost beyond our comprehension.

There is but one more of the great characters which I shall mention. Isaiah. In the sixth chapter of his book Isaiah says "I saw the Lord---" This is the first time any one has said "I saw the Lord" , so far as I can find. To be able to see, is one of the great gifts of life. It seems to me that those who have lost the gift are able to see more clearly the more valuable gifts of God; the eternal truths of God are more clear as ones eye-sight is lessened. For years I could not understand what Jesus meant when he said ." If thy right hand offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee, and if thy right eye offend thee pluck it out-----" Now it appears plain to me. It is this : there are many eternal invisible things which are of more value to the human soul than even the possession of the most necessary of physical things. When Isaiah saw the Lord he cried out "Woe is me for I am undone, for I am a man of unclean lips and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for I have seen the Lord." He then saw one of the seriphim fly to the altar and take a live coal from off the altar and laying it on his lips said:"This hath touched thy lips and thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin pruged." Isaiaj then heard the Voice saying " Wjho will ~~fmxm~~ go for and whom shall we send and he answered:"Here am I send me."

I would pause here to try to express my gratitude and appreciation to the Hews for their faithfulness to their assigned task. The Hews are God's chosen people and to me that means that they were chosen to keep alive through all the ages the name of the one true God. This they have done throught all the dark ages, through all the indignities, the persecution ,the cruielty ---the worst that man could concieve,

by man. Yet they never wavered .They have been trye to the task. The worlds world owes them a great debt of gratitude. When they will acknowledge this debt I do not know but acknowledge it they will . they must.

We now come to God's supreme gifyt unto man. Christ. The morality of the world had fallen to a very low state, and so it became necessary for God to let his Love be known by one who co could not only tell the way of lufe by who could illustrate it as well. So he sent his Son--a part of himself. This man came and lived the life we must live, but he did it without sin. It is said of him that "He was tempted in all points like as we are and yet without sin." He met all the temptations, ~~soxxow~~ discouragements, presecutions cruelty and scorn , but never wavered and went to his death without a murmur. Among the ~~laxx~~ the last words he said were "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." This it seems to me is the trouble with two prople who disagree, with grou ps who have differences, and with nations . We do not understand. If all worshiped the one God Love all these matters would fade away. When Christ went back to the Father he sent his Holy Spirit into all the /World. All who wish this Spirit of Love may have it. It is only fair to say that if one does ask he must be ready to inihilate self There is not more true ism than this "No two things can occupy the same place at the same time". Therefore it follows without question that if there is malice, jealousy, hatred or ill-will in the heart, one may well know that the heart is not full of Love.

I shall close with Paul's prayer for the people of his day which applies as well to our day. "For this cause I bow my knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he would grant you, according to his riches in glory to be strengthened with might by his sporot in the inner man, that ye being rooted and grounded in Love may ~~be.. ,xx~~ may be able to comprehend with all saintsm what is the length, and the breadth, and the depth and the hight. and to know the love of God which passes knowdedgemthat ye might be filled with all the full-ness of God. And not unto Him who is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the throne of his glory, to the only wise God our Father be glory and honor world withou t end. Amen and Amen.

This is God's great gift to ,am!

"Come Holu ~~Sprit~~ Spirit heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening power,
Kindle a flame of sacred Love
In these cold hear$s of ours.

Mrs Frances L. Moore

December 12th.. 1957.

[illegible] we [illegible] may hear [illegible] "[illegible] from the [illegible] side of life." Or we may hear "Old age is dreary, nothing left but memories and regrets." I vigorously refute such statements. We are not on the shady side of life. [illegible] hopes and aspirations. When I stop and listen I can hear my mother's voice reading from the book of Isaiah, "[illegible] at evening time it shall be light." We all know that the light lingers longest on the hilltops. And so as we climb the long ladder of our years we still look to the hilltops where the light lingers longest.

It is beautiful to see a young man with his face set toward the goal in life, with his eyes bright with hope and with the vision of his attainments before him/ But it is more inspiring to see an old man with hoary hair, with the marks of struggle upon his face, with the light of triumph in his eyes, with the impress of sorrow, grief, and sometimes failure written deep on his countenance and yet with the light of love and high ambition stamped upon ~~his~~ [illegible] his countenance.

To begin well is good. To end well is superb!

Such was our Mr [illegible] throughout a long life well [illegible] and without a murmur met his last days [illegible] with a heart full of love for his family and for his friends, who were many at the [illegible] Home, where he spent his last days.

Mr [illegible] loved music and each morning [illegible] when he heard the sound of the piano(we sang hymns before breakfast), he came in to our great delight , greeted us with a smile and sat down to listen to our efforts at praising God in song.

He was truly a great character, and if we all should follow his example, we too would come at the end of our long ladder of years, to the hilltops, where the light lingers latest.

Frances [illegible], Moore

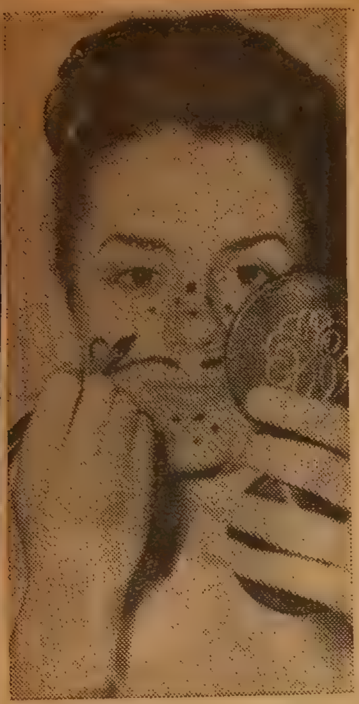
March [illegible]. [illegible]

As we grow older we may hear someone say: "They are going down the shady side of life. Or we may hear: "Old age is dreary,-- nothing left but memories and regrets". I vigerously refute such statements. We are not on the shady side of life. Life still chalanges us to high hopes and aspirations. When I stop and listen I can hear my mother's voice reading from the book of Issiah, where he says: "Atevening time it shall be light!". We all know that the light lingers on the hilltops. We who climb the long ladder of years look still to the hilltops

It is beautiful to see a young man with his face set toward his goal in life. With his eyes bright with hope and the vision of his attainments before his gaze. But it's awe inspiring to see an old man with hoary hair, with the marks of struggle on his face, the light of triumph in his eyes. With the impress of sorrow, grief and sometimes failure written deep on his countenence,and yet with the light of love and high ambition stamped upon him. To start well is good; to end well is superb. Such was our Mr. Grammer; who throughout a long life held high his head and without a murmer met his last days with deep love for his family and for his friends who were many at the Grove Home where he spent his last days. Mr. Grammer loved music, and each morning as soon as he heard the sound of the piano as we sang hymns before breakfast, he came in to our great delight and greeting us with a smile sat down and listened to our efforts at praising God in song.

He was truly a great character and if we all could follow his example we should come to the end of our long ladder of years to the hilltop where the light lingers latest.

March 10, 1958.　　　　Mrs.Frances E. Moore.



BREAKING out with spring is pretty Frances Moore, 3101 Ave. N, a top notch artist—as you can see—at William James Jr.

Moore Seed Store Partnership Dissolved

Ja 2
1954

Effective today an ownership change is effective for the Moore Seed store, 1015 Main, as Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord Mock have purchased the interest of Howard C. Sloan.

Mock and Sloan purchased the store July 5, 1949 from John Marten, who had owned and operated it for 21 years. The store was established in 1882, and since that time it has been under only four owners. It was established by a Mr. Silvers and was later purchased by Mr. Moore.

There will be no change in operation of the store and types of merchandise will remain the same, announces Mock. At present Mr. and Mrs. Mock will operate the store, but additional help will be added later.

SUFFERING

By One Who Has Suffered

Suffering is a great help if borne patiently, and it must be borne. Suffering is a great teacher, a great equalizer.

Pain and distress, borne patiently, build strong noble character. Long endurance of pain teaches one that the world travels on, and he is compelled to see that he is, after all, not as important as he had thought himself to be.

With time to think, he re-evaluates his life and finds that many of the things he had given his life to accomplish seem very unimportant in the light of what he now sees life may become.

Shall we then rebel against pain and suffering?

Shall we refuse them and thereby fail to gain the strong, noble unselfish character which faith in Christ brings us?

too.

Constance

Polly, the Parrot, Gives Views on Life to Reporter

KENNETH GEORGE of The Courier news staff, interviews Polly, 35-year-old parrot at the Moore Seed store, on her views on life in general. (McCuistion photo)

By Kenneth George

The other day when my boss told me that he had me an interview lined up with a parrot I knew darn well either the strain of hectic years spent in newspaper work had gotten the best of him, or that my place on the news staff at the Courier had dropped to an all time low. I knew I had better produce or I just might be looking for a new job, something that is hard to find in a college town.

I'd heard of this parrot, Polly by name, and I'd even seen her. She makes her home in a cage at the Moore Seed store, 1 5 Main. A little embarrassed, I walked into the store and asked Mrs. Gaylord Mock if an interview could be arranged with Polly. Mrs. Mock looked at me questioningly, and only after I told her my predicament did she consent.

Mrs. Mock led me to the cage. I didn't know how to begin. I stood there with my mouth open, a million thoughts running through my mind, when Polly said, "What's wrong, can't you talk?" Talk about a funny feeling! I felt more ill at ease than when my boss assigned the interview. I started to say something, but Polly interrupted by asking, "Can't you even sing?" I decided I'd better sit down a minute and think it over.:

Is 35 Years Old

I began to talk to Mrs Mock, asking questions about Polly, and all the time keeping one eye on the bird. You might say I was a little frightened. Mrs. Mock said that Polly was 35 years old, that they bought her five years ago from Mrs. C. V. Lill of Oxford. She went on to say that her diet consists of sunflower seeds, fruit and nuts.

She was interrupted by the song, "Old Black Joe." It was Polly. Working up courage, I again approached the cage. Polly stopped singing. I had the courage. I blurted out the question, "What do you thing of the weather?" one usually asked when meeting a stranger. Polly cocked her head and said, "Ain't gonna rain no more." I muttered, under my breath. I felt more at ease now. A woman walked into the store. Polly shouted, 'Hello, Mrs. McGregor " I asked, "Do you know Mrs. McGregor well?" "Yes, and 'Old Black Joe' too," was the yellow-headed parrot's reply. I had to sit down again.

Can Be Embarrassing

Gaylord Mock looked at me laughingly. "Don't feel bad," he said, "she embarrasses us sometimes."

It seems that Polly has a habit of saying things to the customers, things that the customers think come from someone working in the store. "It often takes a little explaining in order to get ourselves off the hook," Mr. Mock stated.

I asked him what the funniest thing is that Polly does. "Sometimes, when a group of women gather in the store and being to talk all at once, Polly has a way of mimicking them that always makes the men laugh and the conversation cease." He went on to say that Polly likes children and would rather talk to them than anyone. "Polly once was visited by Deputy Dusty of the Wichita TV show. The next day, he talked about her on his show. That's been her only publicity, other than the wide reputation she has established over these years," Mock said.

The words filled the air, "Here Rex, here boy." Polly was calling the dog. I was feeling like a dog, so I slowly approached the cage once more.

I wondered if she had many more years to live, being 35 years old but still looking quite young, as parrots go. "She will probably live to be 75 or 80 years," Mrs Mock replied. "That's the average age of a parrot."

It was getting late, I was tired, and consequently I yawned. 'What's the matter, wanna go to bed?" Polly asked. That did it. I knew I'd better leave. I muttered, a few choice words. "Not too loud. We wouldn't want Polly to learn to use that language," I was told. Thanking everyone for their time, patience, and information, I headed for the door.

"Goodbye" Polly said in a sarcastic voice.

I've had it. You might say the interview was a success if you look at it as my boss probably will. In which case he will probably say tomorrow, "Got another interview lined up for you." In which case I will do one of two things. I will either be looking for a new job or will carry out the interview, under one condition. This time I hope the animal hasn't a higher I.Q. than I

Trumans Return Home

INDEPENDENCE, Mo. (AP)—Former President and Mrs. Harry S. Truman arrived home yesterday after spending Christmas with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Daniel, in New York.

R. A. Gilmer

Robert Alfred Gilmer, was born March 1st. 1845-----so of Joseph and Mary A (Rose) Giomer,traces his acnestry back to John and Janet Gilmore who came from the north of Ireland to America. John was the father of seven sons and two daughters.-----William and Thomas by his first wifeand Robert, James and Hugh John, Joseph Peggy and Charity,by his second wife

Robert Gilmore,next in the line of de.was united in marriage to Nancy Smith who was born in Eastern Pennsylvania,as as was her mother Molly Templeton. Her father John Smith,came from Irelandbefore the Revolutionary war and cast his lot with the Colonists in that great struggle. At its close he married Molly Templeton and they moved west across the Mountains to what is now Indiana County Pennsylvania. He was hurt while felling a tree and died fourteen days later. His widow with her three little girls remained on the farm but had great fear of the Indians. At the time of St.Clair's defeat she was taken to the Fort by a nephew, Samuel Calhoun who came for her in the middle of the night,and there she lived for three years. She was married a second time-----wedding a widower named Franch and lived on her farm until death. Her eldest daughter Betsy married Alexander Black;the youngest daughter married Alexander White. The second daughter ,NancySmith became the wife of Robert Gilmore on May 1st. 1804.

Robert and Nancy Smith Gilmoreremoved to Mercer County Penn.where the former died of cancer of the face,on June 14th. 1823. They were the parents of ten children,as follows:Molly,Jane Keziah, Sally:Robert;John;Elizabeth;Joseph;Mary and Elizabeth. Mrs Gilmore moved to Lee County Iowa in Sept.1846 and died in 1851.

Joseph Gilmore was born in Mercer County Penn. and became known as an oil operator and contractor. In the early "fifties" he, with his wife and family moved to Niles Ohio, where his wife died in 1857. After her death he went to Crawford County Penn. where he was afterward married to Adelia A. Stackpole, and there resided until his deqth in 1878. He had taken part in the Civil war, having organized Company A. 18th Reg. Pen. Vol Cal., in 1862. He was made senior Major of the Regiment and served with it is Virginia where he was in command for some time at Fairfax Court House. By his first wife Mary A. R Rose whom he whose family family came from Buck Co. Pennsylvania, he had five children Robert being the only one living (1901). /Two daughters died when quite young, a son Chapman died at Niles Ohio and another son died at Mercer Co. Penn. at the age of five years.

Robert A. attended the common schools of Pennsylvania and was a student at Greenville Academy. At the age of sixteen years he acted as engineer for his father in boring wells on Oil Creek and doing other work in connection with the oil business. In 1862 he enlisted in Company G. 127 Reg. Pa. Vol. Inf. and and discharged nine months afterwards on account of disability caused by typhoid fever contracted while serving under Burnside. In July 1863 he enlisted in Company G. 56th Reg. Pa. Vol. Inf. and was mustered out six weeks afterward and spent the winter of 1863 and 1864 at school in Titusville, Pa. In the spring of 1864 he reenlisted in Company B 12th Reg. Pa Vol. Cal and served until the close of the war-- being mustered out in July 1865 at Philadelphia. During his last service he was in prison two and one half months at Richmond, Virginia. Returning home in Pennsylvania he spent his time in his father's coal Business at Pionee Pennsylvania until 1867 when he came west to Lee County, Iowa. He spent two years in teaching school in Iowa and Missouri. On April 14th 1869, Mr. Gilmer was married to Nora E. Robb, a native of Lee Co Iowa; he family having resided near that of Mr. Gilmer's in Pennsylvania. Soon after, in the same year Mr. Gilmer moved to Butler Co., Kan., where he remained for one year. In 1870 he located in Cowley County, Kan where he was among the very earliest settlers. His wife was the first white woman on the Arkansas River between Arkansas City and Derby, Sedgwich Co--the place then being called El Paso. Mr. Gilmer settled on a claim--the southeast quarter of section 9, township 34, range 3 east (in Creeswell township) but after residing there for a time he removed to Sumner Co. After a period of ten years he returned to Cowley Co. and first bought land in Bolton Township. A little later he purchased a farm northwest of Arkansas City where he resided until 1886. He then moved to Arkansas City where he has since made his home, having entered the real estate business in the spring of 1887. He first opened an office on north Summit St. but for the past nine years his business has been located on the corner of 5th Ave. and 1st. The real estate firm of R.A. Gilmer was organized in 1887 and has since been one of the most flourishing concerns in this section of the state. Mr. Gilmer has noted a great change from speculation to home investments, this promises well for the future of the country in point of wealth and standard of citizenship.

For children have resulted from the union of Mr. and Mrs. Gilmer; as follows: Joseph C., Frances E., Frank A., and Clara M. Joseph C. was born in Butler Co. Kan. Jan.8th, 1870, and is now living in Winfield, Kan.(1930) He was married on April 17, 1895 to Lettie Jerome a native of Michigan who accompanied he parents to Kansas in 1880. To them were born six children: Carlyle Jerome who died in 1903, Elnora (Johnson) who lives in Chicago, Florence; Hazel; Robert; and Josephene. Frances E. married George B. Moore on May 10, 1911. To them was born one child, a son John Gilmer Moore. Mr. Moore died on June 7, 1923.

Frances E. and Frank A. were twins. The latter died Oct. 23, 1888 at the age of fifteen years.

Clara M. a graduate of Arkansas City High School and of Southwestern College, Winfield, Kan married Paul J. White and to them was born three girls. Grace Rose, Ruth and Mildred all xx of Pasadena California.

Mr. Gilmer has been a stanch Republican since his early life and was the first Justice of the Peace of Cresswell township, Cowley County. Mr. Gilmer and a pardner John Askin located in what is now known as the Second Ward and built the first log cabin-- now known as the Bonsell house. Mr. Gilmer is a member of Post No. 158 xxx G.A.R. A member of Lodge No. 8 A.O.U.W. In religious belief the family hold membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

This is a history of the family,which my father wrote for "A History of Cowley County Kansas" which was published in 1901It was a history of Pioneer families who settled Cowley in the days beginning about 1867 and earlier.

The part dated 1930, I added when I copied from this History of Cowley County, what my father had written.

1932. I add the following.

Father died in 1912 at the age of 69. Mother lived with us in Winfield Kansas until her death on April 12th. 1928. She was buried on her wedding day. Lottie, Joe's wife died February 1935. Their younger son Robert Stephen Gilmer died in Chicago where he was a Chemist for a Bakery Co., following an operation for a ruptured appendix, in 1936,at the age of 27 years.He was to have been married in two weeks to Miss Gladys Miller ,also of Winfield Kansas. Josephene,the youngest married Ed. J. Nininger and is now living in

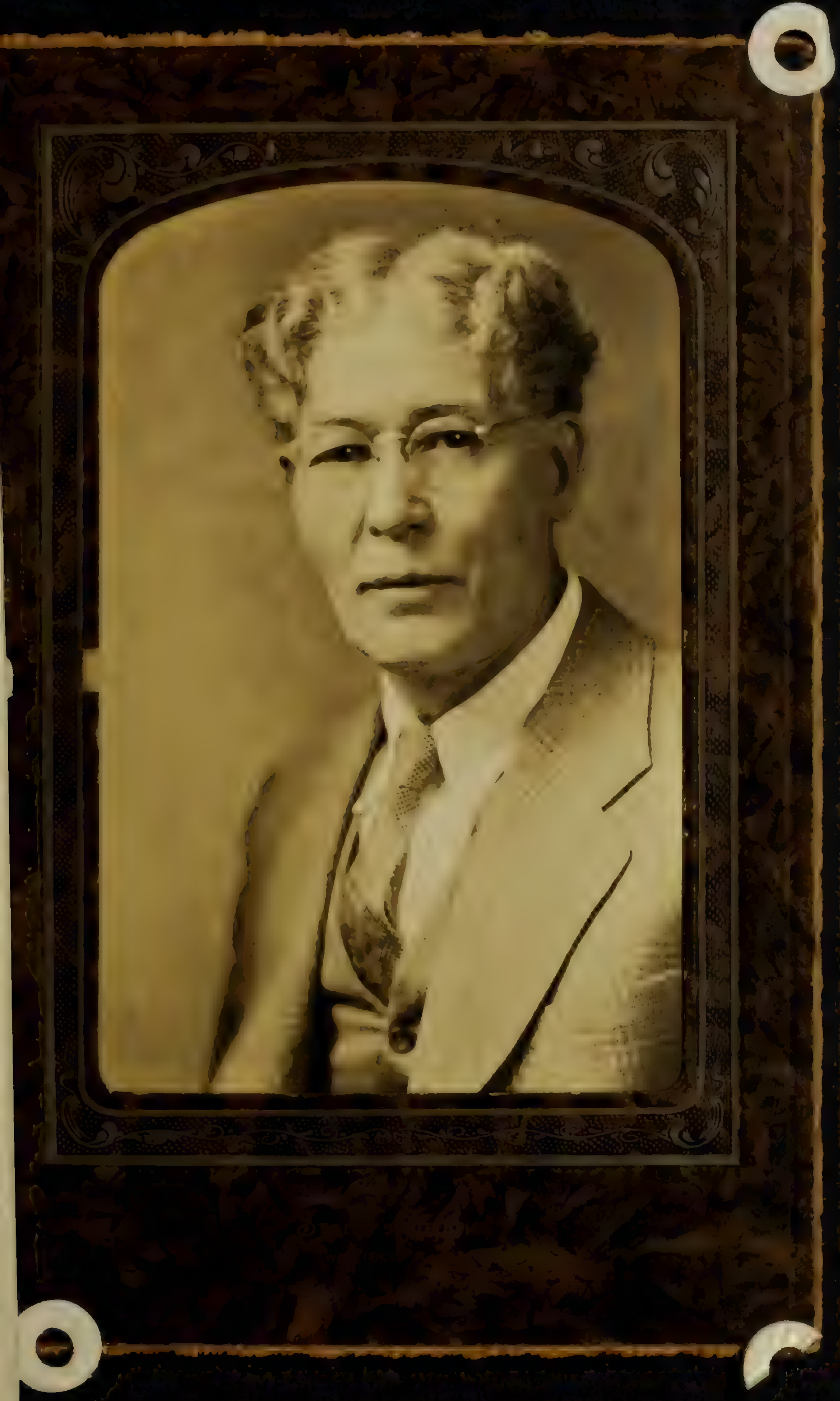
San Jose California.

Florence the second daughter was born in Blackwell Oklahoma in 1900. This fact is stamped on my memory because of the fact that my cousin Roe Rambo's first daughter was born near that time too, and another distant relative, Oscar Rambo had a daughter born at that time. They were all three red haired. Florence married Richard Davis when quite young and they had four children. Billy Jerome, Laural, Virginia and a second son Robert. She is now married to Mr Lee Patterson and lives in Santa Rosa. Cal.

Hazel Beth, born in 1903. She is now an X-ray tectnecian and is in San Jose also.

Frances L. and George B Moore had only one son, John. John graduated from High School, Southwestern College in Winfield, received a Master's degree in Physics from the Wisconsin University, in 1937, was married to Miss Ina Doris Skrifvars of Pueblo Colo. on July 5th. 1939. To them were born two children John Gilmer Jr. in Oakland California Nov. 8. -41 and Frances Lillian, born in Pendleton Oregon in 1944.

Clara Madge Gilmer, after graduating from High School In Arkansas City and Southwewtern ~~Clee~~ College in Winfield married Mr Paul J White who was also a graduate of Southwestern in 1900. To them were born three girls. Grace Rose who is now living in San Diego California; Ruth, who married Morton Binderof Pasadena Cal. To them were born two children Frances Ruth and Steven. They still live in Pasadena Cal.; and Mildred who married a Mr Mann, to them was born a son Wesley. She later married a Mr Baxter, she still lives in Pasadena also. Mr White had two sons by a former marriage who live in Pasadena also. They are Theron Reed, and Paul J. Jr. Theron's only child is a son. Both boys loved Clara as they would a mother.



She met the hords of Sorrow with a look
 That altered not beneath the frouns they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took
 Meekly, her gentle rule, and frouned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
        And calmly broke in twain
        The fiery shafts of pain.
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
 By that victorious hand despair was slain;
With love she vanquished hate,and overcame
 Evil with good, in her great Master's name.

W. C. Bryant.

CARROT BREAD

1½ cups flour
1 cup suger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teasppon vanilla
1 cup grated carrots
1 cup nuts
2 eggs
3/4 cup cooking oil
Bake in floured loaf pan
350 preheated over
1 hour

Mail Address
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Corps of Engineers Ballistic Missile Construction
Air Force Unit Post Office Office
Los Angeles 45, Calif

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Location
9610 Bellanca Ave
Building 13 Inglewood, Calif.

MACARONI SALAD

1/2	Cup White Vinegar
1/4	Cup Sugar
1	Teaspoon Salt
1	Green Pepper (diced)
1	Onion (diced)
2	Cups Elbow Macaroni (or shell Mac.)
3	Quarts Boiling Water
1	Teaspoon Salt
1½	Cups Large Curd Cottage Cheese

(over)

Combine vinegar, sugar, salt, sweet pepper & onion. Chill 1-2 hours. After macaroni is cooked, drain and blanch if required, add above mixture and mix in cottage cheese. Chill.

'Tis reported their tongues always
moved when they talked;
And they moved both their arms
and their legs when they
walked.
And their gait was so odd, did
you see them you'd burst,
For one leg or the other would
always be first.

Each face was an odd one, as
ever was seen
For if 'twas not washed, it was
seldom quite clean.
Each showed most her teeth,
when she happened to grin,
And her mouth stood across
'twixt her nose & her chin.

wonderful
When this whimsical club had a
river to cross
When she did not get over she
staid where she was;
'Twas said she ~~never~~ ne'er ventur'd to
quit the dry ~~land~~ ground
Yet so great was her luck
that she never was drowned

For 1st years I during my period for devotions centered my thoughts on death, judgment, hell, heaven and my sins; applying my mind carefully the rest of the day, & even in the midst of business, to the presence of God.

At length I came to do the same thing during my set time of prayer, which caused me great delight & consolation.

Hugh G. 2622 Oakland Ave
M. 4781 Fed.

by Frances [illegible]

Little bitte flower

little bitte flower bobbing in the Grass. little bitte red rose underneath the trees little bitte violet at the garden gate little bitte daisy out there by it's clf on the lonely fields underneath the hills and now you can see at spring has come and every one is havi fun. The End

Mrs. H. Sawyer
216 W. 7th
Winfield, Kansas

Mr. and Mrs. Al Pearson
1069 Kainui Drive
Kailua, Hawaii

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Skufran
113 E Evans
~~509 Mc~~ Clelland Pueblo

Mr. and Mrs. P T Jones
458 Diehl San Leandro ~~Calif~~ Calif

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moncrief
200 Almonte Blvd - Mill Valley Calif.

Mr. and Mrs. Wes Orndorff
19310 - 4th Ave. So. Seattle 88

Mr. and Mrs. John Selmser
1426 Jasmine St San Mateo Calif.

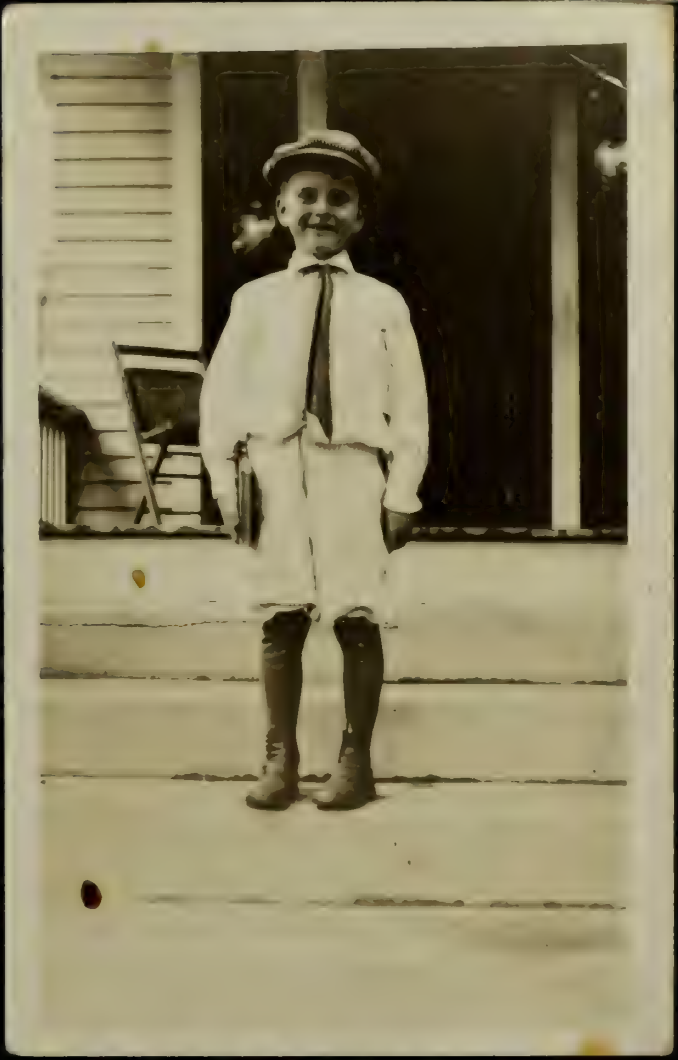
Mr. and Mrs Lou Bone and ~~Harold~~ family
1031 W 19 Lorain Ohio

Mr. and Mrs Ray Skufran
951½ Bartley Whittier

Mr. and Mrs Harold Skufran
1401 Carteret Pueblo.

Mr. and Mrs Elmo Skufran - Beulah, Colo.

Picture brought from
Germany by your Grandfather
Moore's cousin Beatrice
Butler Faggi -- in the early 1890's
as near as I can guess. Grammie.



Ready for school. - 1918
6 years.

POST CARD

AZO
PLACE
STAMP
HERE

CORRESPONDENCE

ADDRESS

John G Thomas

these pictures are some
your grandfather's cousin
Beatrice Butler Faggi
brought back from a
trip to Germany -

Sidney and a
friend in Park

Two Fournier

Bridge over the [illegible]
[illegible] with a [illegible] [illegible]

Katherine in
Garfield Park

[illegible] ab
Wilhelmus [illegible].

[illegible] of the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 88.

[illegible]

[illegible] German Soldiers who fell in [illegible]

FORT WORTH TEX.
1950

The Long L
Saul of Tarsus.

rances Moore
E. Lancaster
orth, Texas

The Song
Saul of Tar

THE SONG OF SAUL OF TARSUS

Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these stories and traditions,
With the love of our great Father,
With the sacrifice of Jesus,
With the truths of the historian
Sounding through their iteration,
I should answer,I should tell you,
From the land of Bible story,
From the land of Israel's sojourn,
From the place of Jesus fastings
And his trials and afflictions,
Where the Jews,High Priest and Rabbi
Put to death our dear Lord Jesus."
I repeat them as I8m told them
By the pen of one most noble,
Paul,Apostle to the Gentiles,
Willing slave of the Lord Jesus.

Should you ask me where the Apostle
Found those words so high and holy,
Found those stories and traditions?
I should answer,I should tell you,
In the midnight of his sorrow,
In his weariness and watching,
In his pain and anxious waiting,
In his bonds and cruel scourgings."

If still further you should ask me,
Saying:Whoo was Saul of Tarsus.
Tell us of this proud Celecian".
I should answer your inquiries,
Straightway in such words as follows:
"In thevalley of the Cyndus
In the green and silent valley
By the water-falls and mountains
Dwelt this noble Saul of Tarsus.

Round about this ancient city
Flows the swift stream of the Cynus
And beyond it stands the mountains
Stands the snowy range of Tarsus,
Green in summer ,white in winter.
Less of majesty and grandeur
Less of varied scenes of beauty,
Less to call forth great emotions,
Met the eye of Jesse's shepherd
On the hills of old Judea
As he sang his deathless poems
Then were those to Saul familiar
As he roamed these hills in childhood.
Yet the scenes of lesser grandeur
Called forth matchless songs of praises
From the lips of Israel's singer
While the pen of Saul of Tarsus
Brings no word of praise or pleasure
Of the scenes to him familiar.
Only one great passion had he,
Only lived to preach the Gospel,
Lived,alone,to be a witness
Of the faith and love of Jesus.

On the hills of old Judea,
In the days of Pontius Pilate
When they'd crucified the Savior
Seen him risen from tomb of Joseph,
Stood and watched the clouds receive him,
Scribes, High Priest and Jewish elders,
Set their stout hearts with decision
Now to stamp out without mercy,
All who teach or preach of Jesus.
Mad they were with jealous envy,
'Gainst the Son of God, the Savior.
For the priests and all the people
Scorning Christ as the Messiah
Sought another King to rule them.
Sought another King with power
To o'rethrow the yoke of Ramans
To destroy the hated kingdom.

Never stoops one man in menace
O're another in his anger
O're a sick or wounded brother,
But another man in watching
From his high self chosen 'vantage,
Sees the downward plunge and follows,
And the third pursues the second.
So do persecutions follow,
Swiftly,swiftly on each other.
But of all these mad Judeans,
But of all this learned Sanhedrin
None so cruel was and heartless,
In his threatenings and his slaughter
As this proud Judean Rabbi
As this haughty Saul of Tarsus,
In his anger and his hatred
'Gainst thelowly Gallileans
Who were friends of the Lord Jesus.

To the High Priest went this Rabbi
Asking letters to Damascus
That if any lent allegiance
To the Son of God the Savior
He might bring them bound to prison.
On this journey to Damascus,
As he neared the ancient city
Suddenly a light shone 'round him,
Suddenly a voice spake to him.
To the earth he fell in anguish
Struch with blindness and with terror.
Heard he then a voice so gentle
Sighing like the summer night winds:
"I am Jesus whom thou hatest,
Hard to kick 'gainst pricks 'tis for thee ,
Hard to kick against the goadings."
And he trembling and astonished
Answered; Lord,what shall I do, then?"
And the Lord, the Lord of Glory
Answered:"Thou'rt a chosen vessel
Chosen by me for a message,
Chosen for a mighty purpose,
Gentiles,Kings and far off peoples,
Witness shall be to thy message,
Rise,O Saul and stand thou upright.""

Then did scales fall from his eyelids,
Fall from off his eyelids straightway.
Stood he then before them seeing.
Then the Holy Ghost fell on him.
Fell upon him and transforming
All his former life within him
Made him like unto his Master ,
Made him fit to be a servant.
Made him fit to be a teacher
Of this Gospel to the nations.

Certain days with the disciples
Dwelt this Saul so lately Christian,
In the synagogues and elsewhere
Preached he Christ with strength increasing ,
Proving with out cause for doubting,
Proving this is Christ the Savior.
But the Jews provoked to anger
Sought with cruel art to kill him.
But the Christians the disciples,
Knowing how the Jews did hate him,
Knowing of their bent to kill him
Took him to an open window
In the city's wall surrounding,
Took him in the dark and night time,
Let him down within a basket,
Let him down a stranger,outcast,
Fleeing from his people hated,
All because of love for Jesus.

You shall hear how Saul of Tarsus
Fasted in the Arabian desert.
Prayed and fasted in the desert.
Not for greater art in teaching,
Not for higher seats at dinner,
Not for greetings in the market,
And renoun among the people,
But for glory of the Father ,
For advantage of the nations.
Three long years he spent in silence
And in searching of the scriptures.
Three long years in meditation
And in waiting for God's message.
All who learn God's will and workings
Must spend time in contemplation.

In the first year of his exile
Lived he o're his early childhood,
Saw his Jewish home in Tarsus,
Saw the schools of Rabbi leaders ,
Heard the voice of Rabbi teachers
Droning o'er the ancient Scriptures,
Pondered on their ways of living,
Pondered on Jehovah's leadings,
And the Rabbi's self-indulgence.
" God above,he cried desponding,
Is it thus I served Jehovah?".

In the next year of his waiting
As he podered 'ore the Scriptures.
Read again the ancient prophets,
Read the poets hidden meaning
As they told the birth of Jesus
As they told his earthly mission,
Understood he then their message,
Saw the meanings of their writings,
Of their parables and preachings.
"God above", he cried exulting,
"May I preach these truths to others."

In the third year of his exile
As he prayed with fervent longing,
Prayed and longed to see this Jesus
Lashed his soul with accusations,
Thought on all his persecutions
And his hatred of the Christians.
As his soul was pained within him ,
As his thirsty soul was fainting--
Unto him was Christ revealed.
Rose he filled with mighty power,
Rose he filled with Holy unction.
Stood alone this grand Apostle
Saved by grace and God's great power
Turned his back on human friendship,
Nor with flesh and blood conferring
Gave his life to be a servant,
Gave his wealth and all his learning
To the cause of Christ,his Master.
Holding even life as nothing,
Nothing worth could he win Jesus.
What worth title,riches,learning

Having which he have not Jesus.

Many were the heroes olden
Many were the men who suffered,
Many were the men who perished
That the word of God be preached.
But of all these men who labored
But of all these men who suffered
None could be more true and loyal
Than was Paul the last Apostle,
Great Apostle to the Gentiles.
Called by God to suffer greater hardships,
To encounter more temptations,
Disappointment,pain,affliction,
Than that fell to any herald
Of the cross of our Redeemer.

Paul and Barnabas,his brother,
Taking Mark to be their helper,
Traveled far to preach the Gospel,
Thinking not of home or friendship,
Thinking not of pain awaiting,
Thinkingnot misunderstanding
Was to hinder all their efforts.
Thinking only how their brethern
Lived in ignorance of Jesus;
Lived in unbelief and sadness,
Lived in need of such a Savior,
Gave their lives to preach the Gospel
Gave their lives to bring them Jesus.

First to Jews preached he the gospel,
First to those of his own nation,
Jews who rested in the prophets.
In their synagogues each Sabbath
Heard the Jews this wonderous story ,
For the first time heard the story
Of the lowly Galilean,
Crucified and resurrected,
That we might from sin be pardoned.
Heard they Paul their preacher saying;
"Ye,who love the ancient prophets,
Love their poetry and music,
Love their deep and mighty teachings,
Love their long familiar stories,
With their oriental settings,

With their age-old truths so holy;
Listen to these prophets olden,
For they preach of this same Jesus,
Tell the same delightful story
Of His virgin birth and being,
How He lived and prayed and suffered
Bore our griefs, our sorrows carried,
Wounded was for our transgressions,
And we turned our faces from him.
For T'was you- Just as your fathers
Put to death the ancient prophets
Put to death the righteous preacher--
It was you- Judean leaders,
Put to death the dear Lord Jesus."

Then with mighty uproar crying
Throwing dust and gnashing on ~~H~~ him,
With their teeth,they shouted crying:
"'Tis not fit he should be living."
Had not Roman soldiers caught him,
Interfered and caught him from them
They would there have torn in pieces
Him most anxious for their welfare.
Hear ye his heart broken message
To his own -the chosen people-
"Since ye prove yourselves unworthy
Lo! I turn me to the Gentiles."

Three long Missionary journeys,
Made St. Paul 'ore land and ocean
Working,preaching,fasting,praying
That he might be found as faithful
In the preaching of the Gospel. ,

In his wanderings and his preachings
Through the towns of Asia Minor
Being led by God's own Spirit
Came he to the town of Troas,
Lying on the sea Agean.
There appeared to him a vision,
There appeared to him an angel
There appeared a man before him,
Standing,pleading,there before him:
"Come to Macedonia,help us,
Come and help in Macedonia.

As unto a mother's heartstrings,
Is the weeping of her children,
So to Paul the cry of yearning
From a human heart dispairing,
Was the call to brave all danger,
Laugh at every fear and terror,
Welcome malice,scorn and hatred,
If so doing he should teach them
Who despair,to look to Jesus.

So he came to Macedonia,
Preached and taught the Gospel story.
Came ane taught and healed the people,
But the Jews did stir up trouble,
Troubled him and all the Christians.
Paul and Silas,now his helper,
Brought they up before the council
Saying,"Hear,ye faithful rulers,
All the world,these men turning
Up-side down,and teaching customs,
Which we being Romans~~x~~ know not."

Forth-with did the rulers scourge them
Scourge them with the Roman lashings,
Cast them in the inner prison,
In the dungeons inner darkness.
Paul and Silas in the prison
Feeling all the joy of conquest
Feeling all the peace of martyrs,
In the midnight of their sorrow,
Sang the praise of God in prison.
In the prison sang they praises
To their God-the prisoners heard them
And their hearts were stirred to wonder.
Suddenly they felt an earthquake,
Felt the prison's sure foundation
Shaken by the revelation
Of God's great and mighty power.
All the prison doors were opened,
All the prisoners bonds were loosened.
The the keeper of the prison
Seeing all the dors were opened,
Fearing lest the prisoners vanish
Took his sword to end his trouble.

Paul then cried with loud voice,saying:
"Do thyself no harm,we're here,sir."
Calling for a light and trembling,
Fell he down before them crying:
"Tell me what I now shall do ,sirs-
Do to find this great Salvation?"
They said: "On the Lord believing
Cast your soul and He will save you."
In the same hour of the night time
Took he Paul and also Silas
Washed their stripes,and was baptized.

Oh! the long and weary journeys
Oh! the weary wasting journeys.
All the pain,the grief,the anguish,
All the weariness and watching,
All the hunger,thirst and fastings,
Borne by Paul,he did but welcome,
Welcomed every care and trial
Which did bring the world's Redeemer
To the hearts of those who need Him.

When the last one of these journeys
Was accomplished and completed,
Then the weary,aged apostle
To Jerusalem returning,
Stopped at Ephesus and calling
Calling for the Church's trusted elders,
Said to them: "Ye know the manner
Of my life while here among you.
How I served the Lord most humbly,
How I preached to Jews and Gentiles
Faith toward God and true repentance.
Now,behold,bound in the spirit
To Jerusalem I'm going,
Knowing not what shall befall me
Save the Holy Ghost doth witness,
Saying bonds and great afflictions
In Jerusalem abide me.
None of these things e're can move me
Nor my life count I as dearer
Dearer to me than the Gospel"
Then they all knelt down and praying
Fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him.

At Jerusalem they charged him
With the teaching and observing
Laws,which Jews,should they be loyal
To the teachings of their fathers
Must not teach or ever follow.
When they cought him in the Temple,
Went they all about to kill him.
All the city in an uproar
Was,and chief of Captains, hearing
Tidings of their bent to kill him,
Came with soldiers and centurians
Took him,bound him and demanded
Who he was,and what the evil,
He had done that Jews accuse him,
Some cried one thing,some another,
And unable to discover
Truth,as all in all their shoutings
Did command that Paul be carried
By a guard to Caesarea.
There to answer his accusers
Touching all they cried against him.
King Agrippa and Bernice
With the cheif and noble captains
In the Hall of Judgment seated
Called for Paul, to hear his story,
Hear him tell,himself,the story
Of his life,his faith,his journeys.
Paul stood forth his face uplifted.
"Happy am I,King Agrippa,
That I here before you answer
For myself,the accusations
Which the Jews have brought abainst me."

There with courage never equalled
Launched he forth into his story.
Told his early life and teachings,
Told his journey to Damascus ,
How he preached the Gospel later
To the Jews and then to Gentiles.
How the Jews had sought to kill him,
But said he: "I still continue
Having help of God obtained.
Thus spake Paul,and King Agrippa
Hearing,cried with troubled accents
~~"Paul,ah!~~

Paul,ah! Paul thou must be frenzied;
Learning much hath brought thee madness."
"I'm not mad,O King Agrippa,
Would to God that not thou only
But all they who this day hear me,
Altogether were as I am,
Such as I eccept this bondage."
Then the King and chief of Captains
Reasoned each one with the other,
Saying: "He might have his freedom
Had he not appealed to Caesar".

When determined 'twas to send him
Forth to Rome for further judgement,
Paul, and many other prisoners,
Given to the care of Julius
Launched within a sailing vessel
Bound for Rome-'twas late in Autumn,
Dangerous now the seas for sailing,
Wild the waves and very boisterous.
Many days they sailed but slowly,
But at last they came to anchor
In a harbor called Fair Havens.
Paul admonished them by saying:
"I perceive sirs,that this voyage
Shall be full of grief and hardships,
Full of harm and full of damage,
Not alone to ship and lading
But to all our lives as well,sirs,
Spend the winter in Fair Havens."

Not commodious was the Haven
For them all to spend the winter,
So the greater part advised
That they loose from therse and sailing
Close by Crete, attain Phorice.
When the South wind blew but softly,
Thinking they had gained their purpose,
Loosing thence,sailed by the Island.
Not long after rose against them
Strong tempestious winds,against them,
Rose Euroclydon the strong wind.
Caught the ship was and unable
Longer to bear up against it,
Fearing lest they fall in quick-sand,

Strake they sail and so were driven,
Tossed with great exceeding tempest.

Next day all the ship they lightened
And the third day cast out tackling
Of the ship,and watching waited.
Many days nor sun nor stars shone,
Sun nor stars gave light in heaven.
Hope that they be saved was gone now.
After fasting much and praying
Paul stood in their midst and said:"Sirs,
Be of good cheer,I exhort you
For this night as Holy Angel
Stood beside me saying: "Fear not,
Fear thou not,for unto Caesar-
Unto Rome must thou be carried."
Now when fourteen nights had passed by
Up and down they being driven,
After midnight did the shipmen
Deem they neared some land or country.
Sounding found it twenty fathoms.
Fearing lest the shore be rocky,
Cast they fromthe stern four anchors,
Cast them out and wished for daylight.
While the day was comming on them,
Paul besought them saying:Brethern,
Fourteen days have ye been fasting,
Fourteen days have taken nothing.
Take some meat;not one shall perish."

When 'twas day and land was stranger
Loosed they rudder bands,weighed anchor,
Hoisted to the wind the main sail
Set the ship,and made for shore.
But they ran the ship aground,there,
So unmovable the fore-part
But the hinder part was broken
By the wild and furious tempest.
"Kill the prisoners", cried the soldiers,
The centurianquite unwilling
Paul to lose, did give commandment
That they first should swim who 'ere able
All the rest should cast them likewise
Some on boards and yet some others
On the parts and broken pieces

Of the ship,and so none perished
But escaped and made the landing.

Now the land was called Melita
And the people all were barbarous,
But they showed no little kindness,
Giving them the things most needed.
After three months on the island
They departed in a vessel,
In a ship of Alexandria,
Which had wintered in the island.
And from thence they fetched a compass
When the south wind blew but softly
And so came to Pueteoli.
When they heard of Paul some brethern
Came as far as Appii-Forum
There to meet and there to greet him.
Paul thanked God and took more courage.

When at last the journey ended,
And the prisoners were delivered
To the captain of the guardsmen,
Paul alone of all the prisoners
Was allowed his house to dwell in.
Lived he thus,chained to a soldier.
Two whole years he dwelt in Rome,thus,
Writing letters to the Churches,
Writing letters to his loved ones,
Teaching all the love of Jesus,
Teaching all with exhortation,
That they steadfast be in courage.
In the faith that they continue,
Strong in prayer and teaching,also,
That 'tis through great tribulation,
Tribulation,faith and ~~courage~~ patience
That we gain our Father's Kingdom.

Hear the sum of all his trials,
Hear the sum of all his triumphs.
More abundant in his labors
Than akl ministers beside him,
In his stripes above the measure,
In the prisons much more frequent,
In the pangs of death more often.

Three times ship-wrecked on the ocean,
Five times felt the Roman scourgings,
Three times beaten; once was stoned.
In great peril was on waters,
In great peril by the robbers,
In great peril by his brethren,
In great peril by the heathen,
By the wilderness in peril.
Oft in weariness and watching,
Oft in painfulness and hunger,
Oft in nakedness and fasting.
And beside all these things outward,
That which came upon him daily,
Anxious care for all the Churches.

At the end of his long bondage
Hear his words to his beloved,
To his own and much beloved
Son begotten in the Gospel.
"O Timotheus, I am ready,
Ready now to be an offering,
And the time of my departure
Is at hand, aye, is at hand now.
I have fought the fight of faithful,
Finished have I now my life work.
Righteousness, the Crown of Glory,
At the hand of God is waiting,
At the right hand of our Father,
And the Lord in righteous judgment
With his own hand shall bestow it.
Not to me alone this blessing
Doth the Lord of Glory offer,
But to all the faithful children
Who await His Glorious coming."

1922 Mrs Geo. D. Moore.

R. H. Bloomfield, to Retire Soon, Named Christian Citizen

ROBERT H. BLOOMFIELD, in the shoe business in Winfield for 55 years, has been named Winfield's Outstanding Christian Citizen for July. **The long-time Winfield businessman expects to close out his store and retire soon. (Whitson photo)**

As a fitting tribute to a long career as Winfield businessman, which is coming to a close soon as he plans to retire, Robert H. Bloomfield has been named Winfield's Christian Citizen of the Month. The honor was bestowed on the veteran shoe dealer by the Citizenship Commission of the Winfield Community Council of Churches.

"Mr. Bloomfield is a man who has always operated his business in a Christian manner. He has always made good his word. He would rather lose money than to take advantage of a customer." These were the sentiments expressed by one of his long-time friends and customers.

He has long been associated with the First Presbyterian church and has been active in its affairs. Throughout the years he has been active in civic groups and in actions for the benefit and betterment of the community.

Over Half Century

Bloomfield, owner of the Bloomfield Shoe store, will soon ring down the curtain on his business after serving this community for the past 55 years.

Bloomfield, who has resided in Winfield since 1893, has many pleasant recollections of the history of this city, from its founders to the present.

At the age of 19, "Bob" Bloomfield went to work for the W. C. Root shoe store, located at the present Parker Brothers location, 817 Main. That was in 1904, the year he graduated from Winfield high school and the year of the famous Twigg shooting which took place at Main and Ninth. In that graduating class were 28 students, the largest class ever to graduate up to that time. The population of Winfield was between 4,500 and 5,000.

As a clerk for W. C. Root, Bloomfield became acquainted with many of the town's leading citizens, such as E. C. Manning, founder of Winfield; Dr. W. G. Graham, one of the earliest settlers of the town; and President Myer of St. John's college. "These men, and the others of their generation, were the fathers of our city, the ones who came here and settled after the Civil War had ended. In fact, many of the men, such as Col. Manning, were veterans of the bitter conflict."

"The streets, including Main, were gravel and often were nothing more than large ruts and mud holes. Hitching posts lined the street. The sidewalks were made of stone. Groceries were sold from boxes and barrels. Canned goods weren't too common. Some of the leading businesses of that day were the Brady Brothers store, located where the Calvert building now stands, M. Hahn and Co., Eli Youngheim, S. H. Myton, M. B. Kerr, the Baden Produce Co., the Baden mill, and the Alexander mill."

Still in Business

The building now housing the Bloomfield store was known as the Bonton hotel in 1904. Also in existence at that time were Hudson jewelry, Russell jewelry, and Mogle jewelry, names prominent in Winfield business today.

"Highlight of those years were the chautauquas, which were held in the Island Park. Some of the great orators of the day came to participate in these events."

Also in existence were a number of "joints," the bootleggers goldmine in the then dry state of Kansas, recalls Bloomfield. One of the leading political issues of the day was whether or not the people wanted a mayor who openly supported the sale of liquor or who denounced the issue. The "wets" and "drys" were often found engaged in bitter arguments.

Partner in 1916

In 1916, Mr. Bloomfield became a partner in the shoe store. Transportation at that time consisted mostly of trains and horse drawn carriages. The Frisco, Santa Fe, and Missouri Pacific all had depots in town. Highways and automobiles were still in their infancy and most of the out-of-town trade came by way of train. There were mule-power street cars and the livery stable business flourished, with 6 of them in competition. There was a volunteer fire department and a town marshal to enforce the law. Businessmen hired a night watchman to look after their stores and this was done until the city finally put on a night policeman.

There were 3 hotels, the St. James, Brettun and Arlington. Each had dining rooms in them and they were where most of the townspeople dined out.

"One of the most colorful figures of the day was H. T. Trice, the owner of a real estate firm. Mr. Trice brought many families from Illinois and Indiana to this county and sold them property."

Also existing in these "early days" were the high school, consisting of one building and located on the lot where the vocational agriculture building now stands, 4 ward schools, a hospital located on West Tenth, St. John's college and Southwestern college. The only building at St. John's was Baden hall, now the boys dorm and the original building at Southwestern was North hall. The College of Music, located over one of the business firms, was the beginning of the fine arts and music department at Southwestern. The Methodist church was on its present site and Presbyterian church stood where the post office is now located.

Responded to Call

"When World War I came along, Winfield answered the call by sending to battle Company H, led by Col. John H. O'Connor. This group, through its remarkable showing and splendid reputation, brought Winfield much fame during these trying times," recalls Bloomfield.

This generation, the early settlers and founders of Winfield, faded out of existence in the 1920's and '30's. Taking their place were the businessmen of today.

Bloomfield doesn't believe that times have changed drastically. "It has just been a slow process that has kept pace with the times, transportation being the main factor in this evolution. A person really doesn't notice the change, with nothing drastic taking place. But about the only thing that has really remained the same over these years is a watch, and even it has become somewhat smaller and more streamlined in appearance."

Bloomfield, who was a member of the Rotary club when it was chartered in 1932, stated that "The town has grown in ratio with the growth of the colleges. These institutions brought to Winfield many people, a large number having located here permanently. College Hill consists mostly of people who came to this town from Western Kansas to educate their children. There is no other industry that has benefitted our city more, and nothing more could be asked."

Some of the hardest times were in the years 1930 to '41. Business hit an all-time low in this period. "Winfield is just like any other town, it has kept pace with changes in the world. It has had opportunities it has missed, but has cashed in on many of these too."

Neighbors and friends looked after the poor and aged, recalls Bloomfield. "We were more of an individualistic group. There was scarcely any such thing as welfare assistance. Today, the people are willing to give their money to organizations to look after such affairs. Whether this is for the better or not is not for me to say."

Born in Colorado

Bloomfield was born in Beuna Vista, Colo., in 1885 and, after the death of his father, came to Winfield in 1893. He then made his home on a farm east of Wheat road.

He married Pearl M. Savage on June 15, 1910. After her death in 1915, Bloomfield and his small daughter made their home with his mother and sisters.

In 1942, he married Mrs. Helene Hollowell. Mr. Bloomfield's daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Goldsmith and daughters Judith, Ann, and Mary Kay, live in Phillips, Texas. His stepson and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hollowell and Virginia Lee, live in Jacksonville, Illinois

In Civic Life

Bloomfield has taken part in many worthwhile church and civic activities and has been one of Winfield's leading businessmen. He was a delegate to the Rotary international convention held in Salt Lake City in 1932. He was also a charter member of the Chamber of Commerce.

Interested in the national and state Shoe Retailers Assn., Bloomfield has been president and treasurer of the state organization. He attended several national conventions during his earlier days.

Bloomfield believes that "the men in the shoe business in years past were a hearty lot." He backs up this statement with examples. "Ernest Goforth was a clerk for A. F. Dauber before 1904, worked for J. B. Lynn, worked 25 years for the W. C. Root Co. and more recently was employed by me. W. T. (Deacon) Orr worked for W. C. Root a short time in 1905 and then ran the Orr-Crawford store until his retirement in 1956 and continues to make his home in Winfield. Irvin Dauber, who was in charge of the shoe department of the A. F. Dauber store, also still makes his home in Winfield. I feel these men should share in this account of the last 55 years in Winfield."

And that statement points out another trait of Winfield's Christian Citizen for July—the fact that he's always insisted that the other fellow share in the credit, or get the credit for a job well done.